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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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IAN SINCLAIR
A HARD-HITTING INTERVIEW

HOW OCKERS HAVE SEDUCED THE WORLD

SEX THERAPY IN AUSTRALIA: DOES IT WORK?

A SIZZLING U.S. PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

SPORT: RUM AND SEX–BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

HOW TO CRACK THE TOP JOBS

THE POLITICIAN CHASING OLYMPIC GOLD

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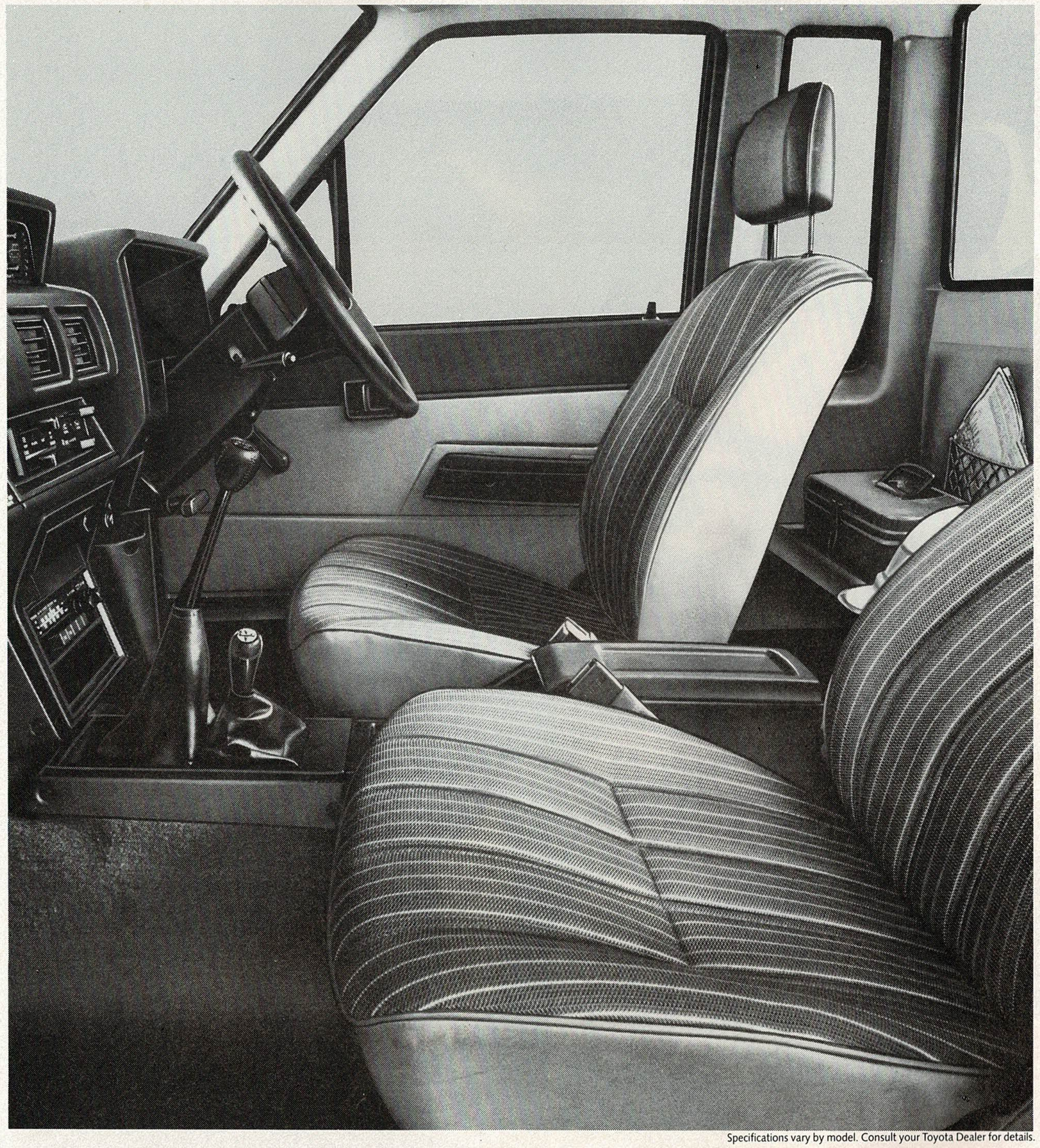

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PLAYBILL

THE STORY of Lucy Gill's success is something even the most fevered soapie scriptwriter couldn't dream up. Just over a year ago the only way she could afford to see Australia was by tenting it. Today she is one of the most sought-after models in the country, appearing in leading fashion magazines, TV commercials, videos and with the very real chance of breaking into movies. All because a couple of photographic scouts from Australian PLAYBOY spotted a pretty young blonde in T-shirt and cut-off jeans sucking a lolly on the beach at Surfers Paradise and encouraged her to try out for our pictorial, Girls Of The Gold Coast, which premiered last August.

Since then, Lucy has blossomed from a lovely but shy and insecure 19-year-old into the poised, confident and beautiful young woman of 21 we know today. It is with understandable pride that we present our special July pictorial of Lucy, memorably shot by **Rico Mettbach.**

We at Australian PLAYBOY are all in favor of promoting understanding between the sexes. Sex therapy is now a highly sophisticated science employing psychology and pragmatism to encourage happier sexual communication between men and women. **Diane Armstrong** examined the latest techniques of sex therapy in Australia in the '80s and has come up with some cheerful news for Aussie men. Don't miss her report — this really is one read that could change your life. The art is by **Davis/Farrell.**

On the subject of human understanding, it seems the ocker may be one of the most misunderstood creatures of all. Here we were (most of us anyway), assuming him to be a figure of fun, a caricature of vulgar excess. . . when all the time he was a latent sex symbol. Looking very much like Paul Hogan, the new, improved, upmarket ocker is the happy face Australia has chosen to persuade people overseas to come here and see more of us. It's working too, if the tourist inquiries from the United States are to be believed. Senior Contributing Editor **Phil Jarratt** tells the story of the ocker who seduced the world. **Marita Leuver** provided the art.

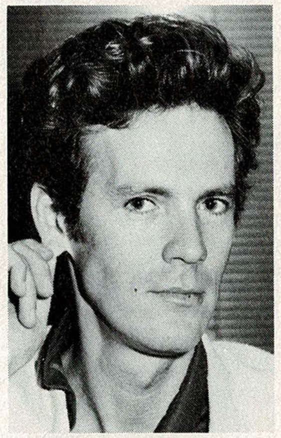
The art of getting your own way is more important than ever in the '80s. **Paul Mann** has examined the techniques for success in the business sector and come up with 10 memorable commandments in How To Claw Your Way To The Top. **Frants Kantor** created the illustration.

Talking about success, one of the oddest success stories of the year is Ric Charlesworth, the Perth Labor MP who just might score a gold medal for Australia in the LA Olympics. . . in hockey. If you thought hockey was a girl's game, you're in for a surprise. Real men do play hockey and Australia has a world-class team to prove it. **Neil Jameson** profiles The Right Honorable Ric, the man from the sticks, and **Peter Simons** took the picture.

One of the hard men of Australian politics is National Party leader Ian Sinclair. Veteran political interviewer **Craig McGregor** was keen to tackle Sinclair, easily one of the most controversial politicians of our time. McGregor came away with a much fuller picture of the complicated, charismatic and often contradictory personality behind the larger than life public image.

This month's fiction is a deeply erotic story by **Robert Silverberg** about a man and a woman in different cities who have a telepathic relationship. The Affair, with haunting art by **Brad Holland,** is a stirring account of how fantasy can sometimes be better than the real thing.

To this great movable winter feast we can add the unforgettable US Playmate Of The Year, a very hot lady called Barbara Edwards; centrefold Tricia Lange; men's winter fashion by **Vitek** shot at Sydney's baroque State Theatre; a terrific words and pictures essay about camel trekking the Outback; money, sport and looking good columns, plus sex advice from **Bettina Arndt.** With all this to keep you warm, who cares if it's cold outside?



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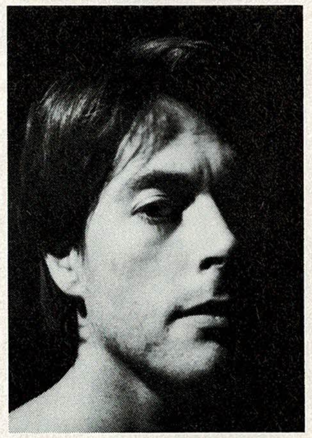

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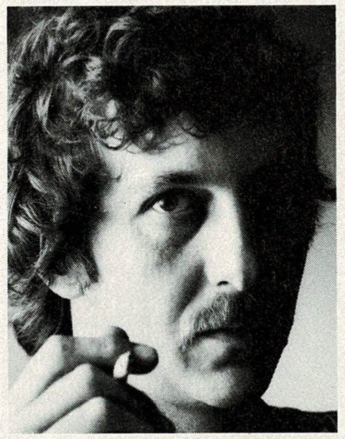

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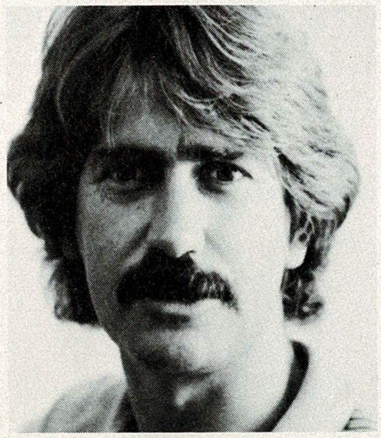

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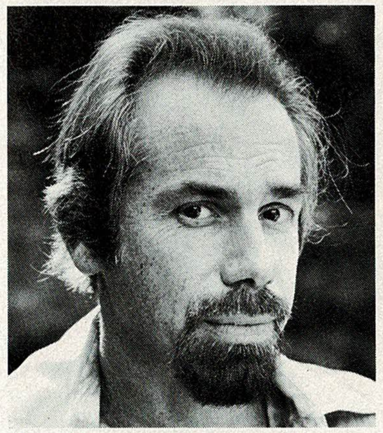

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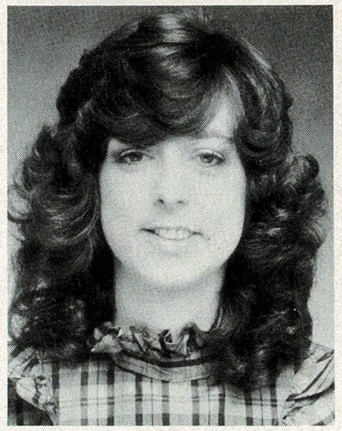

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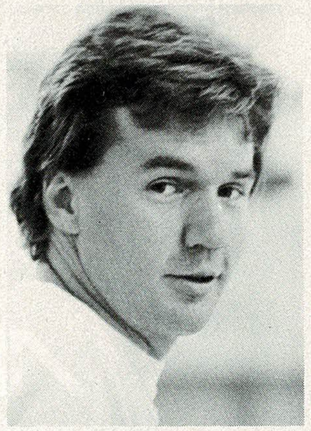

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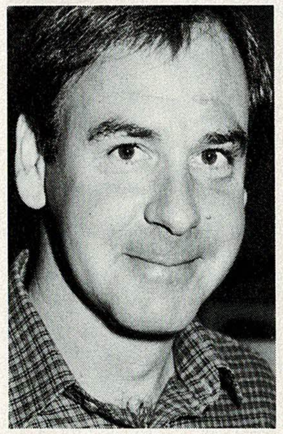

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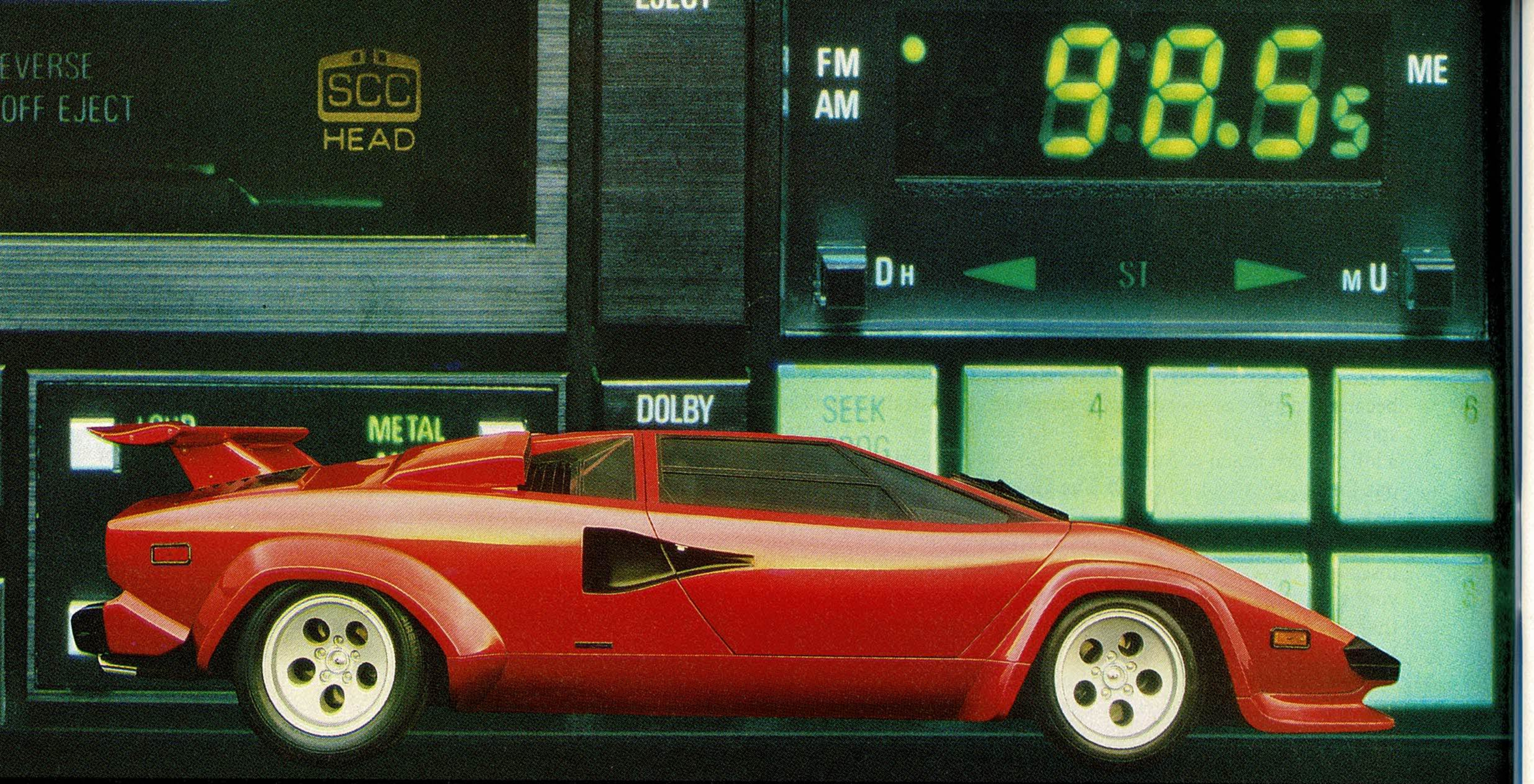

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

DOWN IN FLAMES

I refer to your Health column (February 1984) concerning the pro-smoking campaigner, Dr William Whitby. This article by Chris Pritchard is perhaps the most irresponsible piece of journalism one could hope to read. Pritchard blithely quotes Whitby's nonsense as if he were some modern-day Galileo incubating revolutionary truth, unappreciated, heroically rebellious and, above all, correct in his assertions that smoking is good for you.

Whitby's miserable little book is self-published and full of argument that would get an F-minus in any exam on method or rudimentary acquaintance with the vast literature on smoking.

If Pritchard had taken the trouble to check any one of Whitby's various claims, a very different portrait might have been written.

Simon Chapman,
Quit For Life,
Sydney, NSW.

SEMI-CONSCIOUS STATE

I'm sending my compliments on your choice of beauties for your November issue. I was almost knocked off my feet into what can only be described as a semi-conscious state when I glimpsed Carol Ann.

I lingered over her pictorial for at least 10 minutes although it felt like hours.

Hope you don't think that's the end of the matter. When do we get a second look?

Henry Ova,
The Entrance, NSW.

LUCY'S BACK

I have been waiting patiently since your November issue for another look at the absolutely beautiful Lucy Gill. I notice that other readers have written in to Dear Playboy demanding a return appearance. So, when are you going to feature her again?

Howard Montgomery,
Eastlakes, NSW.

Lucy's back, as beautiful as ever. Turn to page 48 for the proof — Ed.

MONEY BREEDS MONEY

Seth Gregory's oh so erudite article on the winners and losers of inflation (March 1984) is a fine example of how one can create a brilliantly spurious theory by dint of a bit of blinkered thinking.

It is all very well to write of "strong unionists" bettering their situations and university lecturers missing out but he fails to take account of the fact that vast numbers of those strong unionists lost their jobs in that decade through no fault of their own and joined the permanent dole queue.

How many professors and hospital specialists did likewise? The real losers were the hundreds of thousands of the new unemployed, and their loss was incalculable.

A doctor recently wrote to a British newspaper of his shock at his government bonds doubling in value in a couple of years. Surely this is exceptional, he asked his sharebroker. Not so, advised this high financier. This country is still making the same amount of money it always did, but three million people are on the dole and the money's got to go somewhere.

We have the same list of winners in Australia, Mr Gregory. Money breeds money, if you're lucky enough to have it.

P.L. Jennings,
Elsternwick, Vic.

FIRST PLACE

I'm very impressed by the appearance of Melbourne girl Margaret Bailey as your Miss May. Judging by the information that you presented about her, she is a very intelligent person and has a healthy attitude toward sex. I hope that she fulfils her aim to be a sex therapist as I'm sure she would meet any challenges that she may face in such a profession.

If you can, please run a pic of her (and the more revealing the better) on the Dear Playboy page. She's my favorite Playmate so far — and that's very high praise as you've had some exceptional ladies in the centrespread. Second choice? Lucy Gill (Miss November) and a close third is Penny Baker (Miss March).

H. McCarr,
Ainslie, ACT.

We persuaded Margaret to pose for a quick snapshot. The lovely lady's one of our favorites, too — Ed.

IN TOP FORM

Turning to the pictorial of Terry Nihan in your January issue, I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw her. You couldn't have chosen a more fitting title than Perfect Form.

She would have to be one of the spunkiest girls I have ever had the fortune of seeing in your magazine. I think it would be very worthwhile to have the lovely Terry take time out to appear in Australian PLAYBOY again, preferably as a Playmate.

R.F.,
North Haven, SA

NIGHT OWL

Thank goodness for Australian PLAYBOY. I'm a radio announcer for a Far North Queensland station. My shifts include mainly nightlines and mid-dawns of five to six-hour stretches and I can tell you that your magazine is a most welcome companion.

Your fiction articles would have to be ranked among the best available anywhere but what I enjoy the most (apart from your lovely ladies) is your Music column. I was wondering if you might increase its size to cater for a few more in-depth album rundowns.

And I was also wondering if you could see your way clear to feature March cover girl Joan Bennett as a Playmate? Thanks a bulk. Keep up the good work, or should that be good "entertainment"?

Charles Khan,
Mareeba, Qld.

SHORT POPPIES?

From what Steve Bunk uncovered in his Inventors story in your April issue, it's clear that Aussie brainpower commands no respect at home, with little foresight shown by our champions of business in developing what the politicians keep telling us is our greatest asset: our human resources.

If business won't help out, maybe the government should; they're bedpartners anyway. If not, they'll soon find themselves devoid of the little men in their backyard sheds who one day may discover how to make a million and rig elections at the same time.

If tall poppies in Australia have had a hard time, let them read Bunk's piece on the short ones. It's even more damning.

P. Liverland,
Bathurst, NSW.

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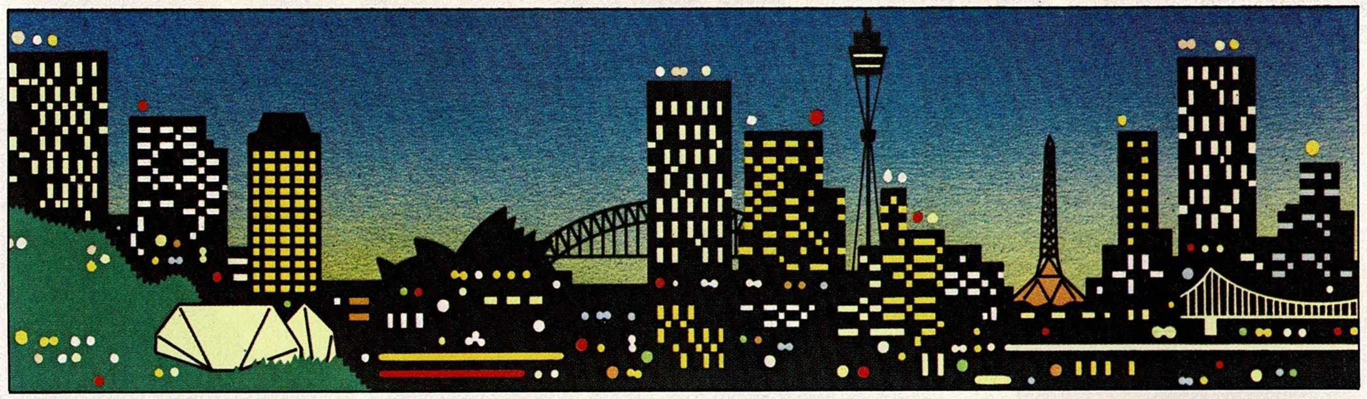
The on-board computer module.

The 5-door hatchback split rear seat configuration.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SUCKERS

Cross your legs before you read this one. It seems the Poms have been sucked into a new kind of loving. It involves a deep meaningful relationship with the vacuum cleaner.

The British Medical Journal reports a stiff rise in penile injuries caused by this sweeping passion. Surgeons report the case studies of four men who required delicate surgery after rooting the Hoover. One man claimed he accidentally got his willy stuck in the vacuum cleaner while cleaning the house in the nude. . . ho, ho, ho! Another insisted his dressing gown and his prick were deep throated by a voracious vacuum.

The problem is some cleaners have a fan only centimetres from the hose inlet and it wreaks havoc with the probing pecker. As one surgeon said: "They were driven to new lengths by the novelty of the experience." It must be much easier for Linda Lovelace to do the carpet.

LOOSE END

Speaking of pricks, Gu Jianfei, a 30-year-old worker at a canning factory in China was so depressed when his fiancee jilted him he decided to spite her. So he cut his cock off. Shortly afterwards Gu realised he might have made a mistake. After a few weeks in psychiatric care, he was sent to Peking to have a new donger sewn on. It seems the Chinese are quite good at this sort of thing. It involves taking skin grafts from the belly and then the patient, so to speak, rolls his own. Some fine tuning is needed though. After the operation, a woeful Gu said: "It leaks."

A WOMAN'S PLACE

The refinements of feminism have yet to make an impression on our rugged Northern Territory.

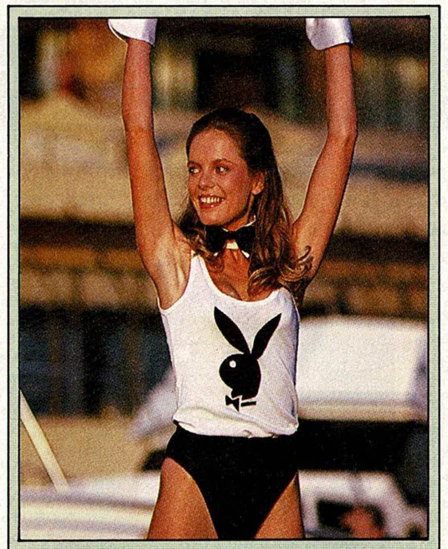
The official organ of the NT Government, a paper called the *Territory Digest*, ran a story about two women working on a road gang near Bing Bong Station in the Gulf country. One drove a steamroller and the other, a stick picker, removed obstacles from the roller's path. Mary Heard and Anne Kilminster assured the *Digest* they could handle the tough conditions and do the job as well as any men.

What a setback for feminism then, when the story appeared headed The Bing Bong Belles.

WHAT ABOUT HER PASTRY?

A man in the London suburb of Chiswick was spoken to by police after he had been seen sneaking out of the house late Sunday nights and filling potholes in the road with his wife's rice pudding.

It seems he meant well but he was beginning to alarm the neighbors. At last report, his wife was still not speaking to him.



We know this is cruel but what the hell. . . how many women look this good at six in the morning? Lovely Lucy Gill, one of our most popular centrefolds ever, gave a certain zest to early-morning aerobics at Sydney's Manly Beach to help launch Network Ten's Olympic appeal.

Australian PLAYBOY's Playmates, assisted by iron man Grant Kenny and Olympic swimmer Lisa Curry, who were sponsored by Kellogg's, raised $24,000.

Oh, and you can see a lot more of Lucy starting on page 48.

PARTY ROCK

Some wacker in England is running for a seat in Parliament as a member of The Elvis Presley Party. Sid Shaw, 37, an Elvis fan down to his blue suede shoes, promises that if elected he'll push for IQ tests for all politicians, reintroduce conscription because Elvis was in the army and replace property taxes with a levy on all Cliff Richard records. If he misses in England, maybe Sid should consider moving to Australia. Of course he'd have to drop the idea of the IQ test.

FLYING HIGH

A pilot with Pan American airlines has been fired for pissing on a woman during a flight from San Francisco to Miami. He wasn't supposed to be in the cockpit (no pun intended) at the time. He was a passenger and it seems he got stuck into the in-flight hospitality a little too enthusiastically. While staggering down the aisle, the off-duty pilot overbalanced, fell on a sleeping female passenger, lost control and pissed all over her. He's since been forced to pay out $33,750 by court order in damages. Oh. . . and he's been grounded permanently by Pan Am.

CLITTY CLITTY BANG-BANG

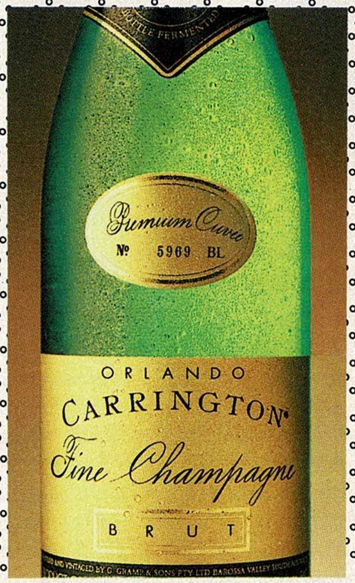
Police were called to investigate blood-curdling screams coming from a suburban house in Reading, near London, late one night. Much to the embarrassment of everyone concerned, they discovered murder most foul wasn't to blame: it was just the bachelor occupant and a lady friend engaging in active lovemaking. The chap explained that his companion couldn't reach orgasm unless she screamed at the top of her lungs.

Just wait until he finds out she was faking anyway.

SKIDMARKS FOR SALE

Spotted in The Sydney Morning Herald want-ads, a car space in the city for sale by "anxious vendor." A mere $33,500. And you think you've got inflation problems?

Carrington at the Opera.



Light and delicate, Carrington from Orlando displays a perfect champagne bead. Tiny and lively. It sets the standard for any champagne occasion.

JWT069.P.110 AB2874/84

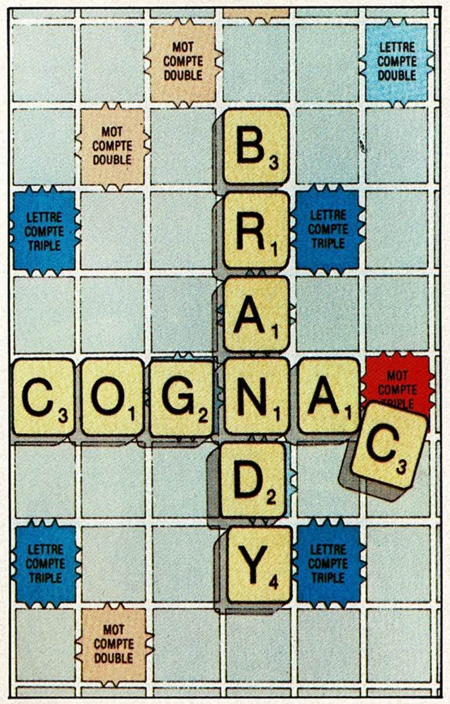
BOOZE

According to James Boswell in his life of Dr Johnson: "Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy." At the simple level, brandy is only distilled wine but, as anyone who has had the good fortune to taste a truly great brandy can testify, brandy, at its best, is the most sublime of all liquors. Australians obviously see themselves in the role of heroic connoisseurs, as brandy is the second most popular spirit in the country, following hard on the heels of Scotch.

Brandy is made in many parts of the world. Virtually every country that makes wine also makes brandy. France is the home of the two unequalled greats of the brandy world, Cognac and Armagnac. However, the brandies of Germany, Australia, Greece, the USA and other countries are just as worthy of note.

The production of brandy sounds simple; in fact it is anything but. The first step in the brandy-making process is to crush the grapes. This is followed by fermentation, whereby yeast is mixed into the must and begins to digest the fruit sugars. Carbon dioxide and alcohol are produced, and while the CO^2 is allowed to drift on its way, the alcohol needs to be forcibly removed from the wine base. This process is carried out by distillation, a heating operation in a still that conserves the alcohol instead of allowing it to evaporate. In fact, it is this process which originally gave brandy its name. The Dutch, who encouraged the French to go into mass production, called the initial concentrate brandewijn (burnt wine). The English name, brandy, is a corruption of the Dutch nomenclature.

Theoretically, there are as many ways of making brandy as there are brandies. In reality, however, the alembic or pot still and the continuous still are the main types used by most manufacturers. The pot still is the elder of the two and in comparison with the continuous still is very slow and rather old-fashioned. However, it yields a far richer and more intricate spirit, which entirely justifies its continued use. The continuous still, on the other hand, produces lighter, fresher-tasting brandies and is far more economical.



Heroic deeds require a body-warming brandy

Although the annual production of Armagnac lags well behind Cognac, it is the only other brandy in the world that belongs in the same breath. Australians are acquiring an ever-increasing taste for it, but their numbers still remain relatively small. In terms of quality and complexity, the rich heartiness of Armagnac is every bit as noble as the finesse of its more famous compatriot. Armagnac is a true French product and is senior to Cognac by more than two centuries. It is assertive, earthy and robust, where Cognac is subtle, sophisticated and light. Made by a combination of pot still and continuous still methods, Armagnac is "run off" at a lower, congener-filled proof than Cognac. It is then aged for at least one and a half years in oak from Monlezun and Limousin, as no other wood produces the sought-after character.

A youthful Armagnac can have rather a raw taste, but ageing ensures a more rounded finish. Like Cognac, Armagnac has specially designated categories based on the age it is bottled. Three Star Armagnacs are usually one and a half years old; VO, VSOP, Aide de Camp, or Reserve Armagnacs have to be at least four and a half years old. The top of line Extra, Hors d'Age, Vieille Reserve or Napoleon Armagnacs are generally from 15 to 20 years old. Good Armagnacs are usually about $7-$8 cheaper than Cognacs, and are available from an increasing number of specialist liquor stores throughout Australia.

Cognac is unique among brandies and is the most expensive in the world; it is double distilled and matures only in cask. Although Cognac has many imitators, French law states that Cognac is the product of a strictly defined area surrounding the French town of Cognac. The six specified regions are Grande Champagne, Petite Champagne, Borderies, Fins Bois, Bons Bois and Bois Ordinaires. If you see Champagne on a bottle of Cognac, it is not a reference to France's number one sparkling wine. In the Cognac world, the word means "open country", as against the bois districts which were once heavily wooded.

Each Cognac region has its own unique characteristics. The top of the tops is Grande Champagne, followed in descending order by Petite Champagne, Borderies and the Bois areas. The finest Cognacs are called Fine Champagne (in this context, fine is pronounced "feen"), and are made solely from brandies from the Grande Champagne, or are a blend of Grande and Petite Champagne spirits. The most prestigious names that decorate the labels of the world's most prestigious spirit are: Courvoisier, Hennessy, Remy-Martin, Martell, Bisquit and Camus.

Most Cognacs are blends. Three Star, VS, VSP are the most inexpensive (never cheap) varieties and are generally aged from three to five years. VSOP, which stands for Very Special Old Pale, is matured anywhere from 12 to 20 years. VO (Very Old) is aged from 10-20 years, while the age of Reserve and Medaillon Cognacs can be anything from five to 15 years. The common denominator of VSOP, VO, Reserve and Medaillon is their 50 percent Grande Champagne content.

If money is no object you can move on to Fine, Grande Fine and Fine Champagne Cognacs, which are a blend of up to 25-year-old Cognacs. But if the sky poses no limit, go for Extra, Cordon Bleu, XO, Grande Reserve and Royal. In some of these blends, the age soars to 50 years and they fully merit the appellation "liquid gold".

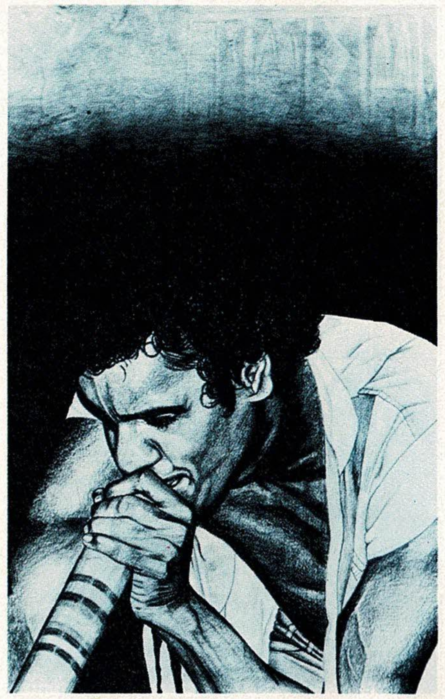
If you want to be patriotic, you won't be short-changed by Australian brandies. There are two main types — the light, delicate, continuous still variety made from doradillo, muscat gordo blanco and Thompson seedless grapes and the fuller, more rounded, pot still variety based on the grenache, Pedro Ximenez, palomino and white shiraz grape varieties. Australian brandy is less assertive and delicate than Cognac and its soft smoothness carries more than a hint of sweetness. Good brands are Remy, Tolleys, Chateau Tanunda, Hennessy and St Agnes.

You don't drink brandy, you sip it. Huge balloon glasses are not the best receptacles for enjoyment because they tend to rapidly dissipate the aroma and bouquet you are supposed to be savoring slowly. Go for small tulip-shaped glasses, as the French do, or small balloons of about 120-250ml capacity. Fill the glass only a quarter full, warm the liquor with your hand (never a spirit flame), and gently "nose" the marvellous spirit. Few pleasures warm the body and soul with a better grace and flavor.

— ELISABETH KING

MUSIC

Aboriginal reggae exports, with Sweet And Sour to go



If Men At Work can sell rock 'n' roll to the Yanks, maybe an Aboriginal band can sell reggae to the black world. Which is why No Fixed Address pack their guitar cases for Britain this month to try out Oz-reggae on London's enormous West Indian populace.

You have to agree it's a hell of an idea: but NFA have spent six years playing the Australian pub circuit and feel they've gone as far as they can at home. Ironically, it's easier for an overseas black performer like Peter Tosh or Eddie Grant to find an audience in Australia than it is for local blacks. So the boys are doing the logical thing and opting for overseas acceptance. It's quite a twist on all those white Aussie bands who took the same road first, but it had to happen eventually.

The band even has a grant from the Aboriginal Arts Board to pick up on political and musical influences of international reggae music, and will head off with dates already booked throughout the UK, then across the Channel for concerts in France and Germany.

The boys have had a bumpy ride in Australia and are still only considered a fringe force in the Aussie music scene. But they're confident they'll go down well overseas and hope that a recording contract will result.

"They like genuine people who tell the truth," says NFA's drummer, singer and didgeridoo-er Bart Willoughby. "It's been hard to make it here, possibly because we were the first Aboriginal reggae band, and now we're really the only ones. People know about us, but we don't have recognition, fame, fortune or records, and that's the main reason we're going overseas."

The band cites its musical influences as the old guard of West Indian reggae — Jimmy Cliff, Bob Marley and Peter Tosh — but claims it combines other aspects like rock'n'roll and country.

"When we play country towns," says Willoughby, "a lot of whites can't handle us. But it can be really like a family gathering for the Aborigines, with a lot of singing and chanting."

In England and Europe, however, they expect they'll find the real meaning of homesickness, but we figure they've been singing "we have survived" long enough now to see them through.

●

Hollywood is hometown this year for musicians looking to go one up on rock's video heroes.

The Natural, starring Robert Redford, Robert Duvall and Glenn Close, will be scored by Randy Newman. Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones will write the music for the movie, *Scream for Help,* and one song already recorded features the voice of Yes singer Jon Anderson with words by Jones's 15-year-old daughter, Lucinda.

Back at home, ABC's television drama department has decided the small screen and rock'n'roll can carry each other for more than just a three-minute video with their new series, *Sweet And Sour,* which looks at the life and times of an up-and-coming rock band, The Takeaways. Influenced by the English series, *Rock Follies, Sweet And Sour* is about a bunch of ordinary Australian kids who want to, and later find they can, play a few notes or two. The series stars Tracy Mann (of *Hard Knocks* and *Going Down* fame) and James's brother, David Reyne. Musically, the show is very strong, courtesy of music director Martin Armiger (ex-Sports).

Supporting the series is an album of the same name with songwriting credits including the title track, Sweet And Sour, by Sharon O'Neil, as well as others by Don Walker (ex-Cold Chisel), Chris O'Dougherty (Mental As Anything), Roger Hart-Wells (Little Heroes), Red Symons (ex-Skyhooks), Todd Hunter (Dragon and ex-XL Capris), Johanna Pigott (ex-XL-Capris), who co-devised the series, and Martin Armiger.

The stunning voice that fronts many of the tracks, both on television and vinyl, belongs to Sydney band Do Re Mi's Debra Conway.

Sweet And Sour carries the flag for ABC Records in a big year since "Aunty" Enterprises organised national distribution with Festival. With two of their big sellers last year being FM radio station JJJ's *Live At The Wireless,* and a volume of New Orleans *Jazz Classics In Digital Stereo,* follow-up albums are due, as well as a curious mixture of styles with a collection of Australia's greatest rock songs played by a symphony orchestra.

●

If you wondered how jazz classics only previously recorded on 78s manage to find their way into digital stereo, look no further than Sydney audio engineer Robert Parker who's worked for 20 years on the process to create a world first.

"I wanted to hear what the early jazz bands really sounded like," says Parker. "The early stuff had been badly reproduced on to record, so I worked at getting the old discs to sound like a real band playing live."

With more than 8000 of his own early jazz 78s to work with, and a career in sound engineering including 10 years in his own London studio, his technical paraphernalia now includes a Packburn Audio Noise Suppressor, a Sony PCMF1 Digital Processor, 15 or so styluses to match differently-shaped grooves plus a graphic equaliser to balance tones. The end result is a technical and musical first for Australia.

"After all the clicks and pops have gone," says Parker, "it's not so much a technical process but a subjective listening one, too."

Parker's collections are a musical history of vice, sin and sex in America during the first half of the 20th century. Black musicians went first to New Orleans to entertain patrons in the largest legalised red light district America has ever known, but when the US Government closed the area down during World War One because it posed a risk to the American Navy, the players flooded Chicago's speakeasies as that town became paradise for gangsters and anti-prohibitionists.

Parker's new Chicago collection, *Jazz Classics in Stereo, Vol. 2,* includes players such as Bix Beiderbecke, King Oliver and Louis Armstrong, as well as blues singers such as Getrude "Ma" Rainey. The third record in the series will visit New York and the kings of bop.

●

Stones unturned department. Take your choice in dirt on The Rolling Stones.

Their first manager, Andrew Oldham, is writing his memoirs at the same time as Mr Jagger pens his autobiography, which undoubtedly will be an eye-opener. The rumor is, however, that another title, *The True Adventures Of The Rolling Stones* (Random House), will be the pick of the crop.

— TONY LOVE

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MONEY

Practically everyone who bought shares in 1983 and in the first half of 1984 made money. During this period, the price of an average company share on the Sydney Stock Exchange increased by 50 percent — some did much better. In other words, a $1000 investment in several average shares in early 1983 produced a $500 capital gain by the middle of 1984. Not bad, particularly when compared with the $150 (taxable) interest the same $1000 would have earned if it were put in the bank for 18 months.

Although shares were clearly a good investment in 1983 (no one ever went broke making a 50 percent profit), some speculators did much better by taking a slightly greater risk. The same $1000 investment that produced the $500 capital gain produced profits many times that amount for investors who bought stock options rather than shares.

Stock options are nothing more than the right to buy shares at an agreed-upon price. For example, as I write this column, BHP is selling for $13.75. That is the price you have to pay (plus broker's commissions, of course) to buy one share. If you want 1000 shares, you have to fork out $13,750 plus commissions. Alternatively, you can buy "options" giving you the right to purchase BHP shares any time within the next two months for $14 each. Suppose the cost of this "right" is 62 cents per share — in other words, for $620 (again, plus commissions), you can buy the right to pay $14,000 for shares that are currently available for $13,750. Why, you might ask, would anyone spend $620 for an option to buy BHP at a price higher than its current value? The answer is simple — gearing.

The investor who buys 1000 shares at $13.75 each obviously hopes that the value of BHP shares will increase; that's how he will make a profit. If he's lucky, and the shares rise by $2 each to $15.75, he will have a profit of $2000 ($2 times 1000 shares). This represents a 15 percent profit on his $13,750 investment. But look what would have happened if he had bought options to buy 1000 BHP shares at $14 instead. His investment would have been $620. When the shares reached $15.75 he could have bought 1000 at $14 (after all, this was his right) and then sold them at $15.75.

Buying low and selling high this way produces a profit of $1130 ($15,750-$14,000 minus the $620 he paid for the option). By buying options rather than shares, the investor turned a 15 percent profit into a 184 percent bonanza. If he had invested $13,750 in options rather than shares, a $2 rise in BHP shares would have produced a profit of $21,179 — 10 times what he would have made had he bought the shares outright.

Gamble
Take a chance

Options can double. . . practically overnight

By purchasing options, the investor gets to control 1000 BHP shares for a small fraction of what it would have cost to purchase the shares outright, yet he stands to benefit from any price increase to the same extent as the share owner. Commissions were left out of these examples, so the profit figures are really smaller than stated. Nevertheless, the general point remains true: you can buy a share and wait forever to see it double, options can double or even triple practically overnight.

Of course, when you buy shares, you become part owner of a company. You receive dividends, engraved share certificates and you get to vote in company elections. When you buy options, you own nothing except a "right". In essence, you are placing a bet. If the shares fail to rise during the period of the option (options must be exercised during a specified time period, usually two to 10 months), the option will expire and then you will have lost the purchase price.

Options are purchased from other investors, not the company. That is, an investor with BHP shares agrees to sell the right to purchase the shares at a specific price during a specified time period. The investor receives the option price (following our previous example, $620 less broker's commissions). If the shares fail to rise and the option is never exercised, the investor just keeps the money and his shares. If the option is used, however, the owner of the shares must sell them at the specified price whether he likes the idea or not.

The options I have been describing are called "calls". They give the buyer the right to "call" on another investor's stock. Clearly, if you have the feeling that a stock is going up, you buy a call option. Most of the time, the shares will not rise during the specified period and you will lose your money (and your commissions). Once in a while, however, you will have big gains because you get to control a lot of shares with a little money.

If you believe a share price is more likely to decline than rise, you can still take advantage of options by buying a "put" rather than a call option. Calls are bets that a stock will rise, puts are bets that a stock will fall. When you purchase a put option, you get the right to *sell* a stock at a specified price during some period of time. The same day that BHP was selling for $13.75 and a two-month call option permitting the purchase of BHP shares for $14 sold for 62 cents, a two-month put option giving the buyer the right to sell BHP for $12 per share any time during the next two months was selling for 27 cents. Purchasers of this put option buy the right to sell BHP shares ("put them to someone") for $12 each. The right to sell 1000 shares this way cost $270.

If you buy this put option, all of BHP's oil wells go dry, and the share price falls to $11, you can buy shares for $11 and then "put" them to whoever sold the option for $12 producing a profit of $1000. Subtract the $270 you paid for the option and you are still left with a $730 profit on the deal.

Things could get more complex. You could buy a put and call in the same share hoping for a move in either direction.

If you're an average non-expert just trying to make a few extra bucks, however, here's what you should do. First, consider stock options to be speculative gambles. And, like any form of gambling, the prudent man does not speculate with money he can't afford to lose. In other words, stock options are for risk capital, not the baby's education fund. If, however, you already have a house, a car and a bank account for emergencies, and if losing a little money won't drastically affect your life, take a punt.

In any case, remember that anything you win is fully taxed as any profits are considered normal income, not capital gains. And, unlike shares, options pay no dividends. If the share price fails to move in the predicted direction, you will lose the money paid for the option. For this reason, you can expect to make many little losses and pay a lot of commissions. But in a fast-moving market (up or down), provided you guess correctly, your gains can be dramatic.

— SETH GREGORY

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MEN

I am standing in a room full of people. Most of them are talking. I am silent, on the edge of the circle, a little lonely, a little amused.

This is not my crowd. I have been invited as the friend of a friend. The home is posh and we are there to celebrate the owner's recent purchase of several oil paintings. They're already on the walls; Drysdales, I think. The owner is not in sight, nor would I know him if I fell over him.

Standing there, slim and tan and elegant, is a beautiful woman. She wears her blonde hair short and it bounces like a golden helmet as she descends the stairs. I watch her. She does not take her eyes off me. Her gaze is direct, humorous, open. It is as if she thinks there is a secret contract between us.

"You're a very attractive man," she says as she reaches my side. Her skin is clear. She smells of flowers. She is wearing a shoulderless summer dress that emphasises her emerald eyes, and leaves enough to the imagination on her other assets.

"Why don't we go upstairs?" she murmurs as she leans close to me. "We could be alone." We have never met before, but her cheek touches my chest and the back of her hand rests lightly against my pants. "Wouldn't you like that?" she asks quietly.

You know what happens next, right? She presses against me. I react with excitement. "That's nice," she laughs.

"Why don't we go do something about that?" We sidle up the stairs and are linked before the bedroom door is firmly closed behind us.

She is clean, athletic, sturdy, passionate. We fuck for hours.

Uh, no. That's not what happens next.

It is true that I am living through one of my favorite fantasies. This woman is leaning against me in the courtyard's shadows. Her cheek does touch my chest and the back of her hand moves across my groin.

I am not dreaming, even though it seems to be one of my dreams. In my dreams I am masterful when women throw themselves at me. Why can't I be masterful in reality? This isn't fair. All my life I've waited to be directly approached and seduced, yet here I am, frozen in time, actionless.

"Well," I say, clearing my throat. It is the only word I can think of. It has come too late and in too strained a voice. I have a difficult time looking directly at her. Worst of all, my hesitation is angering her. I can feel her body grow tense.

"I only ask once," she says with some amusement, some defensiveness.

"Wait a minute," I say. I am filled with self-doubt. I wonder briefly if this incident is a set-up. Are people watching and laughing in the living-room?

So you've waited to be seduced; can you say no?

There is distance between us now. "You don't know what to do with it, do you?" she asks. Standing there, she looks hurt, not swaggering. "You guys can't handle it when we put the make on you," she says with defiance.

"You've got that right," I nod. I think how true that is, how 1980s this is, filled with mixed signals in uncharted territory. She feels rejected. I feel foolish.

It occurs to me that I do not know how to say no. I never thought I would have to learn such a thing.

The rule used to be that it was up to me to make the first move. That rule died, like most rules. We're all ad-libbing now, but we're not very good at it, no matter how shrewd or tough we pretend to be, and we function in improvisational discomfort. That's not bad by definition. But it makes you tense.

Standing there, we are two lost children in grown-up clothes. It really is that simple. Fortunately, we both start to laugh. I have spilled some of my drink in my awkwardness. Her bracelet has become unclasped and she is struggling to close it.

"I'm pretty cool, huh?" I smile.

"Supremely cool," she shakes her head.

For the first time, there is no pose between us. We are friends. "Yeah, well, see, I really know how to make women relax."

"I was so relaxed I almost went to sleep."

"I have that effect on most women," I say. "They look at me and they yawn."

We banter. Her name is Lisa. She was raised in Melbourne and now lives and works in Sydney.

Once married, now divorced, no children. We exchange phone numbers, agree to a lunch, move away from each other with much less embarrassment than when we met and foundered.

I talk to other people that evening, but I am pre-occupied. I do not seem to have a vocabulary for today. How do you tell someone there have to be rules or we'll all go crazy?

There used to be a sexual waltz. It had its hypocrisies. But now there's a sexual clash, a form of smash dancing. There are many injured on the floor, even though nobody's talking about it. Nobody knows the right words now.

Over the next few months, Lisa and I have some good discussions. I used to be a stud, now I'm in a committed relationship. She used to be loyal, now she's a stud.

"I have a lot of lovers," she says. "I need that. I can't give that up." She is involved with a married man with two children. She is also juggling an affair with a younger man who knows nothing about the rest of her life.

"It'll be disaster," she nods, "when those two guys find out about each other." She says it as if disaster might be interesting. "I like living on the edge," she says. To hear her tell it, there have been uncountable one-night stands, quickie affairs, strange interludes. And yet this is a woman who still lives at times with her mother, who admits she uses sex to hide from herself, who speaks in a monotone, who fears boredom almost as much as she fears death.

I enjoy her company and we keep our signals clean. We are deep friends, not superficial lovers. But every once in a while I find myself restless in her presence. I know what causes that. There is a part of myself that judges me as unmanly for not taking her up on her first offer at the foot of the courtyard stairs.

She is a modern woman, an almost unknown quantity. Sometimes up-front and at other times sensitive and vulnerable. Years ago I would have expected the latter, but now that's irrelevant. Now there is no guide at all.

Maybe one day I'll learn how to say no without being harsh on myself. Like many men, I need to be able to do that in this strange new world. — ASA BABER

WOMEN

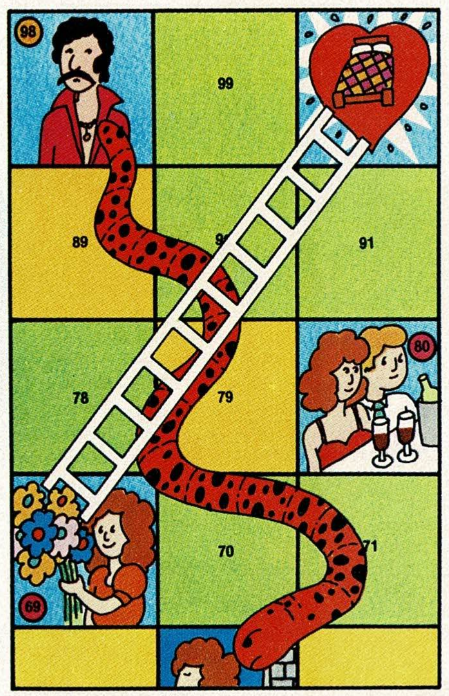
Far be it from me, fellas, to tell you what to do on a date. That's nursery stuff, right? You've been on plenty of them and of course you know how to act. Okay, how many of those women have been swept off their feet by your charm and your savoir faire and come back for more? If your lack of success in this area is an embarrassment, then please read on.

Firstly, when it comes to dating, the sexes seem to be at cross-purposes right from the outset. My notions of a first date stem from old Troy Donahue movies: all corsages, candles and come-hither eyes. Many Australian males of my acquaintance equate the concept with buying a woman a meal and a few drinks, rendering her so grateful and defenceless that she'll leap into the cot. Can we compromise, please? Let both sides moderate their expectations and neither should be disappointed.

Now, I should explain that I'm 33 years of age with a marriage and a recently extinct long-term relationship behind me. After an interim period of some 12 years, I now find myself back on the market, so to speak. I've been on some 20 dates in half as many weeks and it's taken its toll. I feel like handing out guidelines to each prospective suitor before we even start. Don't get me wrong: I adore men and I barely tolerate Germaine Greer. I just want to be wooed and pampered. A taste of old-fashioned romance, dammit! And, even though I'm not presuming to speak for all females, I do believe that most women, of whatever age, feel pretty much the same. Trust me.

I'll start at square one. How to get her to actually go out with you? Presumably you have established some rapport with this female, either by contact through business, a sporting club, a chance meeting in a bar or at a party. She *knows* who you are so use a positive approach when you ring her. If she pretends she has no idea who you are, then forget about it. She's not the woman for you. Keep the conversation light and if she appears to be responding, ask her out. Have a specific mission in mind. Make the invitation sound inviting and don't settle for less than a positive answer.

All women eat. This is common knowledge. But not all women like to stand around in pubs, watch blue movies, bet on the dogs, meet your mates or go for long drives to secluded spots. They particularly don't like any of these pastimes on a first date. Dinner is safe. Ask her for a meal at a quiet, conservative restaurant. The local RSL club just won't do, even if it does have the best lobster mornay in town. Book a table at a place that you've been to before. Somewhere smooth but not too classy. Anywhere too sophisticated and expensive and she'll be immediately suspicious of your intentions. And don't ask her where *she* wants to go as it can be a hard decision for her to work out somewhere that won't seem too expensive (greedy bitch) or too cheap (no class, this tart).



How do you rate on that crucial first date?

Keep things simple. Don't plan to visit a movie or the theatre after dinner. You don't want to rush the meal; allow time to get to know her. Concentrate on plenty of eye contact; if her knee is resting near yours under the table, ignore any impulse to grab hold of it. Don't spend all night gazing at her tits; if you *have* to tell jokes, keep them reasonably clean. Resist all temptation to tell her your parents are nudists or you have ingrown toenails. She'll find out soon enough. A bit of mystery, please.

And don't, for chrissake, lay on the suave bullshit to try and impress her. We're not dumb. Just be yourself. And unless you have the co-ordination of a Frank Spencer or the body odor of a gorilla, that should be enough. Next, when the bill arrives, pay it. Just that. No fuss. No adding up the items to see if the management is ripping you off. If she offers money, graciously wave it away. The date was your idea. Don't fumble with your wallet and drop a fresh Frenchie on the tablecloth. If you whip out a pocket calculator and start divvying up the bill, I hope she'll do exactly what I did recently in such a situation: slap a couple of tens on the table and stalk out of your miserly life.

You don't need me to tell you what to wear on a first date. Just keep it clean; go to a bit of extra trouble. Dress appropriately and don't empty half a bottle of Brut around your groin. The Italian stallion look of black satin shirt slashed to the waist with gold chains on the chest and a bottle of baby oil in the back pocket is all WRONG. You'd hardly expect *her* to turn up in fancy dress, would you? A bit of bare chest, a tight bulge in the pants is fine. We like to be titillated; we hate to be embarrassed.

So you've spent, say, $75 on a slap-bang dinner. If things are progressing well, take her to a supper club or a late-night brasserie for some more conversation. Don't whisk her away in your car (and super-fast driving is OUT) to the local necking venue, and don't offer her marijuana and coke. Plenty of time for all that. Just take her home, slowly. Keep talking, make her feel relaxed.

Kiss her goodnight, sure. Then wait for her to make the moves. If she invites you in for (more) coffee, you're on to something. Look for signals. Don't rip off her clothes or whip out your donger and wave it at her. Unless you're hung like Johnny Wad, she's unlikely to be impressed by such theatrical behavior. Of course women do vary in their responses but you will be able to tell if she's interested in you. Fluttering eyelashes and body heat are telltale signs. Just remember that you have plenty of time. And you may even enjoy sex *more* once you get to know her better. Sometimes it takes as many as three dates to get us into bed!

I don't mean this to sound patronising. I'm here to help. Among the first-timers I've pissed off in the past months have been the turkey who invited me to dinner at his flat and insisted I watch blue movies with him; the guy who invited me to a rock concert and then asked me to pay for the ticket; the one who told dirty jokes all night, was furious when I didn't come across and rang next day to tell me I owed him $25.50 for my share of dinner; and the clown who showed up to accompany me to a formal press dinner wearing a brown suit, checked shirt and a tie emblazoned with top hats.

No, I know you wouldn't. The one that *did* score was the man who took me to dinner at an intimate restaurant, ordered French champagne (and didn't make leg-opener jokes), bought me brandy alexanders at a slick jazz supper club, opened doors for me, didn't ask my age, saw me home to my front door, patted my cat, plucked a flower from my garden, carefully placed it in my hand and gently kissed me goodnight.

Next day, yellow roses arrived at the office and I was in an absolute frenzy every time the phone rang. Funny, he doesn't look a bit like Troy Donahue.

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— SUSAN KUROSAWA

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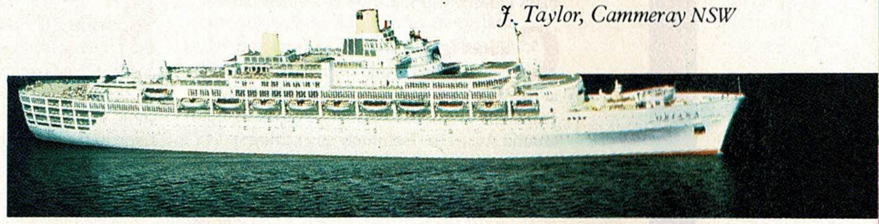

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CAMEL CALENDAR

Athletics in Sydney: The Sanyo Men's Under 20 and Women's Open and Under 20 Walks will be held in Centennial Park on July 14. On July 15 the Sanyo NSW Road Relay Championships will be held at Taren Point. And on July 22 the Sanyo NSW Men's Open 16km and Women's Open 10km Cross Country Championships will be held at Macquarie University.

Rugby Union: The All Blacks from New Zealand will tour Australia in July. They play Queensland B in Brisbane on July 4, NSW in Sydney on July 7, WA in Perth on July 11, South Australia in Adelaide on July 14, Victoria in Melbourne on July 17, ACT in Canberra on July 25, Sydney in Sydney on July 28, Country NSW in Tamworth on July 31. Tests with Australia are on July 21 in Sydney, August 4 in Brisbane and August 18 in Sydney.

Rugby League: The third Test with Great Britain will be held on July 7 at the Sydney Cricket Ground. On July 17 NSW plays Queensland at Lang Park in Brisbane.

Canoeing: The Australian Interclub Canoe Polo Championships will be held at the Warringah Aquatic Centre in Sydney on July 7 and 8. About 35 teams are expected from around Australia. Definitely an exciting sport this one, what with the near drownings and flailings.

Skiing: The Ovaltine Recreational Ski racing series and the International Gold Medal Dual Giant Slalom series will be held in Guthega in July. On July 14 and 15 a mono-ski clinic will be given by world expert Pierre Lyon in the radical new ski craze that is expected to sweep, literally, the slopes this year.

20
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Polocrosse: The Australian National Polocrosse Championships will be held in Warwick, Queensland, on July 14 and 15. Teams from around Australia will take part in this game that combines polo and lacrosse and a few other things as well.

The Boiling Frog: No, it's not a restaurant. It's a play. A play about a group of characters who outwit the Great Plague of London and arrive in the twentieth century to find a world so awe-inspiring no one has noticed that life itself has gone missing. It's on at the Nimrod Theatre in Sydney from July 11 to August 26.

Beach Blanket Tempest: A new rock musical inspired by Shakespeare's Tempest. Catch the new wave to a brave new world with Annette Funicello, Frankie Avalon, Gidget and The Wild One. It's on at the Cairns Civic Centre, Queensland, from July 25 to 28.

Blithe Spirit: Spirits, seances and Noel Coward's comic creation, Madame Acarti, are all part of this evergreen favorite. Stuart Wagstaff stars. It opens on July 16 at His Majesty's Theatre in Perth.

Discover the Camel experience

Table Tennis: The Victorian Open Table Tennis Championships will be held on July 21 and 22 at the Albert Park Table Tennis Centre, Albert Park, Melbourne. There will be graded events as well as special events for juniors and seniors.

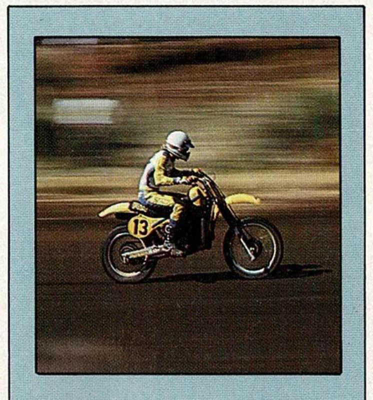
Sydney University Open Day: This is the first ever two-day Open Day at the University. It will be held on July 14 and 15. At least 50,000 are expected to attend. Each department will have and show displays. The aim of the days is to allow the general public to see just what's happening at the University.

Masters Snooker Tournament: Big names in snooker will take part in this big bash around the table from June 27 to July 7. Play during the first week will be at the Tattersalls Club in Sydney and the second week at Channel 10.

Adelaide Boat Show: Electronic fish finders are what you'll find at this show which specialises in boating and fishing. There are power boats, sail boats, accessories and more. Seminars on boating safety and maintenance will be held throughout. The dates are June 29 to July 3 and it's on at the Wayville Showgrounds.

Soccer: Top overseas teams including Fiorentina of Italy, Glasgow Rangers of Scotland and Aris Salonika of Greece continue their tourney at the Sydney Cricket Ground this month. Matches take place on June 17, 23 and 30.

Seger Trio: The group started in 1971 when the average age was 18. Since then they have achieved fame as a leading string trio in Europe, and grown older as well. You can hear them at the Seymour Centre in Sydney on July 13 and 14.



Motorcycle Championships: Round two of the NSW Road Racing Championships will be held at Oran Park in Sydney on July 15. On July 22 a motorcycle Supercross, that is, an indoor motocross, will be held at Liverpool Raceway, NSW. And the big one is on July 28 and 29 — the Australian Road Racing Championships at Amaroo Park in Sydney.

Herald National Boat Show: Whatever you are looking for — a power boat, sailboard or sailboat, you'll find it here at the Royal Exhibition Buildings in Melbourne. The show is on from July 12 to 18. Boating accessories also on show.

Motor Sport: A round of the Gold Star Formula One Championship will be held on June 22 at Lakeside in Queensland. A round of the Australian Formula Two Championship takes place on July 8 at Amaroo Park in Sydney. In Lakeside in Queensland a round of the Australian Sports Car Championship roars off on July 22. And on July 29 it's time for a round of the Australian GT Championship at Calder, Victoria.

Bulk Wine Auction: The Rothbury Estate Annual Hogshead Auction will be held on June 16 on the Rothbury Estate in the Hunter Valley, NSW. You buy wine in bulk lots, around 45 litres in a lot. You can then have it bottled or do your own. A buffet luncheon will be available plus a huge banquet after the auction.

Motorcycle Show: Custom bikes, vintage bikes, a tattooist, leather gear, paints and parts — it's all part of the Motorcycle Show at the Sydney Showground on July 6 to 8. There will be trophies for the most outstanding custom bike, the Best of British, the best classical vintage, the most eyecatching three-wheeler, excellence in paint and the rattiest in rat bikes. Music and entertainment as well.

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MOVIES

Tarzan hangs on; teens lose their footing

It's been a jungle out there for the Tarzan legend. Since MGM made its first version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs story in 1932 with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan, it has suffered some hideous exploitation in the B-grade ranks. *Savage Furies*, *She Devils* and *Green Goddesses* all conspired to sabotage the noble legend, but at last Tarzan has landed on his feet.

Chariots Of Fire director Hugh Hudson has taken three years and $30,000,000 to come up with his epic, *Greystoke: The Legend Of Tarzan Lord Of The Apes.* For Hudson, as for Burroughs, the Tarzan legend is a chance to explore the two sides of man's nature — savage nobility and noble savagery. The duality extends to the cultures, landscapes, the societies and their inhabitants, and it is the similarities rather than the differences that surprise and delight.

"Tarzan represents everyman," says Hudson, "and Jane, everywoman. They are everybody's ideal of how life should be. We need myths like Tarzan, Ulysses, Zapata, King Arthur, Adam and Eve and Icelandic sagas."

Icelandic saga it may not be, but Hudson's movie begins with a shipwreck from which the surviving infant child is found by a family of apes who raise and protect him. Hudson's Tarzan (Christopher Lambert) is not a hackneyed hunk of beefcake capable of feats of superhuman strength. He has a poise and animal grace that serves him well in both kingdoms, and a combination of innocence and keen perception that allows him to spot the wittiest parallels of behavior in his two societies.

This is the element that gives *Greystoke* its special charm. The cultural crisis of his return to English civilisation is a delightful parody of social behavior. As both Lord of the Apes and the Seventh Earl of Greystoke, the wide-eyed Tarzan slowly brings into focus the farcical rituals and posturing of two ornate societies. The late Sir Ralph Richardson in his last screen role is delicious here as the foil for the patriarch of the ape tribe.

The infant Tarzan learns the laws of the jungle in Greystoke

Vince Colosimo stirs up some percussion in Street Hero

So which laws should Tarzan obey: those of man or those of the jungle? Well, he finds the best of both worlds in the bedroom of Jane (Andie McDowell), a demure young schoolteacher, in one of the funniest scenes in the film.

Hudson's film scores on more levels than you could swing a vine at. It is stimulating, witty, provocative, inspiring and touching, and it makes the 50 years since MGM's first attempt a totally acceptable wait for a film epic that does justice to a literary epic.

●

In *Street Hero*, we have an Australian movie crackling with energy and confidence, and our best bet yet to impress the international market with something contemporary and commercial. Even seen before its final edit, its energy, enthusiasm and driving rock score mark *Street Hero* as a movie that will prove totally infectious to anyone outside intensive care.

Analysis of the credits suggests that maybe this result could have been more widely predicted. The film marks the cinema industry debut of executive producer Paul Dainty, but his entrepreneurial skills in rock music appreciation and staging are beyond question. Dainty put the music together for *Street Hero* and it is the pulsating rock score that hammers home the urgency and restlessness of the generation the film portrays. Dainty was also insistent about the visual impact of the movie and enlisted internationally acclaimed stage designer Brian Thomson to style the production. Out of Melbourne, of all places, he has fashioned a kaleidoscope of mean streets and easy streets both credible and incredible to audiences anywhere.

In director Michael Pattinson and pivotal actor Vince Colosimo, *Street Hero* brings together again the working relationship that made *Moving Out* a conspicuous success with critics and public alike.

More in the mould of *Footloose* than *Flashdance*, the film has a plot-line around which the energetic action revolves and characters with a destiny that the audience gives a damn about. Vinnie Romano (Vince Colosimo) is a rebel born into conflict with authority who finds a release for his pent-up energy in rock music, and a glimpse into the satisfaction of rejoining society through his responsibility to other members of the school band.

Colosimo, vastly matured from his *Moving Out* role, looks very much on the verge of a breakthrough, and Sigrid Thornton, as Vinnie's girlfriend Gloria, makes a welcome and comfortable transition from period-piece heroine to contemporary kid. However, everyone and everything in *Street Hero* draws its vigor and vibrance from the imperative presence of the music. Dragon, Sharon O'Neill, Red Symons, Garth Porter and even Leo Sayer have contributed to a great rock score that just could provide a spinoff hit single and album. Give it a gander.

— ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

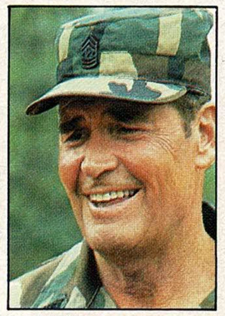
PLUM ROLE: Liz Alexander, who impressed with her starring performance in *The Killing Of Angel Street*, has landed the plum lead role in the upcoming ABC mini-series, *Singles*. The storyline for the five self-contained plays surrounds a 33-year-old doctor, Allison Kirk, who is coerced by friends and family into going to a singles introduction agency. **Dinah Shearing, David Downer** and **Melissa Jaffer** are also regulars in the drama series.

●

FISHY BUSINESS: *Happy Days* and *American Graffiti* star **Ron Howard** has directed another feature that should give his career a major upswing. *Splash* is wildly romantic and amusing, boasting four writers who have managed to come up with a crazy plot full of wry, wet and inside urban humor.

A gorgeous mermaid finds herself in Manhattan and the first word she utters in English is "Bloomingdale's". **Daryl Hannah** is appealing as the mermaid opposite **Tom Hanks** as the smitten man who provides her with bed, board and bath privileges before he suspects anything fishy. **John Candy** is the fat and horny brother who gets his fair share of the best lines.

ALEXANDER



GARNER

WAR RELICS: If you owned your own Sherman tank and your teenage son was shoved in the slammer on trumped-up charges, you might not consider *Tank* to be such a crazy waste of celluloid. **James Garner** finds himself as an army officer pitted against redneck law-and-order in America's deep south. He just happens to have his own tank and wheels it into action against the local authorities while crowds line the roads and cheer wildly. **C. Thomas Howell** plays the wronged son and **Jenilee Harrison** is a plucky call-girl accompanying James.

●

THE PERFECT CRIME: Philip Cornford, who produced the script for *Kitty And The Bagman*, which is reported to be doing brisk business in the US, is back at the typewriter scripting a project with the working title, *The Great Bookie Robbery*. It is based on the sensational holdup of bookmakers at Melbourne's Victoria Club in 1976. The incident has claims to being the perfect crime. No one was ever caught and the haul was between $1,000,000 and $6,000,000 — the bookies were reluctant to admit the extent of their losses.

●

FRAULEIN FLING: Hanna Schygulla, the leading lady in director **Andrzej Wajda's** latest, *Love in Germany*, takes another step towards international stardom with her portrayal as a village shopkeeper who has a furtive affair with a Polish prisoner-of-war (**Piotr Lysak**). Schygulla's man-hunger is so convincing that she seems virtually drunk with desire and blind to the consequences, whether she's buying condoms at the pharmacy or risking a quick roadside bash with her passionate Pole. He's part of a forced-labor contingent working around the village, and risks capital punishment for his fraulein flings. While a familiar plot is made powerful through Wajda's treatment, the best part of *Love in Germany* is watching Schygulla generate unabashed and unrepentant lust.

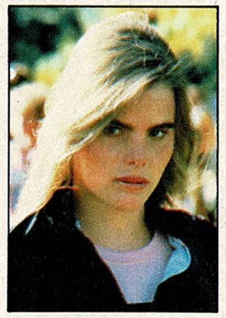
●

WILDER GETS WILDER: How far will the ordinary man go to sleep with the most beautiful woman in the world? That's the central question in *The Woman In Red*, written and directed by and starring **Gene Wilder.** The answer, of course, is *very, very* far. Based loosely on the French film *Pardon Mon Affaire*, the picture co-stars **Charles Grodin, Joseph Bologna, Judith Ivey, Gilda Radner, Michael Huddleston** and, as the gorgeous gal in red, model and cover girl **Kelly LeBrock.** Says Wilder regarding the tough job of casting the title role, "I wanted to find someone who had such a quality about her that you could see how a man might follow her to the ends of the earth and then fall off."

●

COMING SOON: After opening with a funeral, *Misunderstood* meanders its way to an accident that tightens the strained family ties between a bereaved father **(Gene Hackman)** and his two young sons. "Blinded by my own sorrow" is Dad's trite, flimsy excuse for neglecting the lads following his wife's untimely death. **Susan Anspach** portrays the deceased mom in dreamy flashbacks while Hackman broods. Hackman's progeny, **Henry Thomas** (of *E.T.*) and **Huckleberry Fox** (the younger tyke in *Terms of Endearment*) have to work pretty hard at being engaging, because **Barra Grant's** feeble screenplay doesn't give them much else to do — and director **Jerry Schatzberg** seems disoriented.

HARRISON



HEMINGWAY

LEADING LADIES: Looks like **Mariel Hemingway** is heading for "sexy young lady" stereotyping. She's been signed, with **Peter O'Toole,** for Universal's *Creator*, based on the best-selling novel by **Jeremy Leven** (who also penned the script). The film is a comedy about an eccentric Nobel-laureate biologist obsessed with his deceased wife. Mariel comes to the rescue as a sexy 19-year-old who teaches him all about life. Director **Ivan** *(Law And Disorder)* **Passer** has the job of making something out of that rather uninspiring scenario... **Melanie Griffith** will play a porno-film queen who holds the key to a mysterious murder in **Brian De Palma's** erotic suspense thriller, *Body Double*. After a brush with America's censorship board over his latest film, *Scarface*, De Palma is rumored to have decided to take it easy in *Body Double*... **Gudrun Landgrebe** is a cool, elegant, German beauty who's packing cinema houses all over her home country with *A Woman In Flames*, directed by **Robert van Ackeren.** Ms Landgrebe settles into semi-domesticity with a male hooker **(Mathieu Carriere).** She's an accomplished dominatrix and he's got a long list of male and female clients but yearns for respectability. She'll have none of that, so the film becomes her single-minded struggle for sexual liberation. Look for this one in the art houses.

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SPORT

When the Games end, the fun really begins in the Olympics. As the sexual Olympics take over from the more orthodox sports and games, Olympians from all around the world finally fulfil the aims of the founder of the modern Olympics, Baron Pierre de Coubertin. The original objective of the Games, if you remember, was to bring together people from different backgrounds and cultures to take part in sports and games in a spirit of friendship which would generate closer and better relationships between nations.

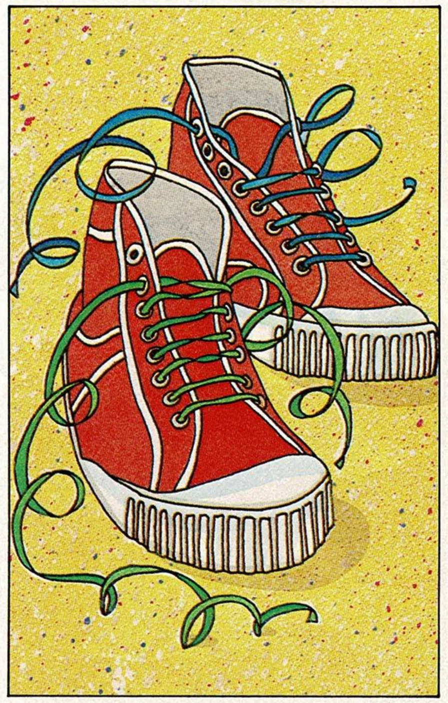
Today the actual competition has deteriorated into open warfare between different political, social and economic systems. Commercialism is rampant, with gold medallists being potentially able to earn millions from their achievements and fame. Wherever politics and economics thus rule, the meeting places become veritable battlegrounds in which no holds are barred and winning becomes much more important than merely taking part — a sad reversal of de Coubertin's idealistic philosophy.

To make it to the top in any of the amateur sports and games which form part of the Olympics requires a dedication and self-denial which few professionals in any field of human endeavor would put into their work. So by the time the actual Olympics come around, the villages housing the competitors are like hidden volcanoes of repressed desires bubbling and preparing to erupt into aggressive and powerful physical forces in sporting competition.

While rich foods and alcoholic beverages may generally be forbidden to the prospective Olympic champions and medallists, sex tends to become vital to a number of them in the days and nights before competition. It can become almost an obsession created by deprivation once their events are finished.

Sex and sport is a subject which is often discussed in pubs and at parties but seldom features in the press or electronic media. Yet the sexual Olympics would probably make much more interesting reading and viewing and provide entertainment which would have fans rivetted to their TVs long after the sports and games have finished.

As a young man I used to believe, and was told, that sex and sport simply did not mix. Celibacy was mandatory, the Roman Catholic priests who taught us at high school used to preach. Intercourse was supposed to be too debilitating, taking away much of the strength and energy required for success at sports and games.



*Sex seemed to be. . .
part of training*

Then I travelled to the post-Olympic track and field meetings in Kingston, Jamaica, where, as a runner, I met and lived in the same hotel as half a dozen or more of the gold medallists from the 1952 Helsinki Olympics. I was then 17 years old.

The first evening I went to bed shortly after 8.30pm to prepare for the next day's competition. Sometime in the early hours of the morning, I was awakened by the sounds of gaiety, revelry and laughter as these Olympian gods came home from a night of carousing. Full of rum and other exotic West Indian concoctions, the men I expected to be “early to bed and early to rise” were acting more like satyrs as they chased their Jamaican girlfriends to bed, laughing and giggling all the way. Then followed the inevitable silence, broken by the self-indulgent moans and groans which could mean only one thing.

I realised then that my teachers were quite wrong: sex seemed to be a necessary part of training and preparing for running and jumping.

Initiated thus into the simple reality that champion athletes tend to be more aggressive and active sexually than average, I naturally worked on removing the early inhibitions implanted by teachers and coaches who really didn't know the facts of life among the Olympians.

“It isn't the doing it which gets you,” our coach at Villanova University, James “Jumbo” Elliott, used to say, “it's the chasing after it!”

Similarly, Percy Cerutty, the eccentric old man of the Portsea (Victoria) sandhills who trained Herb Elliott to become the world's greatest mile runner ever, used to say, “Women are the spoils of victory!”, meant to be enjoyed to the fullest after the event. Both Cerutty and Jumbo Elliott would advise their charges that sex, even before competition, was fine provided you had a willing and compliant partner.

“The woman has to understand that it's part of your training and preparation for running and not a feast for herself to enjoy primarily,” Cerutty once said, specifying that there should be little, if any, foreplay, and nothing more than a quickie to relieve built-up tensions and pressures, letting relaxed energies flow through the athlete's system once more.

That approach wasn't limited to male athletes. I well recall the female Canadian field-event champion who had to have a good love session the night before competition or she couldn't perform at her best.

There was also the great Australian swimmer who was known far and wide as “The Backbreaker”, who finally met her match in the black American long jump champion who was said to be so well hung he could use his genitals like a pendulum to fling his lithe body higher and further when competing.

There are many legendary stories, some apocryphal, others verifiable, about the sexual Olympic champions. A tale that probably belongs more in the former category is the one about Jamaican gold medallist Herb McKenley, who was nowhere to be found when the finalists were on the track warming up for the final of the 200 metres in London in 1948.

Fortunately, a team-mate knew where to find “Hustlin' Herb”. He was in a nearby hotel “warming up” with a female friend. Herb hadn't quite finished his warm-up when the team members arrived to drag him to the track. McKenley got to the track just in time to line up for the start of the race, in which he finished 4th.

And that was astonishing, because his specialty was the longer 400 metres event and he wasn't even expected to make the finals of the 200.

No wonder the rumor went around in Montreal that the International Olympic Committee (IOC) was considering making sex an integral part of the Games because it was clearly the most popular worldwide sport. They agreed to introduce it slowly, starting with an Olympic masturbation competition. Deciding how to judge the winner was the problem but one gentleman from an African nation renowned for its athletes eventually came up with the solution.

“De winner,” he said simply, “would have to be de contestant who comes first. . . and third!”

— MIKE AGOSTINI

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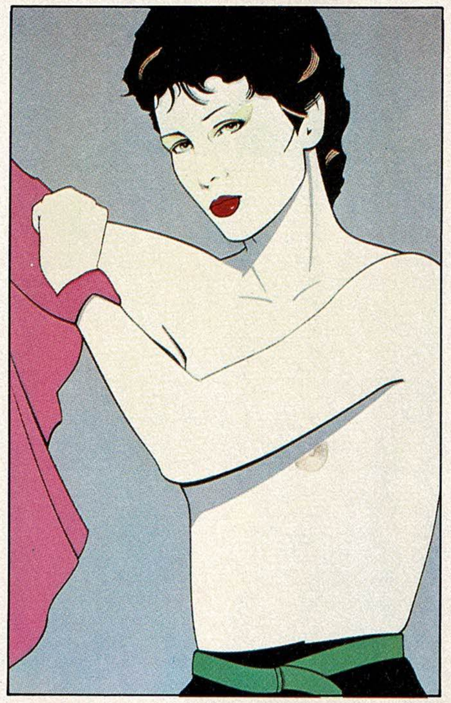

Saunas, pumping iron and surfing music

When the mid-'70s rolled around, so did saunas and being the trendsetter I am, I literally rushed out and bought one, for health reasons, of course. Since its arrival, arguments over just how beneficial it really is have raged in my house every time I have a dinner party or social gathering. What's the latest info I can throw into the boxing ring in its defence? I have used saunas daily since 1974 (I am 45) and I consider them to be beneficial. What do you think?

N.J., WA.

As with most things, correct usage is the key to deriving maximum benefits. In the case of saunas, this is especially true. Firstly, the correct way of taking a sauna is as follows: Take a warm shower, retire to the sauna for a period of 10 to 15 minutes (no more) and then rest for 30 minutes to allow the body temperature to return to normal. Follow with another warm shower, scrubbing well to wash away the skin wastes that were flushed out by sweating.

Now we'll tell you what not *to do. For starters, never jump straight into a sauna after a work-out. Rest for 15 minutes and drink some water to replace fluid you would have lost during exercise. As mentioned before, never overdo the amount of time you spend in the sauna. If you feel dizzy or nauseous, you know you have. Make sure that you never, ever enter a sauna if you have diabetes, heart disease or high blood pressure, if you're under the influence of alcohol or narcotics, or are taking antihistamines, lithium or tranquillisers.*

If you stick to these guidelines, you're ensured of getting the most out of what can *be a wise investment. By increasing blood circulation and decreasing the involuntary muscle contractions the body uses to maintain an ideal body temperature, the high sauna temperatures give one a sense of well-being. The skin cleansing value of a sauna is great: surface impurities are sweated out due to the heat which causes the blood vessels to dilate, circulation to improve and the pores to open.*

Opinion is divided as to whether or not the heat stimulates the immune system or whether lactic acid and other muscle wastes are more quickly and effectively eliminated in a sauna. All experts agree, however, that weight loss is most definitely not a benefit of saunas. Any weight you may lose is in the form of water which is replaced as soon as you slake your post-sauna thirst.

All in all, if you're wise, the benefits are many.

●

I am a very skinny man who desperately wants to put on weight. I know it goes against the grain of what is in vogue at the moment, but I've tried everything I can think of to gain weight. I haven't been able to find any diets in magazines. They all seem to worship bodies that resemble bags of bones. Have you any suggestions?

T.C., NT.

The very best way to gain weight is to go on a diet which increases your consumption of complex carbohydrates such as whole grain breads and cereals, pasta, raw fruits and vegetables. Nuts, lean meats and low-fat dairy products (if tolerated) are also wise additions to a weight gain diet.

Contrary to popular belief, just increasing calorie intake is not good enough. It is difficult, for instance, to gain weight by simply adding a lot of fats to the diet, despite their high calorie count, because they satisfy hunger quickly. It's unhealthy too, and may lead to heart disease and hypertension, especially in those with a family history of these ailments. A high protein diet is also unhealthy because it puts a strain on the bladder.

●

I own a water-resistant Sony Walkman which has been tested for effectiveness only as far as severe rainstorms. Although the manufacturer claims it is waterproof, but definitely not for underwater use (as in the case of skin diving), I was wondering whether or not it would be able to withstand the thrashing it would get if I took it out when I went surfing.

S.C., NSW.

We had that intrepid adventurer, Kirk Willcox, Editor of surfing magazine TRACKS *test one out for us. Tested in pumping eight-foot surf it most definitely was taken to its limit in regards to being used while surfing.*

His findings were that it made "funny, gurgling noises" (his words, not ours) when his head went underwater. When his head was not submerged, he found the clarity and volume "amazing. . . enough to blow the head off a deaf chook" (once again his words, not ours).

He found that one develops extreme paranoia about losing the Walkman when surrounded by eight-foot waves. This is understandable when the product is worth over $200 but it really is quite safe, worn belted around the waist with the wires running up one's back. One last point he made was that concentration and ultimately survival could be affected.

Overall, he came to the conclusion that, apart from the noises when the surfer goes underwater, the Walkman works extremely well but should be used only in uncrowded beach breaks to minimise the risk of head-on crashes with other surfers. Willcox suggests that you have a pocket built into the back of your wetsuit to reduce worry about loss. Music tips? The Tubes *of course.*

●

What sort of guidelines should I follow when buying amplifiers? I don't know how much power I should be aiming for but I do want my system to have a fair bit of power. Who do you think is the best person to see who won't sell me something which is not really what I need just so they can make a good commission?

K.F., WA.

Many people assume that more is better in the case of amplifiers but this just isn't so. The amount of power you need is mostly dependent on the efficiency of your loudspeakers, the size of the room where you have your system set up, the type of music that you usually listen to, and also how LOUD you like it.

The average, everyday rack hi-fi system will have more than enough power for the average listener. The amplifier will be matched to the speakers of the system and the whole system will be designed to suit the needs of most listeners.

If you are considering the purchase of specialised equipment, the best thing to do is pay a call to your local hi-fi dealer and discuss the matter of power rating and make sure the dealer knows what speakers you are buying the amplifier for, or what speakers he feels you may need.

One hundred watts per channel will be more than enough for most listeners, anything higher is most likely to be either unusable or too loud to really matter.

●

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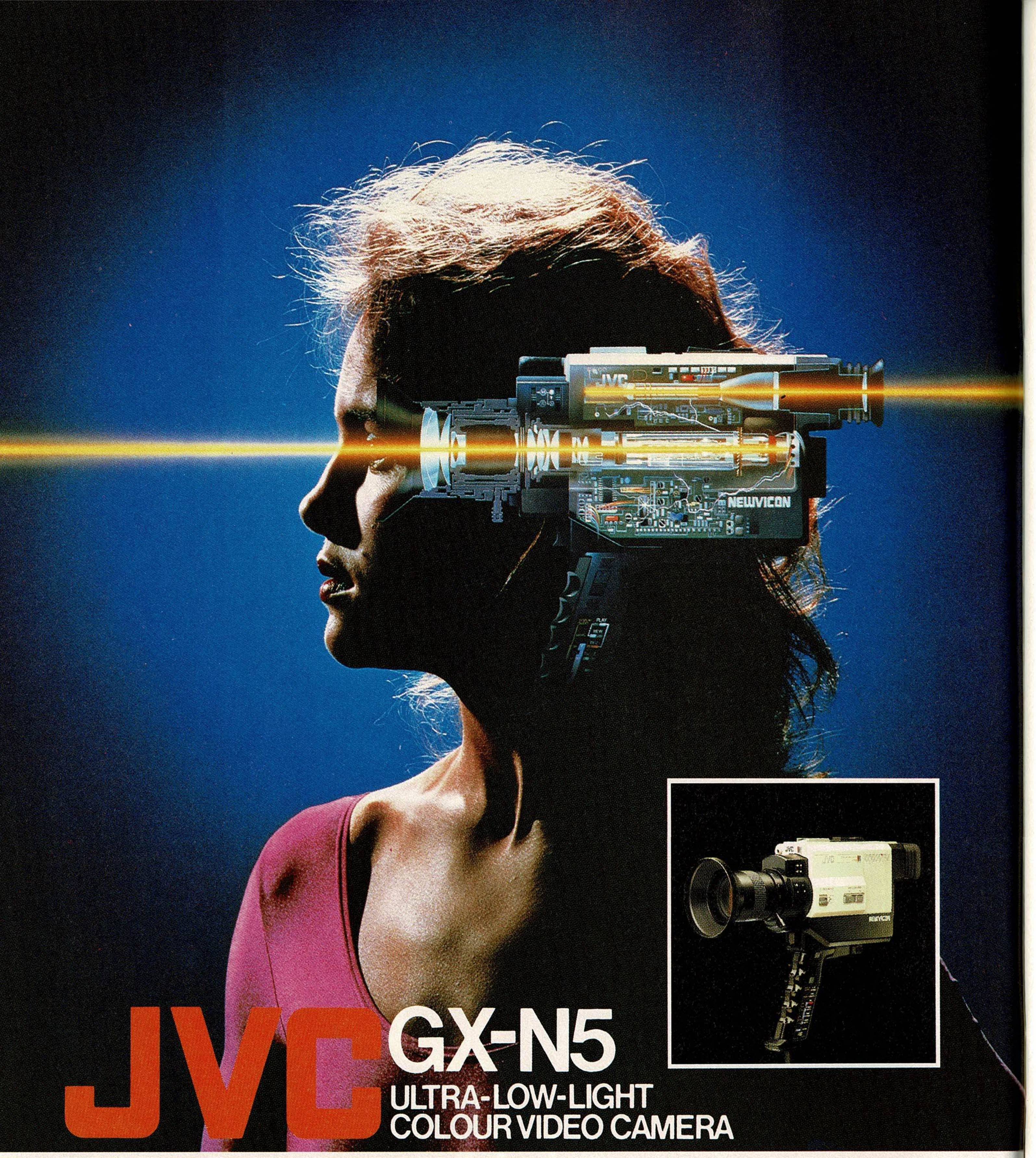

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: IAN SINCLAIR

A candid conversation with Australia's most pugnacious politician about scandal, ambition, drink, women and white lies

Ian McMahon Sinclair is one of the most turbulent politicians in Federal Parliament, perhaps in Australian history. He's regarded by many, even in his own National Party, as a bully boy. To the Labor Party he is the last of the conspirators who engineered the dismissal of the Whitlam government. When he gets up to speak in the House of Representatives Labor MPs shout out: "George, George," — a reference to the fact that he was charged (and acquitted) four years ago with forging the signature of his dead father, George Sinclair.

Such is the man's political drive, and toughness of skin, that some see him as the eventual leader of the Liberal/National Party coalition. In January this year, the iron man of politics, as he's been called, was elected leader of the National Party. But he had to overcome a great deal of suspicion. There was a last-minute move in the party to head off his run for the leadership. Twice before, in fact, the Nationals (at the time still called the Country Party) had preferred the bush plodder Doug Anthony to Sinclair, his more mercurial rival: first for the party's deputy leadership, in 1966, and then again for the leadership in 1970.

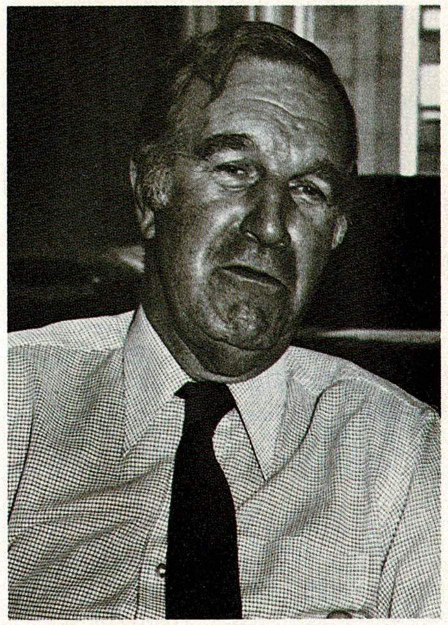
Almost as soon as he was elected leader, Sinclair was plunged into the sort of controversy which has persistently marred his political career and would have broken a weaker man. A few weeks before, a NSW judge, Mr Justice Cross, had found in a formal report that grave public accusations Sinclair had made against his political opponents — accusations that he had been approached by two well-known Sydney people "associated with the Labor cause" offering to buy Sinclair out of nine forgery and other charges he then faced — were "simply untrue". In his colorful condemnation of Sinclair's behavior the judge said: "The Spanish Inquisition would not have convicted the Devil himself on the sort of withdrawing, hedging, qualifying answers in Mr Sinclair's record of interview."

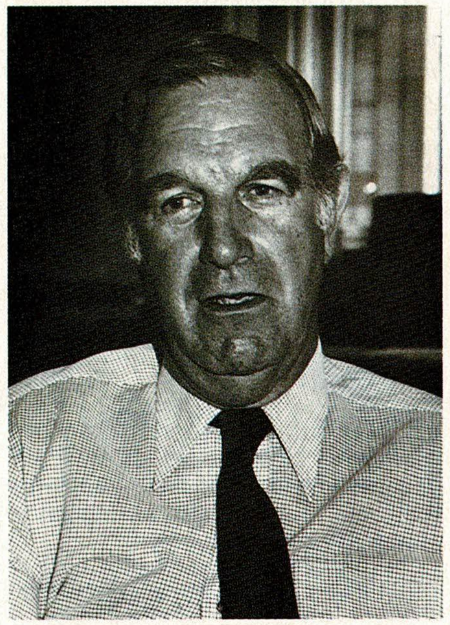
When this interview was recorded, Sinclair still had not replied to Mr Justice Cross's report, but it was clearly on his mind. Four days later, in Federal Parliament, he made an unprecedented attack on the Cross findings and the judge himself. His speech brought condemnation from editorials all over Australia and one Labor minister in the NSW Parliament described him as "shameless, a compulsive liar, a mad dog, a latter-day Dr Josef Goebbels". As usual, Ian Sinclair shrugged it off and survived.

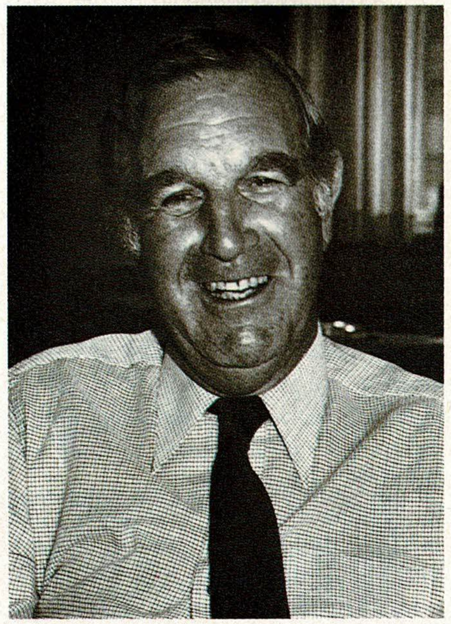
Sinclair is very much a man of the world. He had a long-standing and highly-publicised affair with Glen Marie North, a red-haired Sydney socialite who worked for the De Beers diamond group. He has been married twice; his second wife, Rosemary, is a former Miss Australia whom Sinclair met at a beauty contest.

It's easy to see why women, especially, are attracted to him. There's a certain dynamism to the man in everything from the way he strides into a room to his readiness to laugh at himself and his peccadillos. He exudes power and self-assertiveness. He is well-built, masculine and dresses smoothly in Pitt Street farmer clothes. He has the reputation of moving easily in Sydney social circles, has city business interests and, in his young days, was a member of the Sydney University Liberal Club.

A strange man to be head of the National Party? But then the party has changed dramatically over the years, and maybe now it needs a different sort of leader. In Sinclair the party's got it. His family comes from the bush and once, to prove his country credentials, Sinclair said, "I may be city born and educated, but let me explain that my father was one of those who suffered from the Depression


". . . for reasons I find a little flattering, my political opponents are apprehensive of my political acumen."


"Sure I drink. I think it's tiredness rather than drink that's my trouble, but sure I've been out with a few women in my time."


"I have no fear; I am not in any way apprehensive about people or situations. But I don't see myself as a 'desperate'."

and was forced to leave his farm. My mother was raised on a dairy farm and milked cows twice a day." George Sinclair, however, became a partner in a wealthy funeral business which he systematically defrauded over the years.

Certainly Ian Sinclair had the best upbringing money could buy: Knox Grammar School, arts and law at Sydney University, a couple of years at the Sydney Bar, and then a quick entree into the Country Party and an even speedier rise to prominence as the protege of "Black Jack" McEwen, then the party leader. Sinclair spent two years in the NSW Legislative Assembly and then, after only 15 months in Federal Parliament, was made a junior minister in the Menzies government. He was on his way. But he was already acquiring a reputation as a wheeler and dealer, and as the years went on, the scandals mounted. They went like this:

- *1973: The Whitlam government demands he pay back $2500 he was alleged to have spent on Commonwealth cars and rental cars to which he was not entitled. Sinclair consistently denies any improper use of cars.*
- *1975: There are allegations in Parliament that his second wife, Rosemary, received jewellery worth $16,000 for launching ships when he was Minister for Shipping and Transport. Sinclair says the jewellery was worth less than $1000 and said such gifts were customary.*
- *1979: The Finnane Inquiry alleges that Sinclair had forged his father's signature on annual returns of a family company, had signed false company documents and made unauthorised loans of more than $250,000. Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser forces Sinclair to stand down. Sinclair is charged on nine counts of fraud, but is subsequently acquitted by a jury on all charges.*
- *1981: A Senate committee, with a majority of Liberal members, concludes that "on the balance of probabilities", Sinclair knew, when he was Minister for Primary Industry, that an organisation under his control — Asia Dairy Industries — was in breach of international trading agreements by selling milk powder at below minimum agreed prices. Sinclair denies he knew of any breach of agreement.*
- *There are allegations that, while he was Minister for Communications, residents of Lord Howe Island were able to jump the queue for telephones; Sinclair's father-in-law lived on the island. Sinclair denies using any pressure to help island residents jump the queue.*
- *1982: Sinclair is criticised for claiming travel allowances of more than $21,000 for 286 days the previous year.*
- *1983: At a National Party conference, Sinclair makes sensational allegations about attempts to solicit a bribe from him. This leads to the Cross Report's findings in early 1984 that the allegations are "simply untrue". Sinclair denounces the Cross Report in parliament and is censured along party lines for conduct unbecoming an MP.*

To tackle such a formidable figure, Australian PLAYBOY *assigned Craig McGregor, one of Australia's most skilled and best-known political interviewers. A regular contributor to leading Australian and overseas newspapers, McGregor is also the author of several books, his most recent being* The Australian People *and* Soundtrack For the 80s.

McGregor met Sinclair at the latter's office in the Commonwealth Government Building, Chifley Square, Sydney.

Any politician worthy of his salt would like to feel there's a prospect of the jangle of the Lodge keys in his suit pocket. . .

Sinclair had just flown in from Canberra and was running late. He wore a smart, off-white two-piece suit and mentioned that he was going on to lunch with executives from the Esso oil corporation.

Said McGregor: "I was interested in meeting Sinclair, I think he's one of the most fascinating personalities in Australian politics, far more complex than many people think. He's a tough customer although he was friendly and lighthearted throughout the interview. I've often wondered what he's like beneath that extraordinarily tough hide and as the interview progressed I felt I was learning much more about Sinclair the man rather than Sinclair the politician.

"I have a natural wariness about politicians. Sinclair the politician is tough and wary but Sinclair the man has real charm. I can see how people can grow to like him."

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have made it to the leadership of the National Party?

SINCLAIR: Great. It's an interesting contrast, having been the deputy for a long while. You'd expect there to be not much difference when you switch from one position to the other, but in fact there is an enormous difference. You're really out there in the front line. You're not only visibly the head of your party, but you're very much out there creating policies, reacting to people's reactions to government policies, trying to formulate a few directions.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever doubt that you'd make it to the leadership?

SINCLAIR: No. I didn't know when or how, but those things have not really worried me.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be Prime Minister?

SINCLAIR: Any politician worthy of his salt would like to feel there's a prospect of the jangle of the Lodge keys in his suit pocket, but that's not my prime aim. My prime aim is to look for better policies that I believe are necessary for Australia and try and give the country a few directions in which I happen to believe politically, philosophically and personally.

PLAYBOY: You'd be able to do them better as Prime Minister?

SINCLAIR: I don't think that in our immediate horizons there is any chance of the two parties doing as well together as they would separately. I can't see at the moment there is any real mood within the National Party to amalgamate, and therefore I am quite happy to put the Prime Minister bit to one side. I'm looking forward to working with Andrew. I think Andrew is going to be Australia's next Prime Minister.

PLAYBOY: If Andrew Peacock loses very badly at the next election, or is replaced as leader of the Liberal Party, wouldn't that give you a chance to take over as leader of the coalition?

SINCLAIR: Whatever happens he won't lose very badly. Hawke is progressively isolating himself from the mainstream of the Labor Party. The decision on an assets test that he announced at the National Press Club is a very fair example. He is putting himself, because of his high rating, more and more in a position where he is not even communicating with his own ministers.

PLAYBOY: If the opportunity came up for you to lead the coalition parties, would you agree to do it?

SINCLAIR: That's for some uncertain future time. Traditionally the second in charge of the coalition is head of the National Party, and if time and circumstances were there, then, sure. My concern is not just to be boss cocky, but to make sure that I am in a position of influence to implement those things in which I believe, and I don't think that you necessarily have to be Prime Minister.

PLAYBOY: Are there significant policy differences between the Nationals and the Liberals these days?

SINCLAIR: There are areas of differences.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

SINCLAIR: To start off with, obviously we have a particular concern for the non-

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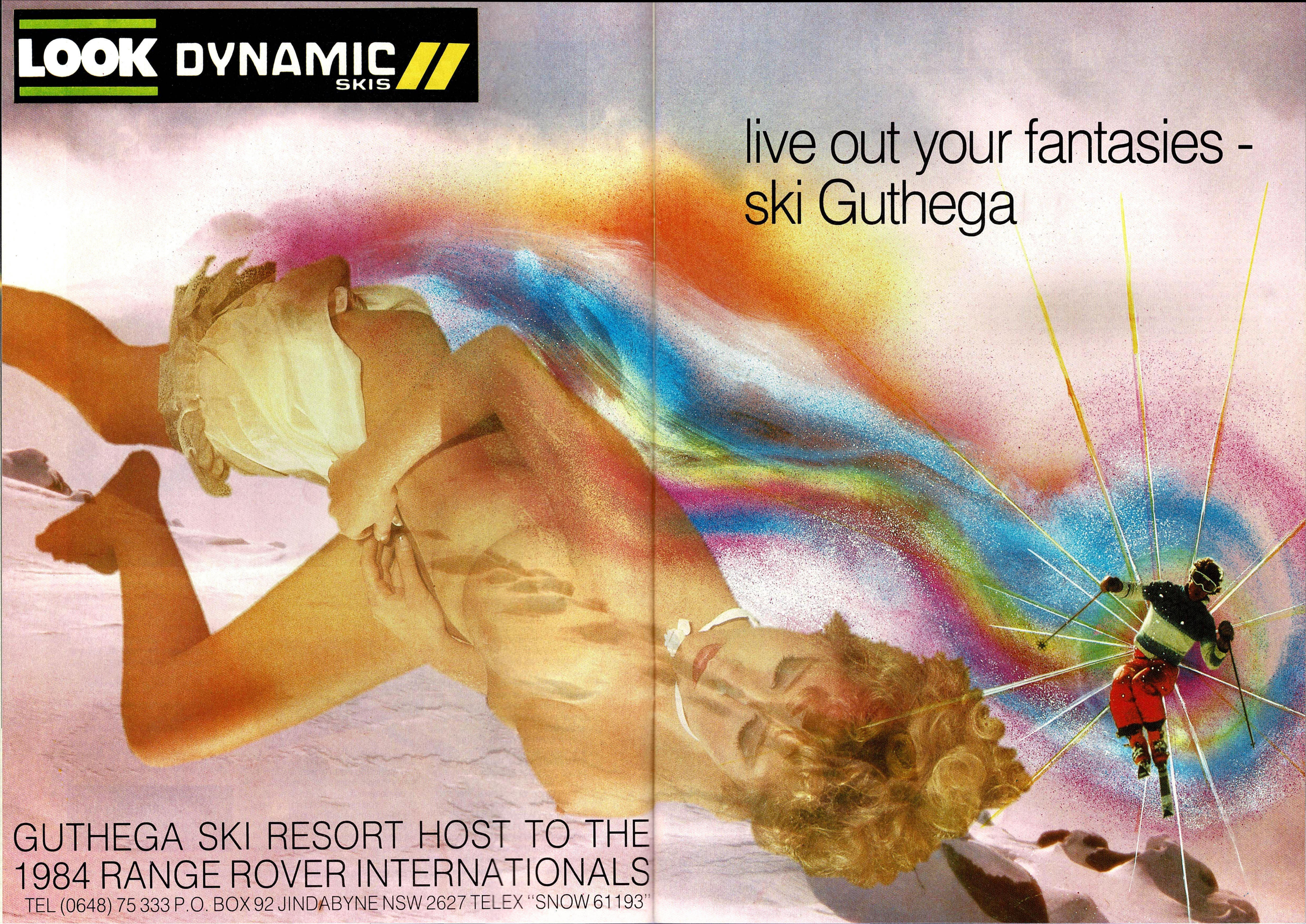

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PLAYBOY: Do you really think that the Nationals represent the country any longer?

SINCLAIR: The country is different to what it used to be. If you have a look at all our electorates, the growing urbanisation of the bush means there are far more people in our country towns and cities than there used to be. That is bringing the two parties closer together. But there is still quite a distinctly different requirement in most country communities and I see the National Party alone represents that. I suppose if you look at the areas of difference, one is productive industries. We certainly have a role with agriculture, mining and even to a degree the processing industries. And we have a concern about regions in a different way to the other parties.

PLAYBOY: You've run away from the name "Country Party" and yet you want to hold on to that as your power base?

SINCLAIR: It is not a matter of wanting to hold on to it as our power base; it still is our power base. We see that while we left the name "country" behind, we have done it because we are no longer essentially a rural party.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the National Party now a party basically representing mining interests?

SINCLAIR: Not basically.

PLAYBOY: It is a very large part of it, isn't it?

SINCLAIR: No, I wouldn't say so; it is only because most mines tend to be within electorates we hold.

PLAYBOY: Do the mining interests contribute heavily to your funds?

SINCLAIR: No. As an indication of that, I think the mining group is the only group I have not spoken to since I have been elected leader. I mean, we have a very close association with them, but I just don't happen to have seen them. I certainly will be seeing them.

PLAYBOY: They do contribute to your party funds?

SINCLAIR: I suspect they contribute to all parties' funds. Yes, they contribute to ours, but not to an imbalance with others. Indeed as an individual and as leader I don't know who contributes to our funds.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you?

SINCLAIR: That's all done through our organisation, our federal treasurer.

PLAYBOY: Would you be willing to reveal who does contribute to the National Party?

SINCLAIR: I don't know; I mean I genuinely have no idea.

PLAYBOY: Would you be willing for the party to reveal it?

SINCLAIR: I don't see that the revelation of party donors is necessary toward the honesty of politics, because one of the real criteria that we impose is that no matter who contributes it can never be on a condition.

PLAYBOY: Some people see the National Party as being adrift and dwindling at the present time. Would you agree with that?

SINCLAIR: No, I would not. I think that, on the contrary, we really have a strong base. Our party membership is way above any other political party in Australia. We have got more than 50,000 fully paid-up members in NSW alone.

PLAYBOY: Your overall vote in Australia has gone down.

SINCLAIR: No, I don't think you will find that is so. Last election we had certainly a drift in a number of electorates, including my own, but of course, overall, we do not stand as many candidates as the other parties.

PLAYBOY: Can you seriously see the National Party expanding?

> *I don't uphold myself as a great paragon of moral virtue or anything, but I certainly believe in God.*

SINCLAIR: If you look at Queensland they haven't done too badly.

PLAYBOY: What about the rest of Australia?

SINCLAIR: We haven't done too badly in NSW. One of the things that's faced us, and you talked about our name change, is the drift of population has meant, until recently, the electorates that we held tended to be those that were first excised under changing redistributed boundaries. Now we find that some of those electorates are being expanded. For example, the growth of population on the north coast of NSW will certainly mean that there has to be another new electorate up there which we would hope to win.

PLAYBOY: How do you get on with Andrew Peacock?

SINCLAIR: Very well. I've known both he and Margaret for many years.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever have serious arguments with him?

SINCLAIR: No, in fact I've had a number of portfolios in areas where he has had an interest. His family originally had an interest in dry docking ships in Port Melbourne and I was very tied up with that during my Shipping and Transport days. There have been many occasions when we have come out with similar thoughts on economic issues. I get on very well with him.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree in general with the policies of the "dries" and the economic rationalists of the Liberal Party?

SINCLAIR: Philosophically I do, but *practically* I think there needs to be limits on them. Looking back at the contrast between Andrew and myself, I think part of the trouble within the Liberal Party is that it tries to cover such a broad spectrum of views, it is very hard on occasions to really determine what its view is. It's much easier in the National Party, we carry a far narrower spectrum of views. We all believe in the family, we believe in the pre-eminence of the constitutional structure and so on. Now those values are common: the flag, the Queen of Australia, with an Australian Governor-General. I believe very strongly in an Australian Governor-General; I was opposed to the thought of Prince Charles becoming Governor-General.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Governor-General should have the powers that were exercised in 1975?

SINCLAIR: The powers that the Governor-General exercised are within the constitution, and I believe in the constitution.

PLAYBOY: So they should stay?

SINCLAIR: I believe it is essential that the people of Australia ultimately have the right to resolve disputes in the constitution, so yes, those powers should stay there.

PLAYBOY: And apparently you have a new-found belief in God, too?

SINCLAIR: It is not a new-found belief. I go to church occasionally. I am not a regular churchgoer. I don't uphold myself as a great paragon of moral virtue or anything, but I certainly believe in God and I believe that it is not possible when looking at the system of our society to divorce one's beliefs altogether from their practice. Indeed, I think the application of Christian moral principles in our society is very much to the advantage of the individuals who live in it.

PLAYBOY: Are you a born politician?

SINCLAIR: Well I love it, I started off as a lawyer. . .

PLAYBOY: We can't imagine you outside politics.

SINCLAIR: I enjoyed life at the bar, I think the camaraderie of that personal day-by-day confrontation is not that different to the political forum that I now enjoy.

PLAYBOY: Bob Hawke said that if ever he needed anyone to defend him he'd like you.

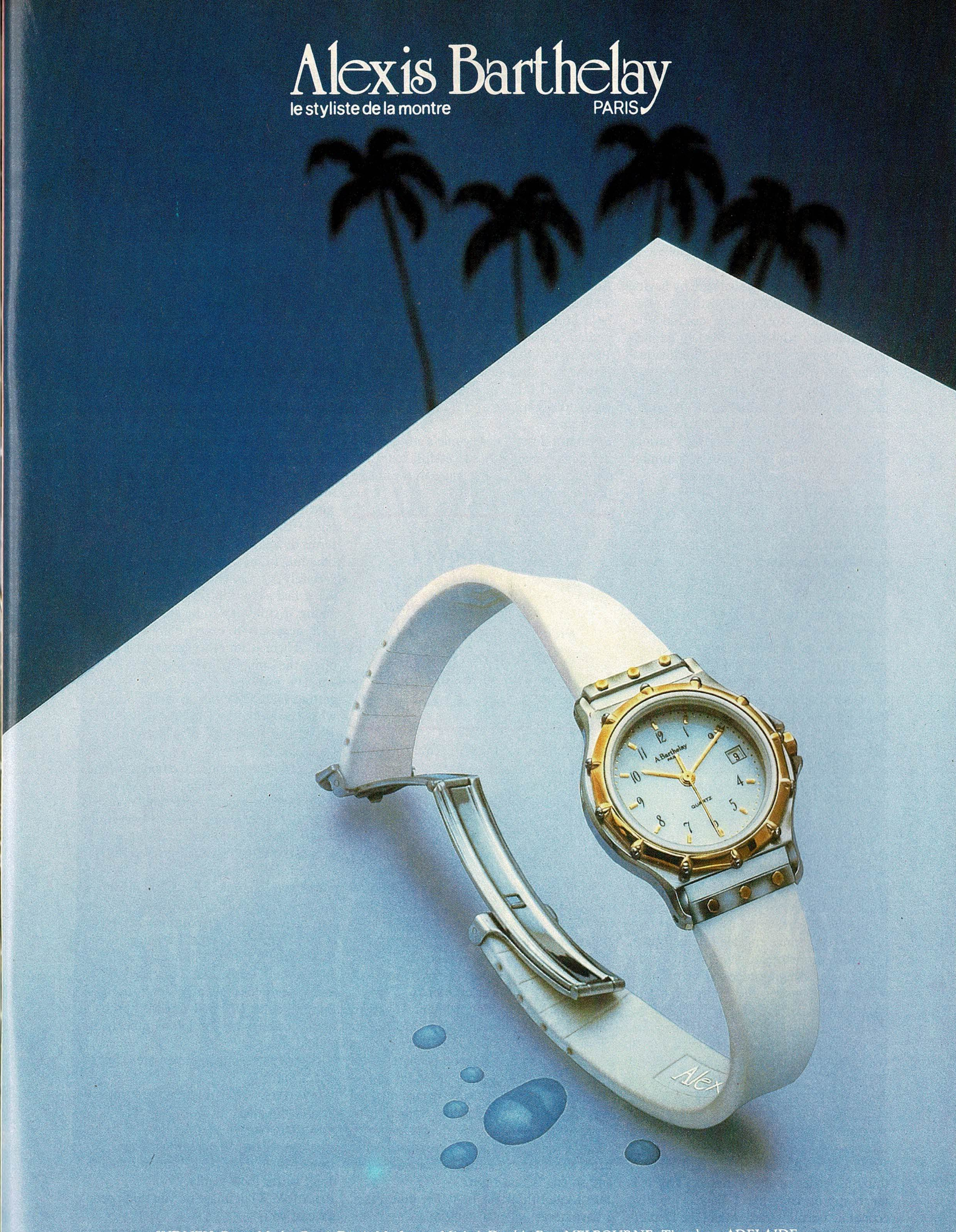
SINCLAIR: I was flattered [*laughing*].

PLAYBOY: Where do you spend most of your time now?

SINCLAIR: Very little time in Sydney. Today's a fair example. I've just arrived from Canberra, and I'll be here for six hours. I'll attend a function in Tamworth, my electorate, tonight, I'll be in Armidale tomorrow and I'll go back to Canberra on Sunday.

PLAYBOY: Your home is in Sydney?

SINCLAIR: No, my home is in Bendemeer [near Armidale] where I normally spend two or three nights a week.



Alexis Barthelay
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SYDNEY: Percy Marks, Perri, Denis M. James, Michal, Double Bay. MELBOURNE: Theodore. ADELAIDE: Congdons Time Centre. BRISBANE: Xennox, Robert White, McKinneys. SURFER'S PARADISE: Optima. PERTH: Rosendorff.

PLAYBOY: There was quite a big swing against you in the last election. Do you think you run any risk in your own electorate of ever being defeated there?

SINCLAIR: No, not really. There was a very sensitive issue and that was whether or not the University of New England and the College of Advanced Education should amalgamate. I very strongly fought against it, but I lost my battle and that certainly was the main issue.

PLAYBOY: What's your main motive in being in politics?

SINCLAIR: Well I certainly begin by having fairly strong philosophic attitudes, but because they are based around the individual it's sometimes hard to express them. I believe very strongly in individual rights and freedoms and opportunities. I enjoy politics, I enjoy the controversy that is part of it, I enjoy debate, I enjoy discussion and frankly I love getting about meeting people of all walks of life. I am a gregarious soul and no matter how low or how humble or how high, I enjoy their company.

PLAYBOY: Do you like the power?

SINCLAIR: No. Power does not worry me unduly; whether I have it or haven't. I mean I have little power at the moment as an opposition member. I can comment adversely at things others do. I can say what I would do, but I can't do it.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that is very frustrating?

SINCLAIR: On occasions, yes.

PLAYBOY: You're not used to being in opposition?

SINCLAIR: Oh well, I've been there; this is the third time. I was in opposition in NSW Parliament long ago.

PLAYBOY: You have been described as a pragmatist, rather than someone who is concerned with theoretical principles. Is that right?

SINCLAIR: No. I like to set goals and work toward them, but I am pragmatic in that I realise that some of those goals are not easy to achieve, and perhaps that is best demonstrated by my last portfolio of Defence. I think Defence is by far the most complex of all federal departments; it embraces some part of every human endeavor. It really is an enormous department, which badly needs, in my view, bringing together by trying to get rid of some of the interplay of the bureaucrats there, and the conflicts between the three services. It is a tremendous job and I set long-term goals beginning 50 years out, but I knew it would take time and I accept that I am not going to get all the things that I want done as quickly as I would like.

PLAYBOY: When you get back into power, what portfolio will you have?

SINCLAIR: Well, that is for tomorrow. I think as leader of the National Party it is more appropriate that I have a positive economic portfolio rather than the Department of Defence.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to be Treasurer?

SINCLAIR: No, I think a positive economic portfolio. I think that Treasury, regrettably, so often has a negative attitude to things. Probably I would look to some amalgam in the trade and industry, trade and resources field.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you are the best politician in parliament?

SINCLAIR: I can probably lead the House better than most. I can probably use the parliament as well as anybody else there, but there are some very good parliamentarians on both sides. I think John Howard is a very good parliamentarian. I think that Andrew finds it harder as leader than when he was a frontbencher because you have to be a little apart. Lionel Bowen is a good parliamentarian, he speaks well on his feet.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Bob Hawke as a parliamentarian?

SINCLAIR: I think he is a failure.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of him as a politican?

SINCLAIR: I think as a people's politician he has been remarkably successful, but I am not too sure if it is not more in the image than it is the man.

> *I enjoy politics, I enjoy the controversy . . . I love getting about meeting people of all walks of life, I am a gregarious soul.*

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could beat him in an election, in a straight contest between you and Hawke?

SINCLAIR: I think I could.

PLAYBOY: You've got a reputation for being tough. . .

SINCLAIR: Oh I think that is only a reputation.

PLAYBOY: Surely you do think of yourself as a tough politician?

SINCLAIR: I can probably stand a few of the slings and arrows more than most. I am quite prepared to give in return.

PLAYBOY: You've got that reputation too, — of being a political brawler.

SINCLAIR: Well it's not by intent. It's there because I think there are things that need to be raised. I would far prefer to talk about issues than I would about people. When I've talked about people, as I did in the Whitlam days, it was always regarding their administration as ministers rather than matters that were outside the parliament.

PLAYBOY: But you have a reputation for firing a lot of bullets and being a muckraker and so on. Is that right?

SINCLAIR: I think the first. The muckraker I have never accepted.

PLAYBOY: Are you proud of being a formidable man?

SINCLAIR: I don't think pride is really the way I look at it. I certainly take that as part of the job, I don't intend to lay back in my approach to political issues or in the exercise of my responsibility as leader of the National Party.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to be tough for?

SINCLAIR: It's not a matter of wanting to be tough, it's just a matter of my approach to my responsibilities. I just don't see that a laid-back, careless approach is the right way.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your own career is at its peak now?

SINCLAIR: No, I don't see my career as being at its peak. I look forward to being Deputy Prime Minister to Andrew Peacock after the next election.

PLAYBOY: Max Walsh recently said the undertaker was not far away for you.

SINCLAIR: Oh, I think that Max has often said things that might be wishful thinking based on no real understanding of what it's about. I know Max well.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend staying in politics for a long time?

SINCLAIR: I certainly don't feel like getting out in the next short term. Two or three terms down the track ask me the same question and I don't know what I would say. I certainly don't intend to get out now as I've never had a day's ill health in my life. I feel young; I still seem to be able to live at the pace necessary to exercise my responsibilities. There is no other task that I can see offers the same challenge as that in which I am now involved. I can't see the sense in getting out of politics to watch others do what you would love to be doing yourself.

PLAYBOY: What sort of a person do you think you are?

SINCLAIR: Gregarious. Certainly I enjoy stimulating conversation. I am extraordinarily wide in my interests and my tastes because I really am interested in everything: drama through opera back to sport.

PLAYBOY: What do you think are your main strengths?

SINCLAIR: Stamina. I think reasonably quickly, I articulate moderately well and have a fairly easy disposition. I don't get angry, I am not volatile. Patience.

PLAYBOY: What are your main weaknesses?

SINCLAIR: I think that I try and do too much and consequently don't do those things I do as well as I should. I probably don't get on with the job as quickly as I should.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you are fierce?

SINCLAIR: No.

PLAYBOY: Do your children think you are a formidable man?

SINCLAIR: No.

PLAYBOY: Are you an authoritarian?

SINCLAIR: No, not at all, but I must admit I don't suffer fools gladly.

PLAYBOY: What image do you think people have of you?

SINCLAIR: I don't think I have ever thought of that.

(continued on page 108)

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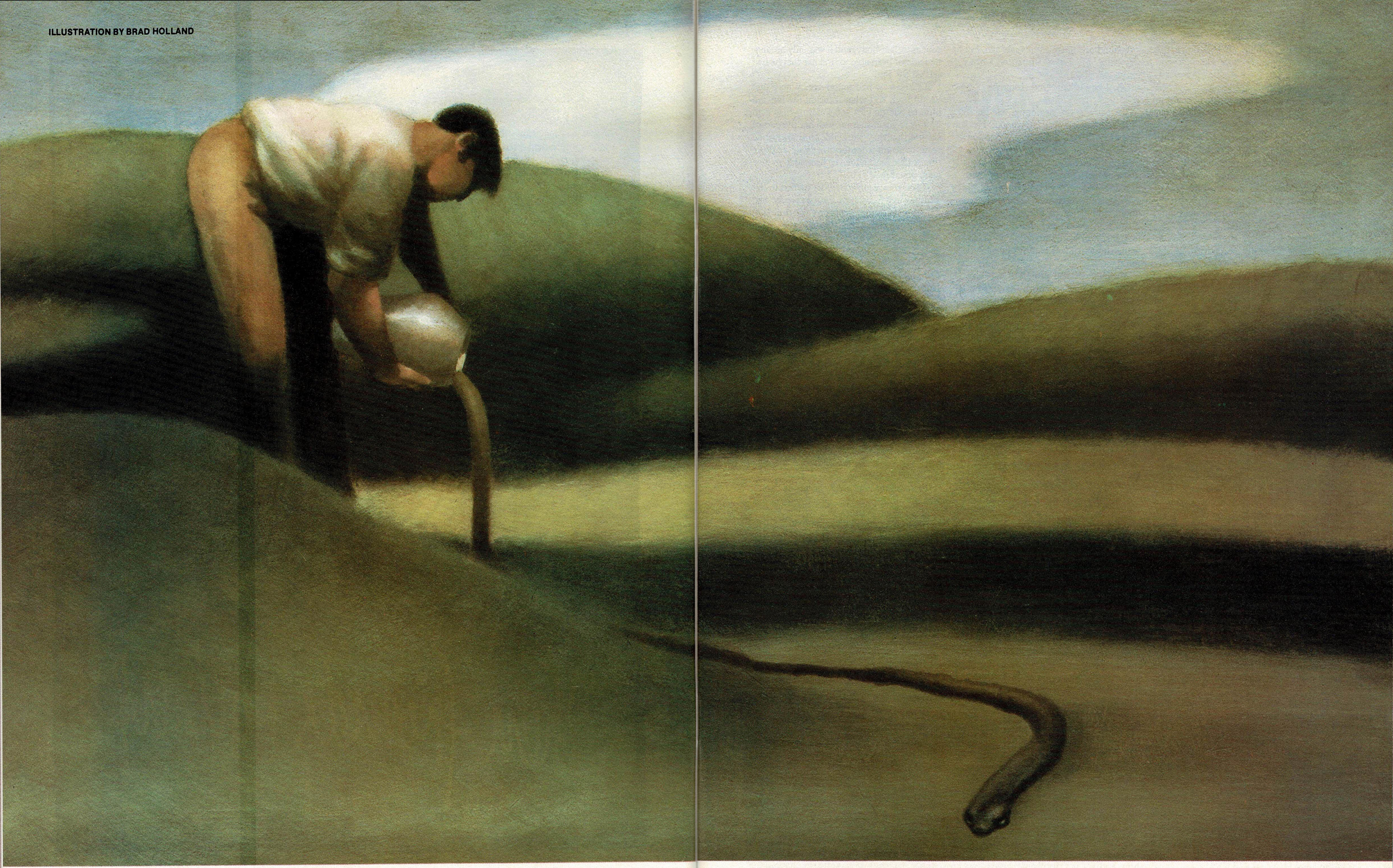


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

They loved by mental telepathy and gave each other everything

THE AFFAIR

Fiction by ROBERT SILVERBERG ● HE FOUND her by accident, the way it usually happens, after he had more or less given up searching. For years he had been sending out impulses like messages in bottles, random waves of telepathic energy, *Hello, hello, hello,* one forlorn SOS after another from the desert isle of the soul. Occasionally messages came back, but all they amounted to was lunacy, strident nonsense, static, spiritual noise, gabble up and down the mind-band. There were, he knew, a good many like him out there — a boy in Kansas, an old woman in Buenos Aires, another one in London, someone of indeterminate sex in Canada, and plenty of others, each alone, each lonely.

He fell into short-lived contact with them, because they were, after all, people of his special kind. But they tended to be cranky, warped, weird, often simply crazy, all of them deformed by their bizarre gift, and they could not give him what he wanted, which was communion, harmony, the marriage of true minds.

Then one Thursday afternoon when he was absent-mindedly broadcasting his identity-wave, not in any way purposefully trolling the seas of perception but only humming, so to speak, he felt a sudden startling *click,* as of perfectly machined parts locking into place. Out of the greyness in his mind an unmistakably warm, eager image blossomed, a dazzling, giant yellow flower unfolding on the limb of a gnarled spiny cactus, and the image translated itself instantly into *Hello, where've you been all my life?*

He hesitated to send an answering signal, because he knew that he had found what he was looking for and he was aware how much of a threat that was to the life he had constructed for himself. He was 37 years old, stable, settled.

He had a wife who tried her best to be wonderful for him, never knowing quite what it was that she lacked but seeking to compensate for it anyway, and two small, pleasing children who had not inherited his abnormality, a comfortable house and a comfortable job as an analyst for a big brokerage house.

It was not the life he had imagined in his old romantic fantasies, but it was not a bad life either, and it was *his* life, familiar and in its way rewarding; and he knew he was about to rip an irreparable hole in it. So he hesitated. And then he transmitted an image as vivid as the one he had received: a solitary white gull soaring in enormous sweeps over the broad blue breast of the Pacific.

The reply came at once: the same gull, joined by a second one that swooped out of a cloudless sky and flew tirelessly at its side. He knew that if he responded to that, there could be no turning back, but that was all right.

With uncharacteristic recklessness he switched to the verbal mode.

All right. Who are you?

Laurel Hammett. I'm in Phoenix. I read you clearly. This is better than the telephone.

Cheaper, too. Chris Maitland. San Francisco.

That's far enough away, I guess.

He didn't understand, then, what she meant by that. But he let the point pass.

You're the first one I've found who sends images, Laurel.

I found one once, eight years ago, but he was crazy. Most of us are crazy, Chris.

I'm not crazy.

Oh, I know! Oh, God, I know!

•

So that was the beginning. He got very little work done that afternoon. He was supposed to be preparing a report on oil royalty trusts, and after 15 minutes of zinging interchanges with her he actually did beg off; she broke contact with a dazzling series of visuals, many of them cryptic, snowflakes and geometrical diagrams and fields of blazing red poppies. Depletion percentages and windfall profits tax recapture were impossible to deal with while those brilliant pictures burned in his mind.

Although he had promised not to reach toward her again until tomorrow — judicious self-denial, she observed, is the fuel of love — he finally did send out a flicker of abashed energy, and drew from her a mingling of irritation and delight. For five minutes they told each other it was best to go slow, to let it develop gradually, and again they vowed to keep mental silence until the next day. But when he was crossing the bridge a couple of hours later, heading for home, she tickled him suddenly with a quick flash of her presence and gave him a wondrous view of the desert sunset, harsh chocolate-brown hills under a purple-and-gold sky.

That evening he felt shamefully and transparently adulterous, as if he had come home flushed and rumpled, with lipstick on his shirt.

That evening he felt shamefully and transparently adulterous, as if he had come home flushed and rumpled, with lipstick on his shirt. He pretended to be edgy and wearied by some fictitious episode of office politics, and helped himself to two drinks before dinner, and was more than usually curious about the details of his wife's day, the little suburban crises, the small challenges, the tiny triumphs. Jan was playful, amiable, almost kittenish. That told him she had not seen through him to the betrayal within, however blatant it seemed to him. She was no actress; there was nothing devious about her.

The transformation of their marriage that had taken place that afternoon saddened him, and yet not deeply, because it was an inevitable one. He and Jan were not really of the same species. He had loved her as well and honestly as was possible for him, but what he had really wanted was someone of his kind, with whom he could join mind and soul as well as body, and it was only because he had not been able to find her that he had settled for Jan.

And now he had found her. Where that would lead, and what it meant for Jan and him, he had no idea yet. Possibly he would be able to go on sharing with her the part of his life that they were able to share, while secretly he got from the other woman those things that Jan had never been able to give him; possibly.

When they went to bed he turned to her with abrupt passionate ferocity, as he had not for a long time, but even so he could not help wondering what Laurel was doing now, in her bed a thousand miles to the east, and with whom.

During the morning commute, Laurel came to him with stunning images of desert landscapes, eroded geological strata, mysterious dark mesas, distant flame-colored sandstone walls. He sent her Pacific surf, cypresses bending to the wind, tidepools swarming with anemones and red starfish.

Then, timidly, he sent her a kiss, and had one from her in return, and then, as he was crossing the toll plaza of the bridge, she shifted to words.

What do you do?

Securities analyst. I read reports and make forecasts.

Sounds terribly dull. Is it?

If it is, I don't let myself notice. It's okay work. What about you?

I'm a potter. I'm a very good one. You'd like my stuff.

Where can I see it?

There's a gallery in Santa Fe. And one in Tucson. And of course Phoenix. But you mustn't come to Phoenix.

Are you married?

There was a pause.

Yes. But that isn't why you mustn't come here.

I'm married too.

I thought you were. You feel like a married sort of man.

Oh? I do?

That isn't an insult. You have a very stable vibe, do you know what I mean?

I think so. Do you have children?

No. Do you?

Two. Little girls. How long have you been married, Laurel?

Six years.

Nine.

We must be about the same age.

I'm 37.

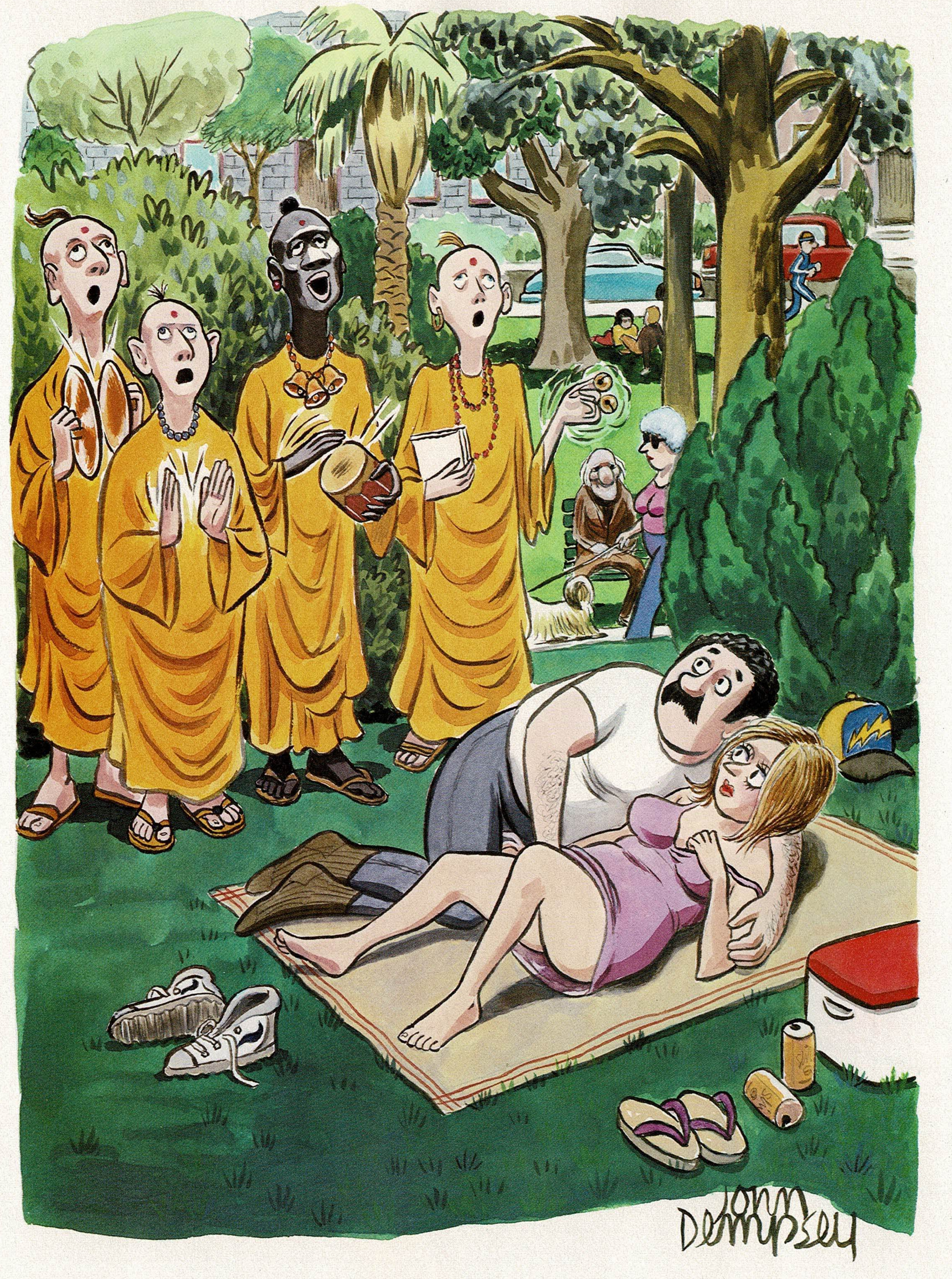
I'm 34.

Close enough. Do you want to know my sign?

Not really.

She laughed and sent him a complex, awesome image: the entire wheel of the zodiac, which flowered into the shape of the Aztec calendar stone, which became the glowing rose window of a Gothic cathedral. An undercurrent of warmth and love and amusement rode with it. Then she was

(continued on page 80)



"Horny-horny-horny-naughty-naughty-naughty-horny-naughty-horny-naughty. . ."

LUCY BOUNCES BACK!

Our gorgeous globetrotter has put the world in a spin

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH.

Last year lovely Lucy Gill travelled the world on a shoestring. This year it's first class all the way. And all because Lucy accepted a boyfriend's dare to try for a place in our August '83 pictorial, Girls Of The Gold Coast. Lucy swept all before her and went on to become last November's Playmate Of The Month. Then the bubble went pop. You see, Lucy comes from Somerset in England and when her visa expired she had to go home and shiver through a miserable pommy winter. Meanwhile the postman was getting a hernia delivering sackloads of fan mail for Lucy to the offices of Australian PLAYBOY. The message was clear — bring back Lucy! So we did. And it just so happens that the love affair is mutual. Lucy loves Australia as much as Australia loves her. "Everything is happening here for me," she says. "I hadn't a clue what I was going to do after leaving school in England. I had thought of trying to make it in London as a model but it was a bit daunting as I was very young, and had very little confidence." Oz immigration has given Lucy a chance to prove she can make it in Australia as a model and since she got back her feet have hardly touched the ground. Her first engagement was this sultry, welcome-back pictorial. Says Lucy, "It's my way of saying thank you."

She has also made dozens of personal appearances for Australian PLAYBOY, signed up with a top Sydney model agency, appeared in leading fashion magazines and made half a dozen TV commercials. "It's been a mad year," she says, "commuting between England and Australia. But I hope I'm here to stay. I was only 19 when I first appeared in Australian PLAYBOY. I had never done any nude modelling before. I was very shy and introverted; it took me ages before I'd sunbathe topless at the beach. I used to lean on my boyfriend a lot. I've got the same boyfriend, but I think I've grown up a lot in one year. I'm much more confident about speaking up for myself, I've become more independent. Now when it comes to posing nude in front of the camera, I just throw my clothes off and get on with it. No worries. . . See," she smiles, "I'm starting to talk like an Australian. And I hate to admit it because it seems like such a cliche, but I actually like Vegemite and I even drink Foster's!" Now you can hardly get more Aussie than that, can you?

THE INS AND OUTS OF SEX THERAPY IN AUSTRALIA

If you aren't getting your share, there are people who can help, reports Diane Armstrong

ROB DISCOVERED that he had premature ejaculation when he was 17; it took him another 17 years to discover that it could be cured.

"I used to come immediately after penetration, which didn't make my partners very happy," he says.

One doctor he consulted told him his problem would be solved when he got married. Another advised him to take tranquillisers.

"None of this advice worked and I gave up hope," he continues. "After all, if doctors didn't know the answer, who did? I tried to live with the fact that I just wasn't good at sex but it was on my mind every single day of my life and I wished that something could be done to help me."

Last year, when Rob's wife threatened to walk out, he talked to a marriage counsellor. In the course of the discussion, when he happened to mention that he suffered from premature ejaculation, the counsellor told him it could be fixed up in no time.

"I couldn't believe my ears: it was the best news I'd ever heard!" exclaims Rob.

The counsellor referred him to a clinical psychologist who specialises in sexual problems and within several months Rob learned how to control ejaculation for the first time in his life.

"Since then," he says, "screwing has been absolutely fantastic. I only wish I'd found out about sex therapy much sooner!"

Like most guys, Rob had heard vaguely about sex therapy but didn't know what it was, who did it or where to go for help. And, like most guys with sex problems, he thought he was the only one.

"When guys get together, everyone's a stud and you feel you're the only one having problems so there's no way you're going to let on about your difficulties."

No man would suffer the agonies of toothache simply because he was too embarrassed to admit he needed dental treatment or ask the address of a good dentist, yet thousands of men are going through hell because of

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

sexual problems they're too embarrassed to discuss. Why?

It all begins with childhood conditioning, when boys are taught to be tough and in control. Balmain boys don't cry, remember! Steve was 27 before he sought professional help for a problem he'd had for years.

"I never talked to anyone about it, not even my best mate," he admits. "Males are competitive and macho and they never discuss any intimate matters."

Society is hard on males. A psychiatrist who specialises in male sexual problems says: "For years, women have been able to get factual information about sexuality in their magazines, but much of the stuff men read only reinforces the damaging, fantasy stuff that makes them feel more inadequate."

He claims that he now sees 10 times as many men as he did 10 years ago and, like most therapists, believes that male sexual problems are increasing.

"Women's increased sexual assertiveness has created difficulties for many men who find it hard to cope with women who initiate sex and make demands," he explains.

According to clinical psychologist Greta Goldberg, 99 percent of men experience some sexual difficulties at some time in their lives, though few seek help. Sex therapists are quick to point out that having a sexual problem doesn't mean you're necessarily psychologically disturbed or deficient in any way, only that you probably need help to change your attitude or way of thinking about sex. Nor is there any correlation between appearance, intelligence and feelings of sexual inadequacy. Therapists are constantly astonished at the handsome, intelligent and personable men who seek help for problems, many of which are caused by repressive and puritanical up-bringing, religious guilt, unrealistic expectations or just lack of accurate information.

According to Dr Derek Richardson, national president of the Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists (ASSERT), the most common male sexual problems are premature ejaculation (which sex therapists prefer to call rapid ejaculation or loss of ejaculatory control), impotence, inhibited sexual desire and anxiety about penis size. Some men also suffer from retarded ejaculation and phobias about female genitals.

All these conditions can be cured or greatly alleviated but the sooner you seek help, the better. Sexual problems are easier to solve before they become entrenched or aggravated through anxiety. The first step is to recognise that some aspect of your sex life worries you and that you are not unique. The second is to realise that there are experts qualified to help you.

So where do you go? Today there are general practitioners, psychiatrists, psychologists, urologists and social workers who specialise in treating sexual difficulties. Probably the best person to consult first is your family doctor because he knows you and your medical history and probably your partner as well. What's more, he can examine you to exclude any organic causes. Some GPs practise sex therapy, but even if your own doctor can't help you, he'll know where to refer you. If your doctor isn't very approachable, you can obtain referrals from other sources.

The best of these is the Sex Information Help Line, a telephone service set up by ASSERT whose members give information, advice and referrals to competent therapists. Until ASSERT was founded four years ago, there was no training available in Australia in sex therapy. Today the organisation has 200 members, holds regular workshops and seminars, and brings out prominent sex researchers from other countries. Since sex therapy often requires a multidisciplinary approach, its members are able to draw on each other's expertise in medicine, psychiatry, psychology and behavioral sciences.

You can obtain sex counselling from the Family Planning Association, the Marriage and Family Guidance Council and from counsellors at Community Health Centres. If you need actual sex therapy, they'll refer you to specialists. University students can get counselling and therapy from student counsellors on campus. In most states anyone can set up as a sex therapist, so protect yourself by going to someone who's recommended by a person who knows what's going on in that field.

Where you go for therapy will depend on your finances. If you consult a medical practitioner or psychiatrist, Medicare will refund 85 percent of the schedule fee. You'll need to check what they charge so you'll know what the short-fall will be. Psychologists charge up to $70 per session which is not rebatable. Student counsellors are free.

To succeed, you must be motivated by a desire to improve your enjoyment of sex on your own account, not just to please your partner. You must also be prepared to invest time on your treatment, not only to attend sessions but to practise at home, which takes far more time.

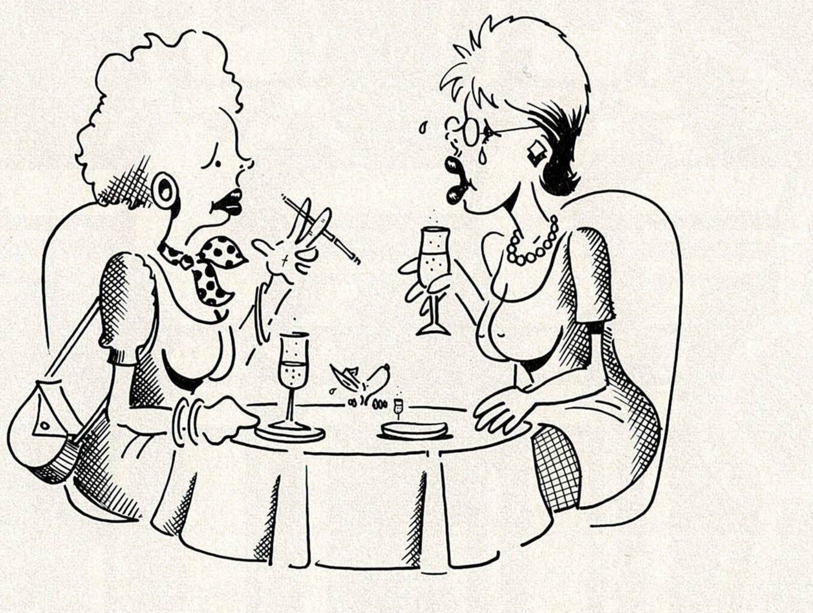
If you have a stable, caring relationship, even severe sexual problems can be overcome, but don't worry if you haven't as sex therapists can still help you and in some cases they may even provide you with a surrogate partner.

The men I spoke to said the first step of going to see a sex therapist was the hardest but they were all staggered at how easy it was to talk to someone who understood how they felt, and what an overwhelming relief it was finally to unburden themselves.

Says Steve: "I was a nervous wreck for days before my first appointment, I couldn't bear to think of telling a stranger about my intimate secret feelings. I was afraid he'd think I was a freak. But he accepted my feelings as quite normal, said my problem was a very common one, and gave me confidence that he'd be able to help me."

The sex therapist should be a friendly, understanding person who'll put you at ease so you can talk openly and without embarrassment about the things that bother you. If not, go elsewhere, because good rapport is essential. At the beginning of treatment, the therapist should outline his or her approach to your problem in a way that makes sense to you. Sex therapy is logical and based on common sense. A good therapist won't push his or her ideas on you or move at a pace that's too fast for you to accept. Remember that, like any consumer, you're always free to seek another opinion.

It's important to have realistic expectations about therapy. Sex therapy can't make you love anyone, it can only help you express your feelings. Make sure you're not blaming sex for what is really an unsatisfactory relationship. People sometimes avoid looking honestly at their relationship and that can be the basis of their problems. Sex therapy can't restore virility to the old or guarantee endless erections to the young. According to Greta Goldberg, sex therapy isn't really treatment, it's change. Provided you're well-motivated to change, it can help you lead a more enjoyable and satisfying sex life.



"I thought he liked the librarian type... until I told him I was three weeks overdue!"

The goals of sex therapy are to inform and educate, to change unsuitable attitudes and destructive lifestyles, eliminate anxiety about "performance", improve communication, increase confidence and teach more effective sexual techniques if necessary. To achieve these aims, therapists use a combination of strategies which may include hypnosis, relaxation training, ego-boosting, role-playing, guided imagery and systematic desensitisation, as well as specifically sexual behavior therapies such as the Stop/Start Technique, the Squeeze Technique and Sensate Focus Program.

Sex therapists spend a great deal of time just giving information, explaining human anatomy and physiology and normal sexual response.

As one GP puts it: "Almost every patient with a sex problem thinks he's unique and abnormal when in fact he's behaving normally. It takes a long time to convince people of that."

Comments Greta Goldberg: "In our society, men see their entire value in terms of sexual functioning, they feel they're only as good as their penis. I spend a lot of time just dispelling myths and distortions and giving guys realistic, accurate information about normal sexual behavior. Many of them measure themselves against fantasy stereotypes and think they're failures, that everyone is a stud except them. There are no studs out there — that's locker-room propaganda!"

Apart from dispelling macho myths, therapists often have to explain that there's a wide variation in desire and behavior and that it's normal not to feel like sex all the time, with every woman, in any place.

"Sex is a feeling, not a commodity like a sack of potatoes," Goldberg explains. "Feelings come and go, they vary. That's natural. Men aren't machines, obviously they're not going to respond the same way when they're tired, stressed, tense or feeling guilty."

All therapists stress that the men they see are preoccupied with "performance" which they see in terms of success or failure.

As one medical practitioner says: "I explain that sex isn't about getting it up, keeping it up and putting it in — it's about having fun, enjoying different sensations, giving and receiving pleasure. It's not an exam that you pass or fail."

A GP who specialises in sex therapy tries to expand his patients' sexual thinking: "I let them know that it's okay to masturbate, to try new activities and to become more adventurous, to infuse some excitement in their sex lives. Sometimes it helps if couples read erotic books together, or make a conscious effort to tell each other about their preferences. The most important advice I give is to forget about erections; as soon as a guy starts worrying about that, he starts a vicious circle. In the right circumstances, without anxiety, erections happen. The thing to concentrate on is not erection, but interaction!"

In addition to information, some men need reassurance that their sexual organs are normal.

"You can't define 'normal'," says Dr Richardson. "After all, the range is from one and three quarters to five inches, and all that's normal."

Moreover, therapists explain that the size of a penis is of no importance to women and not relevant to the sexual pleasure they have, because the walls of the vagina are close together and only dilate sufficiently to accommodate the penis being inserted. Some men, however, become obsessed as a result of what they consider their "inadequacy", and suffer all their lives because they think their penis is too small.

Douglas is a handsome, pleasant man of 42, the type women find very attractive. When he was 14, his father made a comment about his penis and ever since then, he's been obsessed with the fact.

"My fear of being ridiculed because of this has dominated every aspect of my life," he admits. "I went to extremes to make sure no one saw me undressed. I refused to go to the beach or to let doctors examine me. Once I even gave my notice at work to avoid going for a sauna and swim with the boss."

His marriage ended in divorce several years ago and although Douglas doesn't think his attitude caused the breakdown, he believes it must have contributed.

"I never discussed my problem with my wife. Our sex life wasn't very good, and for

(continued on page 96)

SURROGATES OPEN DOORS TO CONFIDENCE IN SEX

Sex surrogates see only clients referred by therapists and only if they are single or not involved in an on-going relationship. Surrogates see clients on their own premises and charge $50 per session. They work under the direction and supervision of the therapist, give feedback about progress, and sometimes come in for counselling together with their client, as a normal couple.

Karen is one of three sex surrogates currently working in Sydney. She's a pleasant-looking woman around 40 with a warm and open manner who's a member of the International Professional Surrogates Association. Masters and Johnson, who originated the concept of surrogates, saw them as "body technicians" but Karen sees herself providing a caring relationship.

"The guys who come here get to know me as a person. Everything that happens in a real relationship can happen here: affection, warmth, even anger. The only difference is that this relationship is limited by space and time," she explains.

For many men, this is the first supportive and affectionate relationship they've ever had with a woman, one in which they can communicate openly. "My role isn't confined to sex," says Karen. "I help guys express their feelings, to converse, even to approach women." And yet they don't become dependent on her. "Once they regain their confidence, they tend to meet other women and start having normal relationships and that's when therapy ends. I see myself as a stepping stone and that is all."

One of Karen's recent clients was a man of 37 who'd been impotent for 10 years. "He felt devastated and hopeless when he first came to me. He didn't think his life was worth living. But after about 12 months, he was having erections during our sessions and we had intercourse several times. Since then he's had sexual relationships with several women. But we didn't spend 12 months practising how to have intercourse," Karen laughs. "In fact, it was quite the opposite — we spent most of that time trying to forget all about erections. Most guys with erectile difficulties are totally preoccupied with erections and performance to the exclusion of all else. They're completely out of touch with their feelings and sensations. And the worst cases are competitive, goal-oriented ones who measure everything they do in terms of success or failure, even sex."

Karen finds her work very rewarding. "With me guys don't only learn to function sexually again, they discover a new plane of arousal, a capacity for abandonment and enjoyment they never knew they had. Most of them have never talked about their problems before. Last week I had a call from a guy I worked with last year because he was impotent. He rang to say that his sex life was great, but that the most important thing he learned from me was how to communicate. Sometimes I feel I'm one of the few women in the world who get to share men's vulnerability!"

VEGEMITE
KRAFT
FOSTER'S
F
LAGER
MARITA LEUVER

At first he was a national joke, now he's a national hero

HOW THE OCKER SEDUCED THE WORLD

IN MUCH the same, annoying way that Tim and Debbie talk became the basic conversation staple of Australia last year — "Amazing! I know, I know" — Californian cocktail partygoers this northern summer are belting each other over the head with Hogespeak.

The few Californians who haven't already made the pilgrimage to the land of constant sunshine and strong beer are gathering poolside and drawling to one another, "Say, throw another shrimp on the barbie, thanks mate." "G'day, mate," has all but replaced "Hi" as an all-purpose greeter and, if you can believe the newspapers (which you can't), the drover look is fast replacing preppie fashion.

Why? What does it all mean?

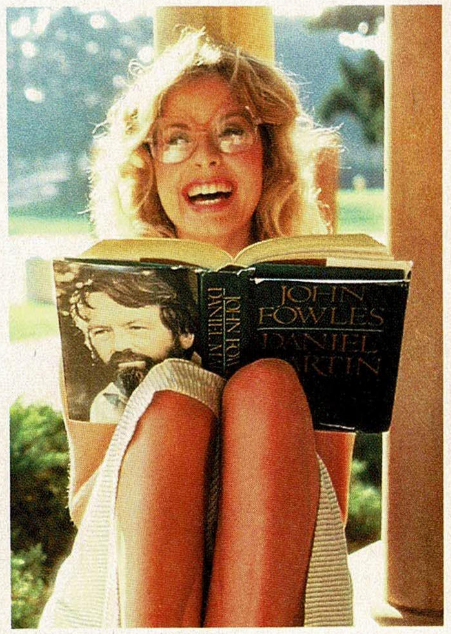
Well, Hogespeak is all the rage because of the television advertising campaign launched in San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego last January by the Australian Tourist Commission, which also launched the ocker *(continued on page 116)*

Article by **PHIL JARRATT**

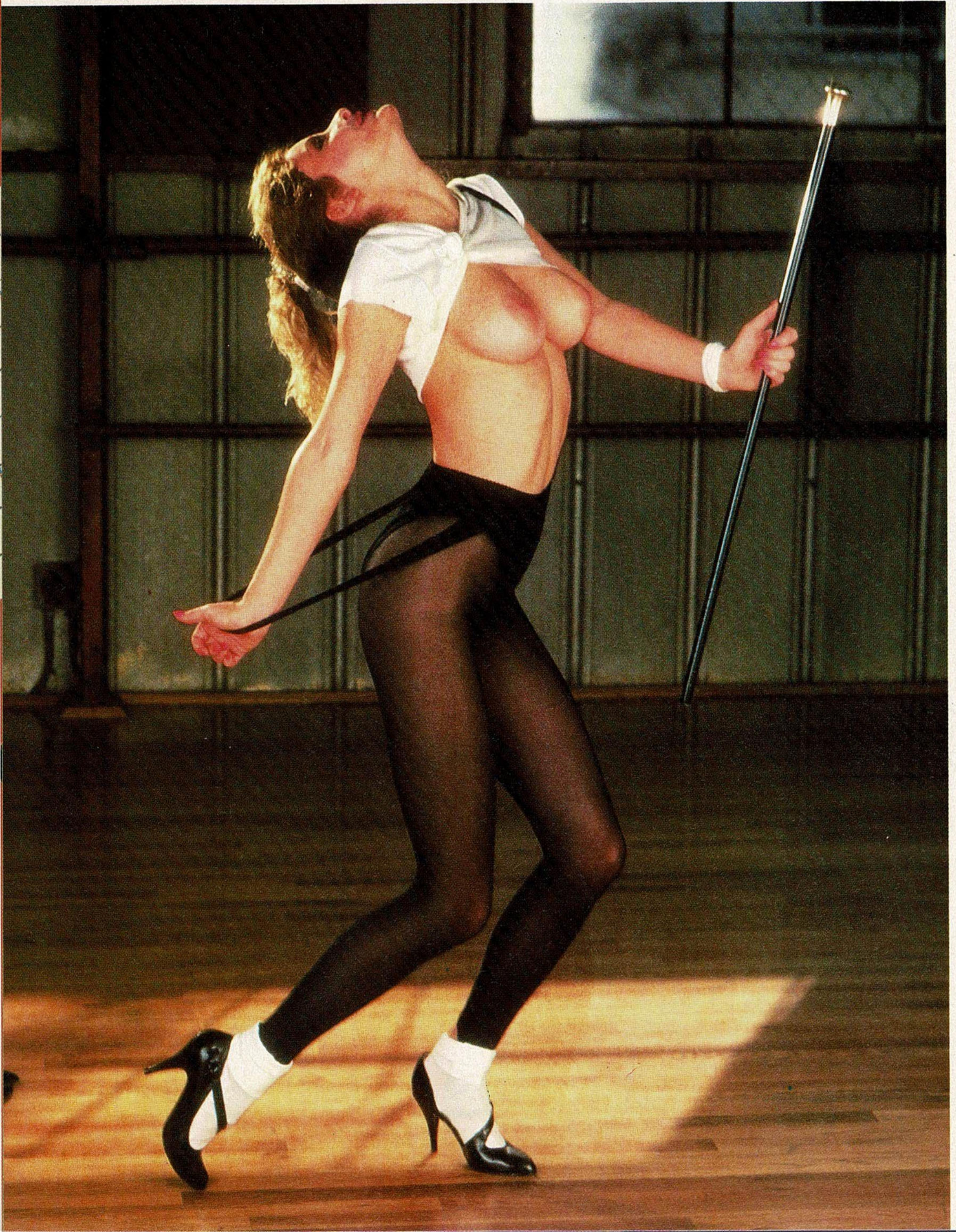
GIRL FOR A KNIGHT TO REMEMBER

Tricia Lange
could take a shine to
a man in armor

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



VISION
FLEX



Tricia's world reflects her romantic streak. She has turned her apartment into a kind of Renaissance retreat. The grand oak furniture is softened by lace covers and frills, delicately patterned wall hangings and fabrics, lots of small, intricate patterns and airy paintings of fantasy scenes. It's either the home of a fairy princess or a witch with an incorrigible soft spot.

In a kitchen cabinet are all her potions, bottles of minerals, vitamins and health supplements. It comes as no surprise that Tricia describes herself as a "student of the esoteric".

She says: "I'm interested in astrology, yoga, meditation, psychics, tarot cards and all that non-logical, non-scientific knowledge."

While her head may be in the clouds, Tricia's feet are planted firmly on the ground. She knows her body is one of her greatest assets and she looks after it with regular jazz dancing to augment her six years of ballet training. Before she scored the centrefold with Australian PLAYBOY, *she spent her last few dollars having a first-class portfolio made up for her assault on the modelling world. At the same time she's taking acting lessons.*

Success, she believes, has nothing to do with luck. It's hard work and a positive approach. "I want everything," she says, "but I'm willing to work for it. I don't want my life to pass me by."

When you look like Tricia Lange, that's highly unlikely.

Perhaps it was studying for her degree in English Literature that gave leggy Tricia Lange her love for the heroes of romantic fiction. Or perhaps it's that highly charged imagination of hers. For a girl who grew up with the surf, sand and sunshine, she confesses herself beguiled instead by misty castles, fog-shrouded moors and knights in shining armor.

"I love clouds and mountains. I would like to have lived during the days of King Arthur, Lancelot and Guinevere. With the armor and the horses, the swords, castles and beautiful clothes. . . I think armor could be a turn-on. There's a fantasy I have of a guy riding up on a white horse. . ." Gentlemen, to your steeds. . . the lady is waiting.

Tricia Lange

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tricia Lange

BUST: 36" WAIST: 22" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 24-4-57 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, California

AMBITIONS: To accomplish what I set out to do. To make the most out of life.

TURN-ONS: Eye contact, smiles, intelligent minds, warm water, rock-n-roll music, fast cars.

TURN-OFFS: Cigarette smoke, traffic, smog, insensitive, insincere people.

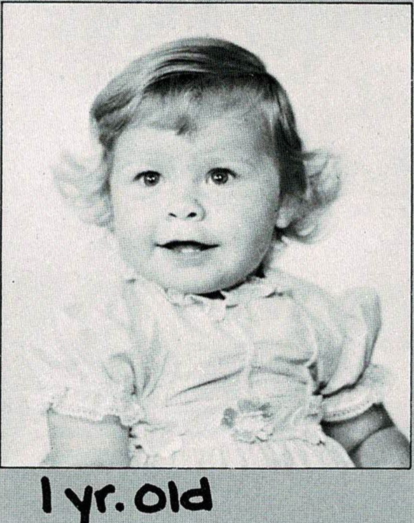
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Ebony Tower (Fowles), Changing (Ullmann), The World According to Garp (Irving)

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Sting, David Lee Roth, Bowie, Michael Jackson, Billy Squire, Joe Elliott.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skating, football, boxing.

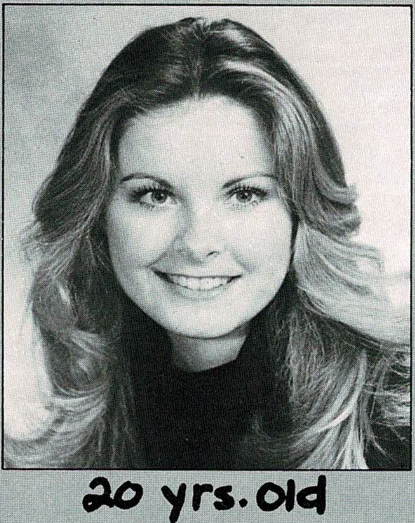
IDEAL MAN: Sensitive, sincere, intelligent, stimulating, creative, successful & fun.

SECRET FANTASY: The power to turn fantasies into reality.



1 yr. old
All cheeks!

10 yrs. old
Keeping on my toes!



20 yrs. old
College girl

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was many years ago that the mayor of a small country town went down to the local stables as the day of the annual parade approached.

"I'd like to hire the same stallion as last year to lead the parade," he told the owner.

"All I have available at the moment, sir, is that mare over there. It's the very one you rode last year," came the reply.

"That's impossible," he protested. "It was definitely a stallion. I can still hear some of the spectators shouting, 'It's starting! Here comes the lead horse with that big prick!'"

A randy young man from Dallas
With a wart on the end of his phallus
Said: "The girls that I date
Just reckon it's great,
'Cos it feels so hard and so callous!"

It's obvious to us that the sex life of an ugly male single is pretty much either a fist or a famine.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines the difference between *liking* and *loving* as spitting and swallowing.

A young man was checking into a resort hotel when a voluptuous young redhead came up to him and asked if he'd like a drink.

They enjoyed several drinks at the bar, struck up a lively rapport and decided they would spend the weekend together.

The young fellow signed the register for Mr and Mrs Smith and they had a fun-filled weekend. When they emerged from the room on Monday morning, he was presented with a bill for $500.

"Why that's preposterous!" he exclaimed. "I've only been here for three days."

"Yes, sir," agreed the clerk. "You've only been here for three days but your wife has already been here a month!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *horny sumo wrestler* as a hot tub.

A husband phoned the maternity unit of the hospital to inquire if his wife had given birth. "Yes," advised the nurse, "but there may be another."

Half an hour later he phoned again and was told he was the father of twins and there might be a third. After pouring himself a few stiff drinks, he rang again only to be told his wife had given birth to triplets and there was a chance of a fourth.

The next time he rang he was so bloody nervous that he dialled the wrong number and was put through to the sports information service.

"H. . . h. . . how many?" he stuttered wildly.

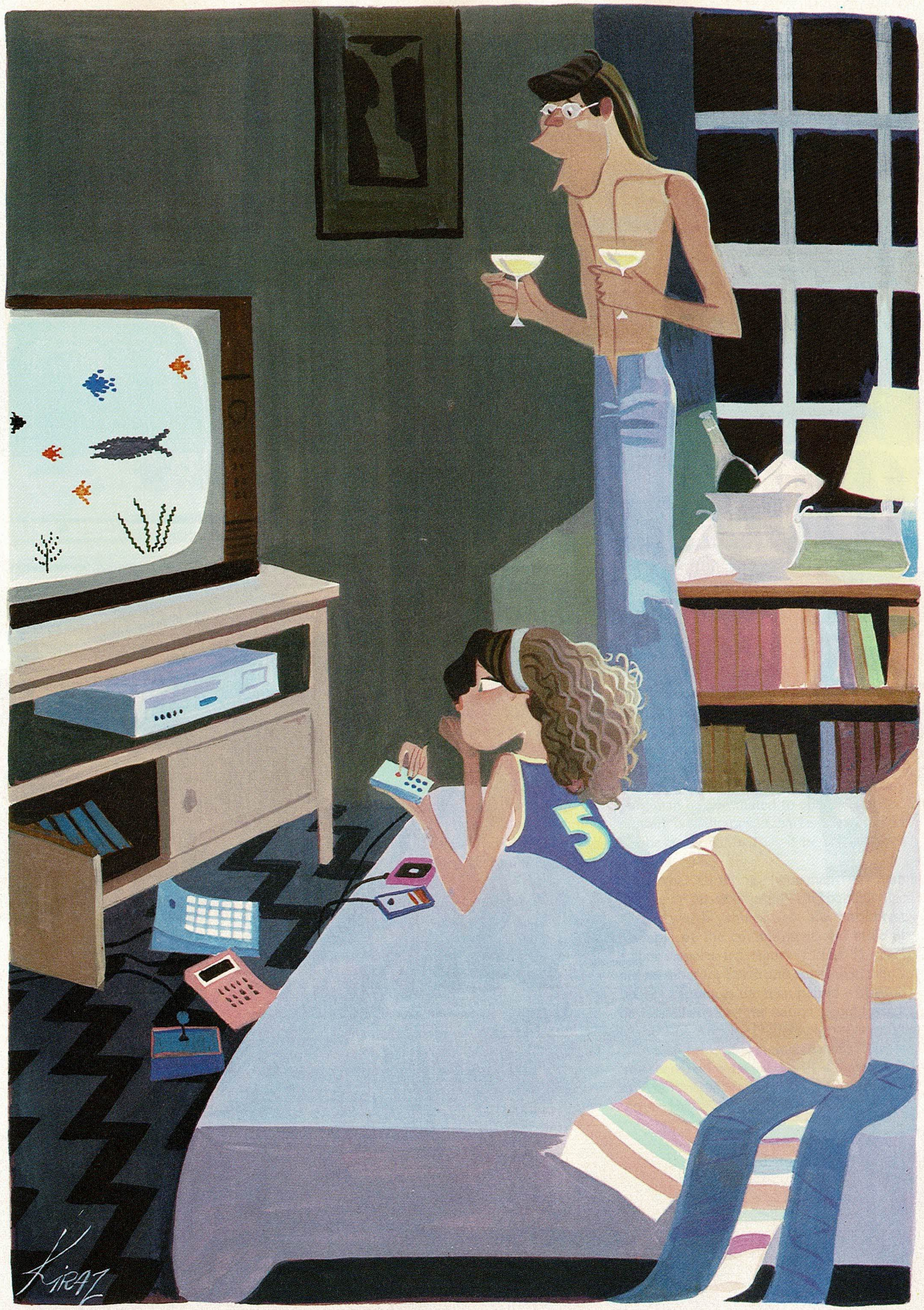
"It's 196 all out," came the reply, "and the last one was a duck!"

We've heard that the newest requirement for Hells Angels' girlfriends is to be able to suck-start a Harley.

A truck-driving lesbo called Spike
Hauls dildos by night down the pike,
And if asked by the fuzz
What it is that she does,
She replies, "I'm a fake-dick van dyke!"

A CIA agent named Glover
Begged head from a quick-witted lover,
Who cracked, "Your erection
Has condom protection —
Would your boss like my blowing your cover?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



"Nancy, are you really interested in me or in all my video games?"

gryphon
gryphon
PUBLIC ENTRANCE
PUBLIC ENTRANCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER SIMONS

THE MP WHO'S GOING FOR GOLD

How the Right Honorable Ric Charlesworth became our brightest Olympic medal hope

IT'S 12.55PM in Canberra and the nation's decision-makers are out to lunch. That group strolling forth is heading for the Lobby, the politicians' restaurant and press function venue whose secondary worth can be gauged in its name. Still others are beelining for the carpark, perhaps to keep appointments elsewhere in Canberra, while those without engagements settle for the menu of the day in the parliamentary dining room. The ambitious or over-worked return to their chambers for the crumbs and coffee of a working lunch.

That accounts for just about all of them — except the member for Perth. Ah, here he comes now, dressed as though out for a jog: tracksuit, training shoes, sweat-band. But what's that he's carrying? It looks like a hockey stick! The member for Perth is weaving off amid the hedges and cultivated flora of the parliamentary gardens, toward the tennis courts. There, in a display of dribbling, sprinting and stickwork, he proceeds to push himself through a solo hockey training session. Some lunch!

When Parliament resumes for the afternoon, the member for Perth is observed at his place on the backbench — showered, besuited and attuned for the business at hand.

Maximising the use of his precious time is the specialty of Dr Ric Charlesworth, MP. He's a man who, at any one time, has juggled remarkable careers in medicine, cricket, politics and hockey. Should any politician be nominated to open a time and motion consultancy, Charlesworth would be the best qualified. . . if he could afford the time.

In the glittering firmament of Bob Hawke's smart, young backbench, Ric Charlesworth shines as the brightest example of the commitment and style of Labor's sports-led recovery. The 31-year-old member for Perth and Australian men's hockey captain is the man paired with Rob de Castella to lead the nation's gold fossick at the Los Angeles Olympics.

But, to bring the character more sharply into focus, we need to back up a bit, at least to March 1983 when Malcolm Fraser's timing was about to tip the electorate into the polling booths and the Hawke govern-

Article by **NEIL JAMESON**

ment into office. The mood in the electoral office of Ross McLean, Liberal MP for Perth, was one of optimism tinged with trepidation. McLean, the party's Deputy Whip, was a former senior administrative assistant at the University of Western Australia who landed in Canberra amid Fraser's 1975 landslide. Then just 31, he was a solid candidate who earned a reputation as a hard worker and a fine representative destined to align himself with Fraser's "dries". When the Libs retained Perth in 1980, there were those among the McLean supporters who believed they had at last found a man capable of converting the seat from a marginal to a Liberal bastion. But that was before March '83 and Ric Charlesworth.

Charlesworth, inspiring his team with a typical burst through the Pakistan defence

The West Australian ALP knew it would take a high-profile candidate to roll McLean. Ric Charlesworth was the man for the job. His successful nomination was the reason for the twitching within the McLean office.

Ironically, Charlesworth had much in common with McLean. Both from solid academic backgrounds, they had edged their political ambitions with commendable dedication and a fearsome appetite for work. While McLean was paying his backbench dues amid the mid-'70s Canberra hurly-burly, Charlesworth was graduating in medicine and looking forward to a career in general practice. Whereas McLean's political pursuits leaned toward the conservative, Charlesworth's socialist awareness had been aroused by the Vietnam protest period, an awareness that would lead to ALP enrolment and eventually preselection.

But as worthy as his track record might have been, it is hard to ignore that the party machine recognised in Charlesworth's high sporting profile the potential for a glamor candidate. In the Western Australia of Marsh, Lillee, Hughes and Bondy, there is real currency in being a sports star.

If Charlesworth's glittering career in first class cricket and international hockey counted for anything, it certainly trumped in on March 5 1983 when the constituents of Perth elected Ric Charlesworth as their man in Canberra. The transition from physician to politician was complete: in February, Charlesworth had put his stethoscope away for good to concentrate on the campaign.

In Canberra, there was considerable interest in the former medical student who had so successfully blended his pursuits. His reputation for achievement on multiple fronts indicated an ample blessing of the academic gift. Despite the call of Sheffield Shield cricket, state and international hockey and a burgeoning political interest, Charlesworth had graduated without failing a single year. From 1972-79 he had opened the batting for the West Australian Shield side, coming close to an Australian cap during the years of the World Series split. He captained the state in 1979, the year he decided that hockey, not cricket, would claim his sporting loyalty.

Since his first Australian appearance 12 years ago, Charlesworth has worn the national colors to most corners of the map. In 1977 he was appointed national team captain and subsequently has become the sport's most visible figure and the man embodying part of the nation's Olympic aspirations. His has been an impressive reign, coinciding with a rise in Australia's stocks that sees the team slotted as favorites for the LA hockey gold. Along with the "foregone conclusion" thinking of de Castella's marathon attempt, favoritism is a billing Charlesworth treats with educated reserve. The past has its share of pitfalls and Charlesworth has sampled the sour taste of disappointment.

Montreal '76 saw the Aussies blaze through the play-offs in dazzling style, eliminating top seeds India and Pakistan on the way. With ascent to the victory dais seeming a mere formality, they stumbled in the final, losing to the gutsy outsiders from New Zealand.

In 1980, after four years of planning and determination to atone for that defeat, the Aussies didn't even get on the plane for Moscow. Whereas the decisions of such athletes as Tracey Wickham and Raelene Boyle to boycott Moscow were matters of personal choice, the hockey team had no say. Without consulting the players, the Australian Hockey Association fell in line with Malcolm Fraser's pro-boycott stance. If given the choice, said Charlesworth, the players would have voted unanimously to go.

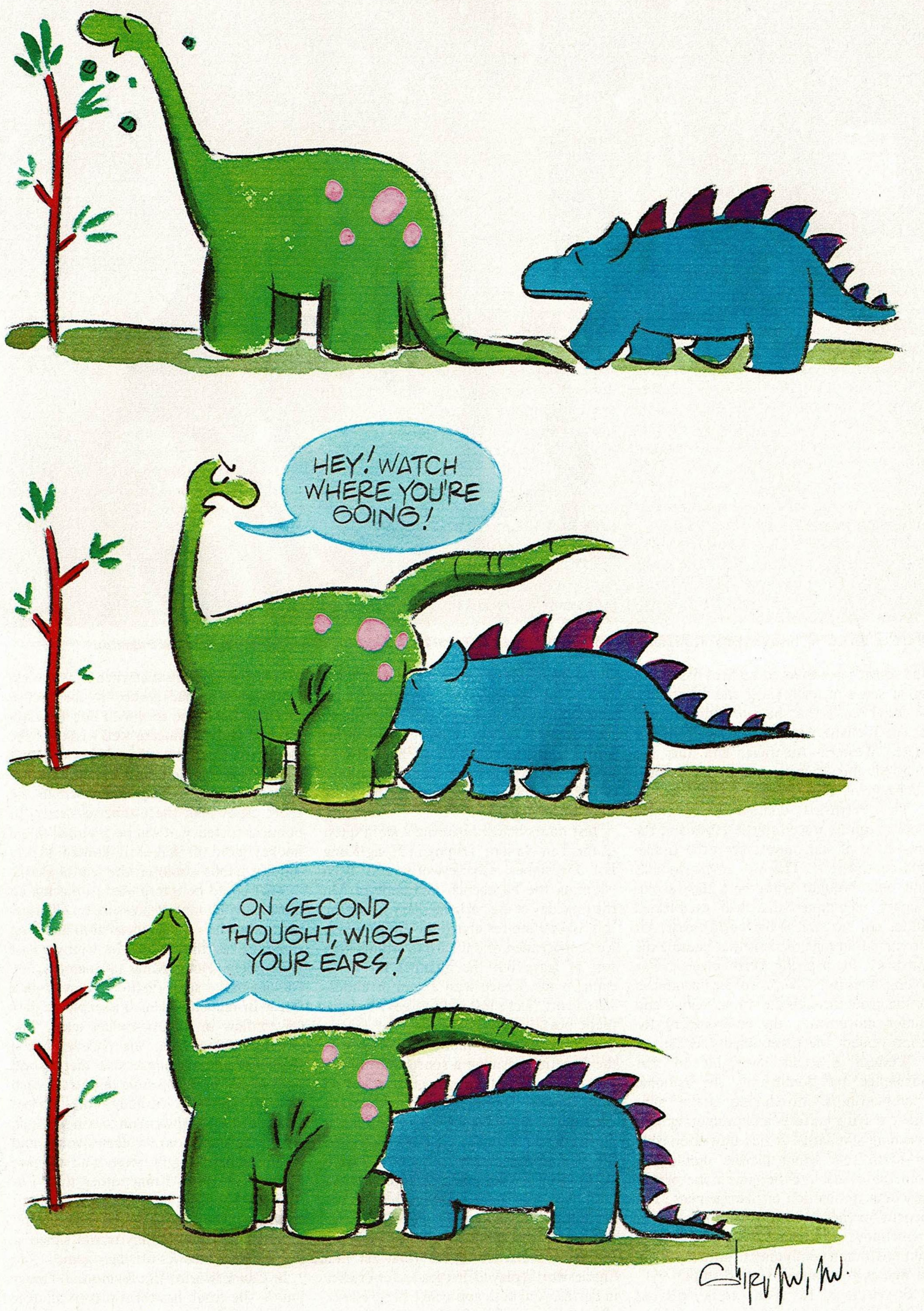
The mood among the current squad is to exorcise the frustrations of '76 and '80 by bringing home the gold from LA.

Australia has a right to favoritism. Since 1976 the Aussies have not finished worse than third in international competition. Their December victory in the Ten Nation Tournament in Hong Kong was Australia's fourth consecutive series win against the world's best.

Although worthy of the top slot, the Australians are not world champions. That title is claimed by Pakistan by virtue of their World Cup win in Bombay in January 1982. India are the Olympic champions but in some quarters that title is also interpreted as the symbol of world supremacy. The impression among Charlesworth's teammates is that a gold in LA will settle Australia's rightful claim as the world's best.

Twelve nations have qualified for the Olympic play-offs and it is conceivable the winners will come from any country among the six top seeds. India, Pakistan, New Zealand, the Netherlands, West Germany and Australia all rate their chances while Charlesworth is justifiably wary about the outside prospects of the Soviet Union.

From the relative disadvantage of their lily-white amateurism, the Aussies are pushing every angle to convert their commitment to gold medals. After becoming used to playing on Astroturf, the Olympic squad has learned the LA tourney will be on the different pile and pace of Superturf. The new surface may require adjustments in strategy and perhaps footwear, but adjustment is something the Aussies have become familiar with during the drive toward world supremacy. They've already adjusted their lifestyles and training to overcome the handicaps of distance, substandard training facilities, limited funding and public indifference. Those perceived problems have been offset by the fact that


HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, WIGGLE YOUR EARS!

Ric Charlesworth, arms upraised, anxiously awaiting the result of a shot on goal during tournament play against Pakistan

the squad's experienced nucleus has built a great sense of team spirit and familiarity. Another plus is that the core of the side and coach Richard Aggiss all come from one state, Western Australia, and this has assisted the training requirements and exchange of ideas.

The Perth-led dominance of world hockey can be traced to the 1950s and the migration of star players from the Indian sub-continent. These Anglo-Indians not only brought with them the revolutionary techniques that had established India and Pakistan as the world's best, but promoted a range of skills that became the yardstick for aspiring Perth players. For young men like Charlesworth, introduced to the game through the strong school and junior movements, the environment for improvement was exceptionally fertile.

Western Australia has built on that advantage by dominating the national championships, introducing quality synthetic playing surfaces and promoting high coaching standards. It's an unwritten code in Perth that senior players should put something back into the game in the form of coaching, promotion or management. The benefit for the state and Australia has been tremendous with team success and a stable administration combining to attract private as well as government sponsorships.

By virtue of his high profile, playing ability and captaincy role, few players have been able to offer as much as Charlesworth. Since becoming a parliamentarian he has farmed his political, family and travel commitments well enough to lead Australia on four overseas hockey campaigns. What his Perth constituents think of his periodic absences is anyone's guess, but the national desire for sporting success should erase most misgivings.

Just hours before boarding a jet in quest of the Ten Nations Trophy in Hong Kong last December, Charlesworth had been warming the backbench in Canberra. On the final day of the parliamentary sitting, he was 10,000 metres above the Arafura Sea. Most sportsmen find it hard to arrange that sort of leave but the member for Perth explains his licence with a gem of understatement: "Let's just say I've got a sympathetic boss."

In this prevailing mood of sportocracy, the benefit of having a sports star on the Labor team is guaranteed not to be lost on Bob Hawke. Interestingly, the Hawke-Charlesworth association throws up a few quirky parallels between Labor's leader and the young backbencher. Both hail from Perth social and academic backgrounds and both have been great achievers in fields not necessarily aligned with politics. The two men share the common interest of being sports and cricket lovers (Hawke, like Charlesworth, played first grade club cricket in Perth). And both appreciate the presence of, and association with, sporting success in the Australian public's strange concept of prosperity. It means that when Ric Charlesworth goes abroad garbed in the hockey green and gold, he goes with Bob Hawke's blessing and the sincere well wishes of the electorate. Charlesworth and Hawke do not need the researchers to tell them that the average Aussie is more interested in the sport pages than the Canberra circus. In political currency, it can be assumed that a hockey gold in LA will almost surely solidify Labor's hold on the seat of Perth.

That could be interpreted as placing an inordinate amount of pressure on Charlesworth, but he's a man attuned to handling situations as they arise. In winning last December's Hong Kong tournament, the Aussies met a semi-final challenge from a Great Britain side primed to exploit a perceived flaw in the Australian team. The Brits suspected that the Aussies had a weakness against aggressive tactics and went all out in the opening minutes of each half to exploit it. Although the Aussies triumphed 4-1 and went on to win the final, it was an experience Charlesworth and coach Richard Aggiss were glad to have sampled in Hong Kong rather than Los Angeles. Should it happen again, Aggiss is convinced the side has the muscle and experience to counter any tactics aimed at throwing the Aussies off their game.

In Charlesworth, Jim Irvine and Trevor Smith, the coach has three players all over the age of 30 who can count almost 500 internationals between them. At the other end of the scale, he has players in their early twenties plus a young core of hot shots who have not qualified for the LA squad but would be capable of making almost any other national side.

Charlesworth sees the Australian game as an amalgam of the direct European style of play and the more elaborate Asian approach.

"Some of the opposition say we're the fittest team in the world," he says. "But we're used to playing at a high tempo in Australia and the benefits show when we play internationally."

Fitness and running ability were once the supposed reason for Australia's international edge but that no longer applies. The nucleus of the current squad has been together for seven years and from that strength of experience have grown tremendous team unity and on-field understanding. The obvious improvement in skill, patience and the ability to adapt to almost any circumstances has helped the Australians to finish no worse than third in any international tournament since 1976. The West Australian factor has been important, too. Although the subject of jealousy has arisen in the past, any interstate rivalry has been swept aside by the desire of all players to win the Olympic gold.

Away from the game, the politician in Charlesworth makes it hard for him to believe that LA won't be devoid of political tension. He deplores the cowardice that allows governments to make political pawns of athletes, and still nurses bitter memories of the double-dealing that preceded the Moscow Games. Those feelings were revived by last year's revelations that the Federal Government had paid some athletes and organisations "compensation" for boycotting Moscow. The conscience bill reportedly totalled $5 million and, according to Charlesworth, athletes were not the only recipients: a Russian tour agency and a TV network were also on the compensation list. The Hockey Association received a cheque for about $80,000, most of which was lavished on an international tour. As far as the players were concerned, it was slim recompense for the training and sacrifice plus the gold they were favored to win. Ironically, that disappointment hardened to a resolve to keep the side together for the drive towards setting the record straight in LA.

For Charlesworth, the '84 Games represent the pinnacle of a brilliant hockey career. Critics acclaim him as the world's finest inside right in an Aussie team that would dominate any international World XI. It's said the Games will presage a spate of retirements among the Aussie veterans. That would drop the blind on a great era, but not necessarily Australia's world ranking. Ric Charlesworth is eager to cite the youthful component in the national squad, the abilities of those who just missed out and the rising standards of interstate competition as guarantees for Australia's immediate hockey future.

But before medal ceremonies and retirement speeches comes the tough grind of the LA tournament. Most Olympic athletes see their shot at glory come and go in a matter of seconds, metres or minutes. But the hockey squads will be involved for almost the entire duration, slogging it out in the humidity and suspect air of a very polluted city. The hockey tourney starts the day after the opening ceremony and concludes the day before the Games close. The 12 teams will be split into two groups with each side playing five times to determine the semi-finalists. Providing there are no repechage games, the finalists will have played in seven matches by the time the medals are awarded.

In the prolonged pressure of tournament play, sustained ability, fitness and experience are the elements of which gold is made. To the three or four Aussies who remain from Montreal and the six who have survived since the abortive Moscow preparation, those ingredients are second nature. There are, of course, those two sporting intangibles — luck and injury — that often contrive to cheat the best. The Aussies reckon they've had their share of both. As in politics, says the team captain and member for Perth, winning is what it's all about.

THE SPORT THAT GREW OUT OF THE STICKS

While the Australian public's perception of hockey as a spectator sport might be limited, the game is not without strong grassroots support and a well-structured administrative base.

Hockey's relative strength stems from the participant factor. Approximately 220,000 men play the game in Australia with strong representative bases in every state plus the ACT and Northern Territory. The game is also popular among women, with the Australian Women's Hockey Association registering 25,000 senior players and 75,000 juniors. The Australian women's team will also be competing in the Los Angeles Games and, according to the Aussies' top three world ranking, must have an excellent chance for a medal.

A recently established program under the directorship of the Australian Institute of Sport promises an even brighter future for the game at the top level.

National coach Richard Aggiss has been appointed to head the men's coaching with Brian Glencross in charge of the women's program. The potential for improvement, sponsorship and popularising of the sport is evident, particularly if the Australians perform well in LA.

At world level, the modern game (as exemplified by the Australian men) has its roots in three minor revolutions of the 20th century. The first can be sourced to the Indian-Pakistani influence whereby the emergence of the Indian sub-continent, with its new approach to skills and strategy, changed international thinking about the game. The next major change was the introduction of the synthetic surface, an event that greatly eliminated the element of luck while promoting skill and spectator appeal. More importantly, it popularised the game in countries whose climatic conditions had not been conducive to hockey.

The third great change stemmed from Europe where hockey competitions had to be suspended for three months in mid-winter because of the freeze. When somebody came up with the idea to take the game indoors on a reduced format, it became evident that not only had hockey conquered the elements, it was soon to throw up a new phase in strategy and popularity based on the indoor game.

While unlikely to challenge the professionalism of ice hockey in North America and Eastern Europe, amateur field hockey is nonetheless a truly international sport with more than a hundred nations affiliated with the International Hockey Federation.

In countries where football is king, male hockey players are sometimes seen as athletes on the run from the risk of physical harm. But hockey is no refuge for the faint-hearted. Protective gear is usually restricted to shin-pads, and a wayward stick or powerfully struck ball can cause painful injury. Goalkeepers are considered the game's masochists because they volunteer to place their bodies in the way of the most powerful shots. At club level, intimidation is a useful tactic to test any opponents with suspect nerve. At international level, it's accepted that those without the heart for the strong, physical clashes just don't make the grade.

AFFAIR

(continued from page 46)

He trembled and made soft sighing sounds. . . and closed his eyes and let ecstasy overwhelm him.

gone, leaving him on the bridge in a silence so sharp it rang like iron.

He did not reach toward her, but drove on into the city in a mellow haze, wondering what she looked like. Her mental "voice" sounded to him like that of a tall, clear-eyed, straight-backed woman with long brown hair, but he knew better than to put much faith in that; he had played the same game with people's telephone voices and he had always been wrong.

For all he knew Laurel was squat and greasy. He doubted that; he saw no way that she could be ugly. But why, then, was she so determined not to have him come to Phoenix?

Perhaps she was an invalid; perhaps she was painfully shy; perhaps she feared the intrusion of any sort of reality into their long-distance romance.

At lunchtime he tuned himself to her wavelength and sent her an image of the first page of the report he had written last week on Exxon.

She replied with a glimpse of a tall olive-hued porcelain jar, of a form both elegant and sturdy. Her work in exchange for his: he liked that. Everything was going to be perfect.

●

A week later he went interstate for a couple of days to do some field research on a mining company. He took an early morning flight, had lunch with three earnest young executives, spent the afternoon leafing through geologists' survey sheets, and had dinner alone at his hotel. Afterward he put in his obligatory call to Jan, worked up his notes of the day's conferences, and watched TV for an hour, hoping it would make him drowsy.

Maitland didn't mind these business trips, but he slept badly when he slept alone, and any sort of time-zone change, even a trifling one like this, disrupted his internal clock.

He was still wide awake when he got into bed about eleven.

He thought of Laurel.

As though on cue she was in his mind:

Lonely?

You bet.

I've been thinking of you all day. Poor Chris: sitting around with those businessmen, talking all that depletion gibberish.

I'm a businessman too.

You're different. You're a businessman outside and a freak inside.

Don't say that.

It's what we are, Chris. Face it. Flukes, anomalies, sports, changelings. . .

Please stop, Laurel. Please.

I'm sorry.

A silence. He thought she was gone, taking flight at his rebuke. But then:

Are you *very* lonely?

Very. Dull empty city, dull empty bed.

You're in it.

But you aren't.

Is that what you want? Right now?

I wish we could, Laurel.

Let's try this.

He felt a sudden astounding intensifying of her mental signal, as if she had leaped the hundreds of miles and lay curled against him here.

There was a sense of physical proximity, of warmth, even the light perfume of her skin, and into his mind swept an image so acutely clear that it eclipsed for him the drab realities of his room: the shore of a tropical ocean, fine pink sand, gentle pale-green water, a dense line of heavy-crowned palms.

Go on, Chris. Into the water.

He waded into the calm wavelets until the delicate sandy bottom was far below his dangling feet and he floated effortlessly in an all-encompassing warmth, in an amniotic bath of placid soothing fluid. Placid but not motionless, for he felt, as he drifted, tiny convulsive quivers about him, an electric oceanic caress, pulsations of the water against his bare skin, intimate, tender, searching. He began to tingle.

As he moved farther out from shore, so far now that the land was gone and the world was all warm water to the horizon, the pressure of those rhythmic pulsations became more forceful, deeply pleasurable: the ocean was a giant hand lightly squeezing him. He trembled and made soft sighing sounds that grew steadily more vehement, and closed his eyes, and let ecstasy overwhelm him in the ocean's benignly insistent grip. Then he grunted and his heart thumped and his body went rigid and then lax, and moments later he sat up, blinking, astonished, eerily tranquil.

I didn't think anything like that was possible.

For us anything's possible. Even long distance sex. I wasn't sure it would work, but I guess it did, didn't it? Did you like it?

Do you need an answer, Laurel?

I feel so happy.

How did you do it? What was the trick?

No trick. Just the usual trick, Chris, a little more intense than usual. I hated the idea that you were all alone, horny, unable to sleep.

It was absolutely marvellous.

And now we're lovers. Even though we've never met.

No. Not altogether lovers, not yet. Let me try to do it to you, Laurel. It's only fair.

Later, okay? Not now.

I want to.

It takes a lot of energy. You ought to get some sleep, and I can wait. Just lie there and glow and don't worry about me. You can try it with me another time.

An hour? Two hours?

Whenever you want. But not now. Rest, now. Good night.

Good night, Laurel.

He was alone. He lay staring up into the darkness, stunned. He had been unfaithful to Jan three times before, not bad for nine years, and always the same innocuous pattern: a business trip far from home, a couple of solitary nights, then an official dinner with some woman executive, too many drinks, the usual half-serious banter turning serious, a blurry one-night stand, remorse in the morning and never any follow-up. Meaningless, fragmentary stuff.

But this — this long-distance event with a woman he had never even seen — this seemed infinitely more explosive. For he had the power and Jan did not and Laurel did; and Jan's mind was closed to his and his to hers, and they could only stagger around blindly trying to find one another, while he and Laurel could unite at will in a communion whose richness was unknown to ordinary humans.

He wondered if he could go on living with Jan at all, now. He felt no less love for her than before, and powerful ties of affection and sharing held him to her, but yet. . .even so. . .

In guilt and confusion, Maitland drifted off into sleep. It was still dark when he woke — 3:13am said the clock on the dresser — and he felt different guilt, different confusion, for it was of Laurel now that he thought. He had taken pleasure from her and then he had collapsed into post-orgasmic stupor. Never mind that she had told him to do just that. He felt, and always had, a peculiarly puritanical obligation to give pleasure for pleasure, and unpaid debts were troublesome to him. Taking a deep breath, he sent strands of consciousness through the night toward the south, over the fire-hued mountains of central Utah, over the silent splendor of the Grand Canyon, down past the palm trees into torrid Phoenix, and touched Laurel's warm, sleepy mind.

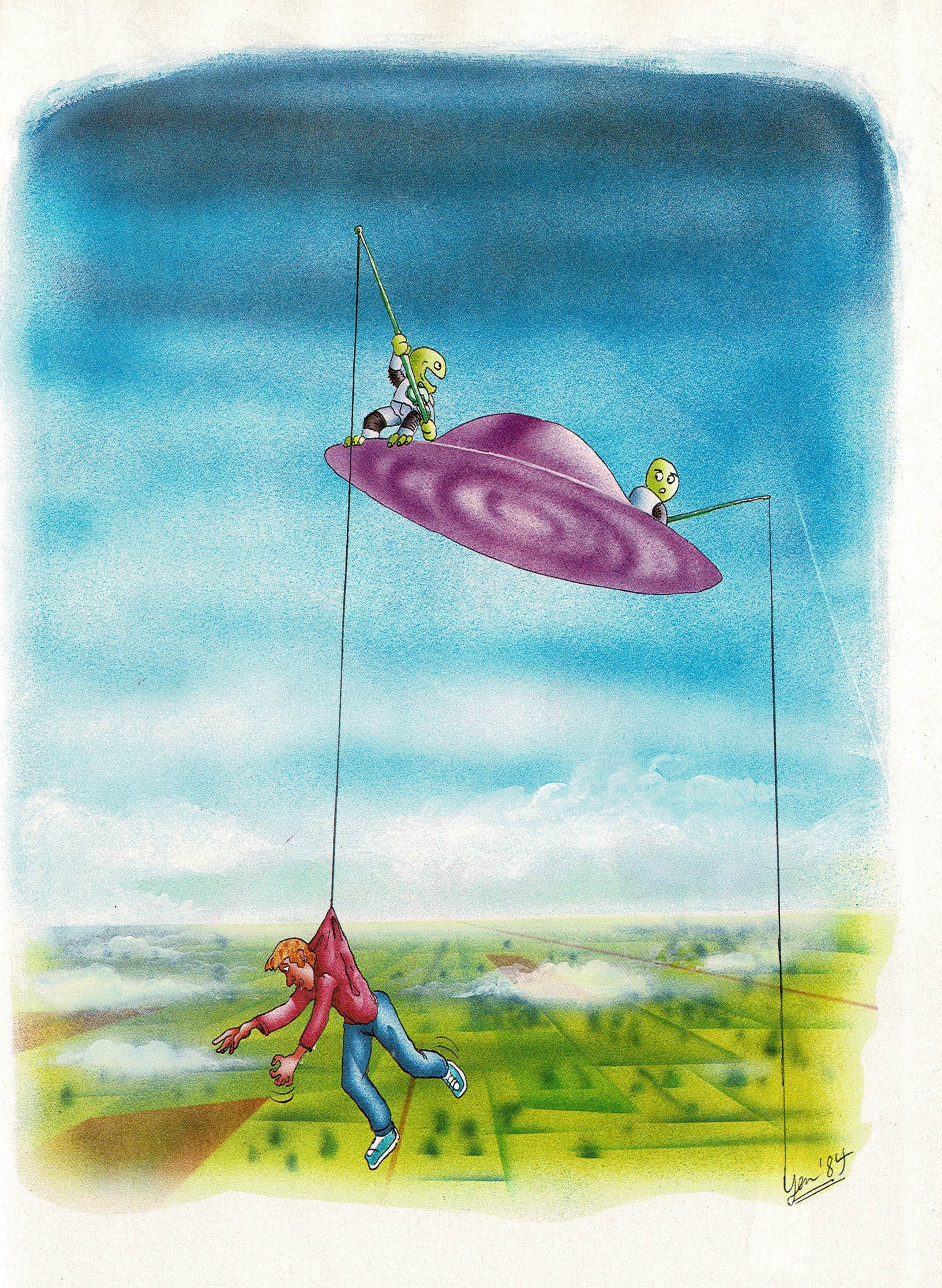
Hnhh.

It's me, I want to, now.

All right. Yes.

The image she had chosen was a warm sea, the great mother, the all-encompassing womb. He, reaching unhesitatingly for a male equivalent, sent her a vision of himself coming forth on a hot dry summer day into a quiet landscape of grassy hills as round as tawny breasts. Cradled in his arms he held her gleaming porcelain jar, the one she had shown him. He bent, tipping it, pouring forth from it an enormous snake, long and powerful but not in any way frightening, that flowed like a dark rivulet across the

(continued on page 128)



"Hey, Fzarg, I think I've got one!"

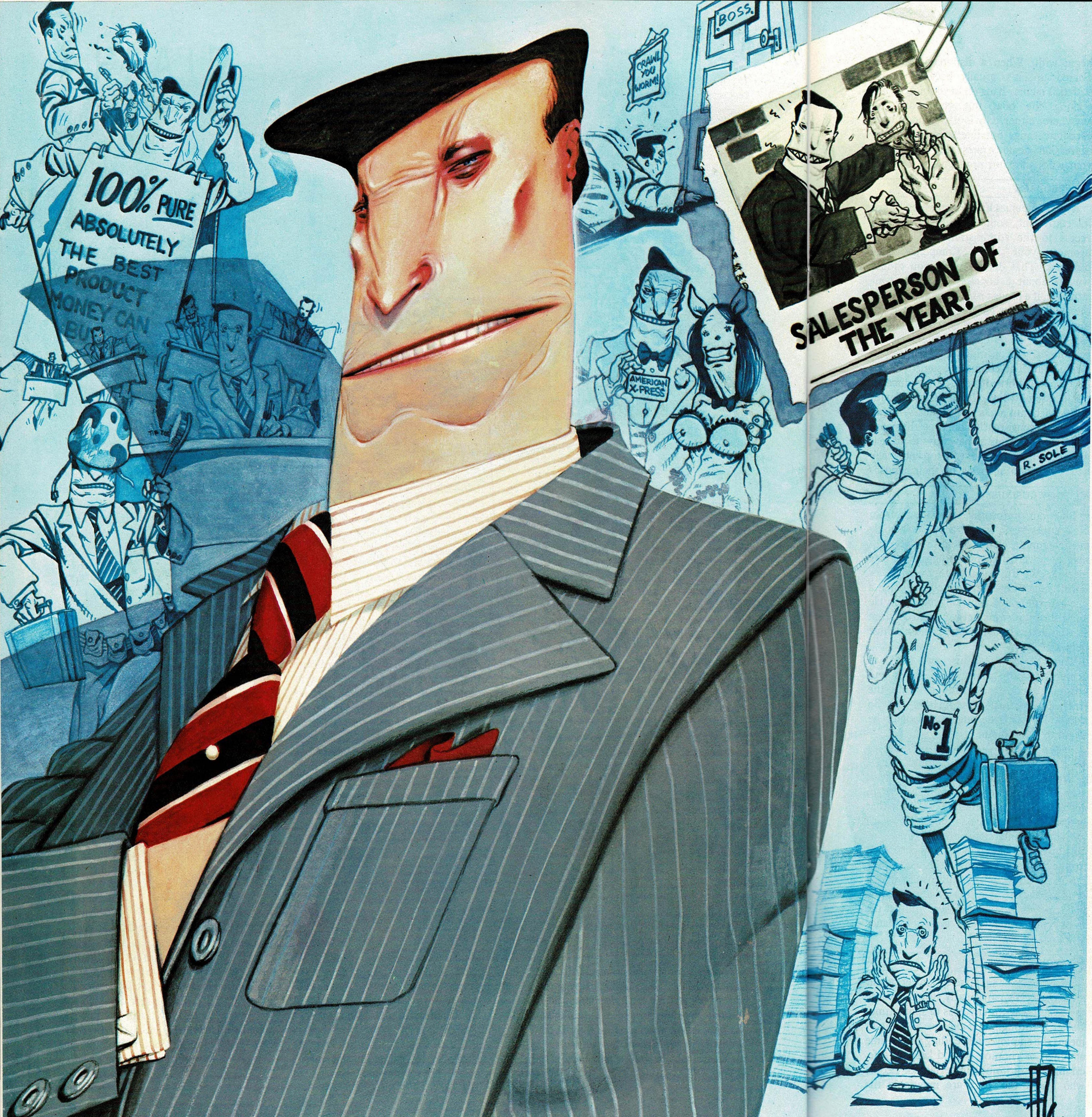


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

If you want to be king of the jungle here's where you sharpen your edge

HOW TO CLAW YOUR WAY TO THE TOP

Advice by

PAUL MANN

THERE IS A charming, talented gentleman who came to Sydney from New York five years ago to make his fortune. He failed.

By the time you read this, he will probably be back in his lower east side loft licking his wounds, wondering how he could have made such a chronic boo boo and lost five years out of his life. The problem is that mere talent is not enough to make it in Australia anymore. Quite simply, this chap didn't know how to sell himself. And selling yourself is what Australia is all about, whether you're a businessman, an accountant, an actor, a shoe salesman or, like this chap, an illustrator.

We have plenty of talented people in Australia already. What this illustrator did that was so specifically misguided was to underestimate the competitiveness of the Australian market. He subsequently paid the ultimate price — he went broke and had to leave the country because he could no longer support himself here.

His story is doubly ironic because he was a graduate of New York, allegedly the fastest, toughest, cruellest market-place on earth. It has always been tempting to underestimate the Australian market and most of us know a story about some flash yank or pom who has landed here with the idea that they're going to knock Australia on its arse and make a fortune in five years. But the word is out. Australia has come of age. It's a sharper, shrewder place and it's no longer so easy to hustle Australia because Australia is the new home of the hustler. Alan Bond settled that when he out-hustled the masters of hustle for the America's Cup.

What this means, of course, is that it's harder for everybody to succeed in Australia, harder for Australians to conquer their own backyard, crack the right job, make a buck, climb to the top of the heap.

If you want your place at the top in the Australia of the '80s, the message is clear. You'll have to claw your way there — and be bloody smart about it.

Right here is where you start learning.

Whoever you are, whatever you do, whether you wear $600 suits or $6 stubbies, the name of the game is selling. It doesn't matter whether you work for the government or God, whether you are in videos, vacuums or vibrators, cars, computers or condoms, you have to sell yourself to somebody. And the tactics are essentially the same everywhere. In The Great Aussie Market-Place, the only way to the top is to out-think, out-manoeuvre, out-perform the bastard at the next desk, down the hall, in the next building or the next city. All you need to do is adapt the lessons learned here to your own style of business.

To help you sharpen your claws, Australian PLAYBOY has acquired the best business advice available from leading business schools, corporate strategists and known winners. For easy recall we've distilled it all down to 10 rules. These are rules — and we cannot emphasise this too much — with a proven record of success. But before you start absorbing them into your soul, here's a free tip. Don't show them around the office. Don't even show them to your best friend. Why give the other bloke an unnecessary advantage? Besides, when was the last time you loaned out a copy of Australian PLAYBOY and got it back? See, you're learning already. Now for the serious stuff:

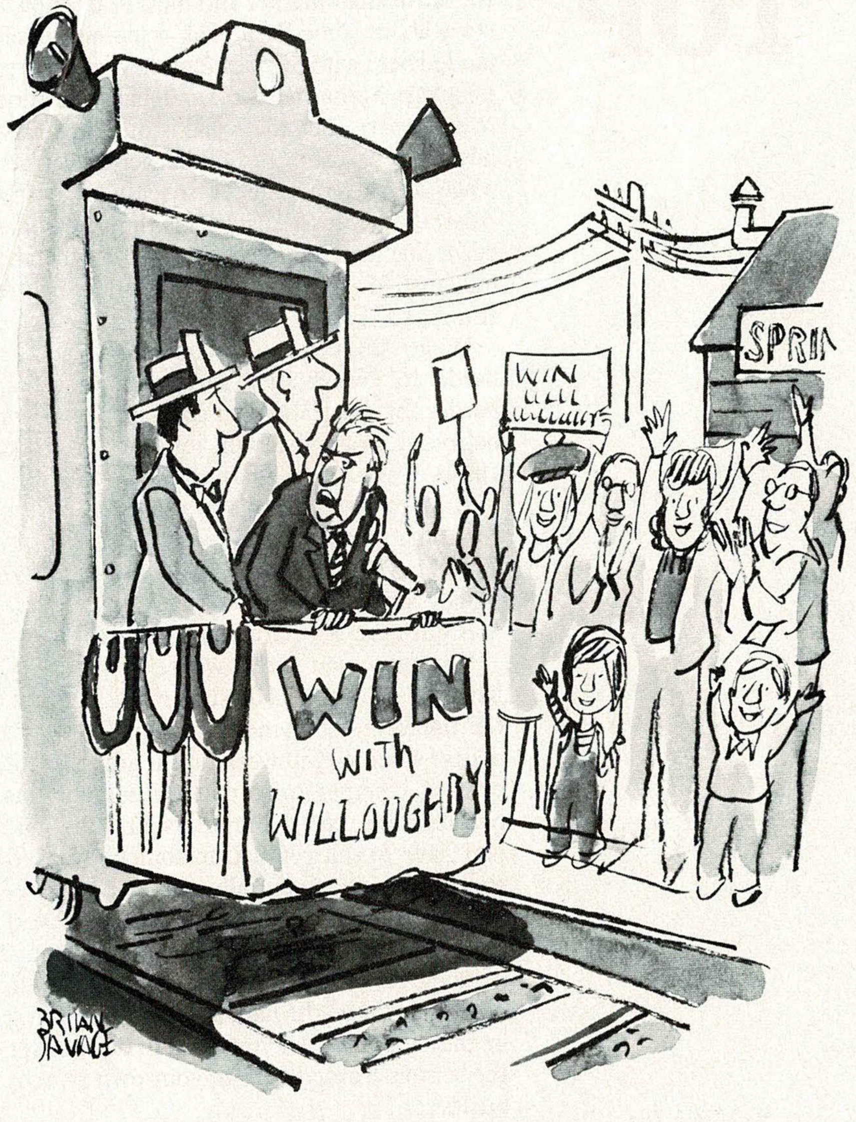
1 GET SMART AT THE START

Lay out a plan. Do it neatly, on businesslike white paper, not on the back of a beer coaster at the pub or a scrap of notepaper stuck to the fridge. Map out, step by step, what you want from your career, where you want to be in five years, 10 years, 20 years. It may sound like first day at business school but the fact is fewer than 10 percent of people ever commit their working goals to paper. What it does do is to clarify your aims and objectives. It puts you ahead of the drone who keeps his nose to the grindstone, never looking up to see if he's getting anywhere or where he stands in his career. Have a clear idea where you're going and what you want to accomplish. Even if your plan is weak in spots, you'll quickly be able to see where and alter course.

2 DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE BOSS

This is one of the most common mistakes made in business. Many people believe that if they show too much ambition, the boss will think they are after his job and retaliate in some unpleasant way. The truth is if you do your job well, you only make him look good. Team up with your boss and you'll have an ally not an enemy. In most companies the clever way up the ladder is to get the person ahead of you promoted.

That doesn't mean you have to be a grovelling arse-licker. If you disagree with your boss, don't suppress it. Discuss it sensibly. If the two of you can't resolve an issue, most companies have a review procedure, some channel to obtain a second opinion, so pursue it. If you back down, your boss and his superiors will simply assume you didn't have a legitimate point to begin with. When a dispute doesn't get cleared up, it's usually because you're scared. You may hang on to your job by not rocking the boat but you won't go anywhere, either. Obviously nobody likes corporate thugs but intelligently directed aggression demonstrates you care about your work and your product.



"I'm winning their hearts and I'm winning their minds. But I'm not getting laid!"

3 FEEDBACK

Most companies have a suggestion box or its equivalent, some conduit giving you access to the administration. Use it to promote your ideas. Companies love feedback. That doesn't mean you should whinge about a hopeless cause. Be constructive, if a project isn't working, spell out the reasons for its failure and offer ways to improve it. An employee of the Mitsubishi car factory in Adelaide thought up an economical way of improving efficiency in production. The company listened, tested his theory, it worked and they introduced it on the assembly line. He was rewarded with a $20,000 bonus and a new Sigma. When an employee consistently looks at the work process and dreams up new ways to make it work better, the people at the top know they have a potential manager on their hands.

4 SHOWBUSINESS

Like our unfortunate illustrator from New York, it isn't enough to rely on a single talent anymore. Today you have to be a one-man advertising-marketing-promotions machine. We'll give you another example. A Perth gadget importer wanted to launch a line in home popcorn-making machines. He knew the biggest market would be children so who better to demonstrate the machine than a 12-year-old?

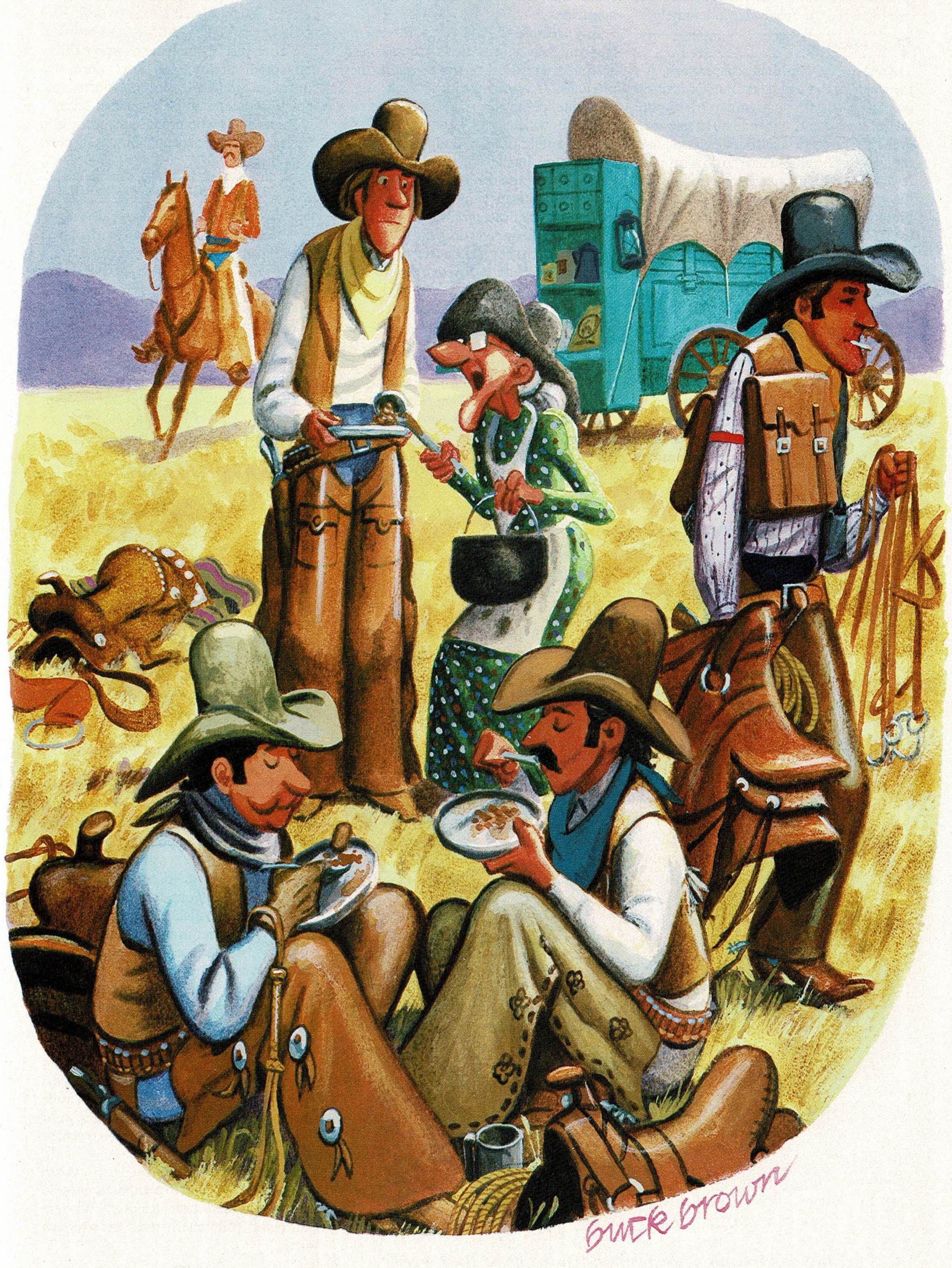
This bloke used his own son to demonstrate the machine in stores and shopping centres and for a while the youngster became a supermarket star. So always look for the angles and don't be afraid to boost them.

5 INSIDE MOVES

When you work for a big company it usually takes between five and eight years to get earmarked for promotion. When that happens, you may have to choose between a job in an interstate branch office or headquarters. There really is no choice: go for the head office job every time. Whatever business you're in, the only place to go is back to head office because that's where the inside action is. That is where you get the most exposure and where your performance is watched most closely.

6 SPENDING

Freeloaders of any description get caught eventually. It's particularly stupid because the easiest way for any boss to spot a time-waster is through a fat expense account. It means the employee is spending a lot of time at lunch or running around keeping safe, established customers entertained. People who spend the most are invariably the



"I've been noticing, Mr. Carlson, a lot of your men are into leather."

greatest time-wasters and no company will carry a corporate freeloader indefinitely.

7 PAPERWORK

Almost everyone hates paperwork, it's the worst kind of drudgery. But it's a certain way to score with your employer. In pure sales, for example, only one in 10 salesmen ever takes the time to elaborate on standard reports. Really, all you have to do is supply a few extra details about the opposition, what they're up to, what their prices are, what promotions and advertising tricks they're using. That kind of intelligence gathering is something you're probably doing automatically while out in the field anyway and recording it is simple. It is the lifeblood of management and the bloke who does it regularly will be noticed where it counts.

8 PUBLIC RELATIONS

Hard though it may be to believe, clients are human beings. While they're trying to screw you as hard as you're trying to screw them, remember one thing — they all love ego massage. One of the most effective ways of doing this and promoting yourself at the same time is by getting a picture of your client and a caption in the company magazine.

Any reasonable excuse will do: the launching of a new campaign, the closing of an important deal, new premises, new products. If your company doesn't have a magazine, perhaps your client belongs to a franchise which does. If not, there will almost certainly be a trade magazine or community paper where the editor is begging for pictures and copy ready for setting. Clients are vain about themselves, their work, their accomplishments and they love to see themselves in print. It doesn't hurt, either, to get them hooked on the kind of minor celebrity status that comes from frequent PR. Naturally, you should figure prominently in any photographs.

9 STAMINA

It is pointless to be a shooting star one month and a dead shit the next. You have to build legitimacy over a long period of time. Most Australian companies are managed by conservatives and they hate flash-in-the-pan merchants. Not only that, but they take a particular pleasure in watching Flash Harrys burn themselves out. You must build a solid record of achievement before you can be considered for promotion. That doesn't mean you have to flog your heart out year after year. Consistency, dependability and predictability are key words in Australian industry. In a country that sometimes seems to be populated entirely by loudmouths who promise the world and deliver nothing, dependability is a pearl beyond price.

10 WHEN THE BOSS IS AN ARSEHOLE

If you follow all the previous rules, if you have been a good boy, worked hard, played the company game and still aren't getting anywhere, it may well be that you are up against that other great Aussie character — the arsehole. And what's more, he's in charge of your career. Don't kill him, however tempted you may be and however hard your colleagues egg you on. They're just trying to get rid of you and him in one go. Prevention is always better than cure so, ideally, you should know how to avoid an arsehole when you see one. Before taking any job, check to see if the company promotes from the inside or the outside. If it's always from the outside, it means your company believes its employees are drones and fit to be nothing else but drones. Or worse, once your boss has you under his thumb and performing nicely, he may choose to keep you there forever because results in your area or department may not be as good when you move.

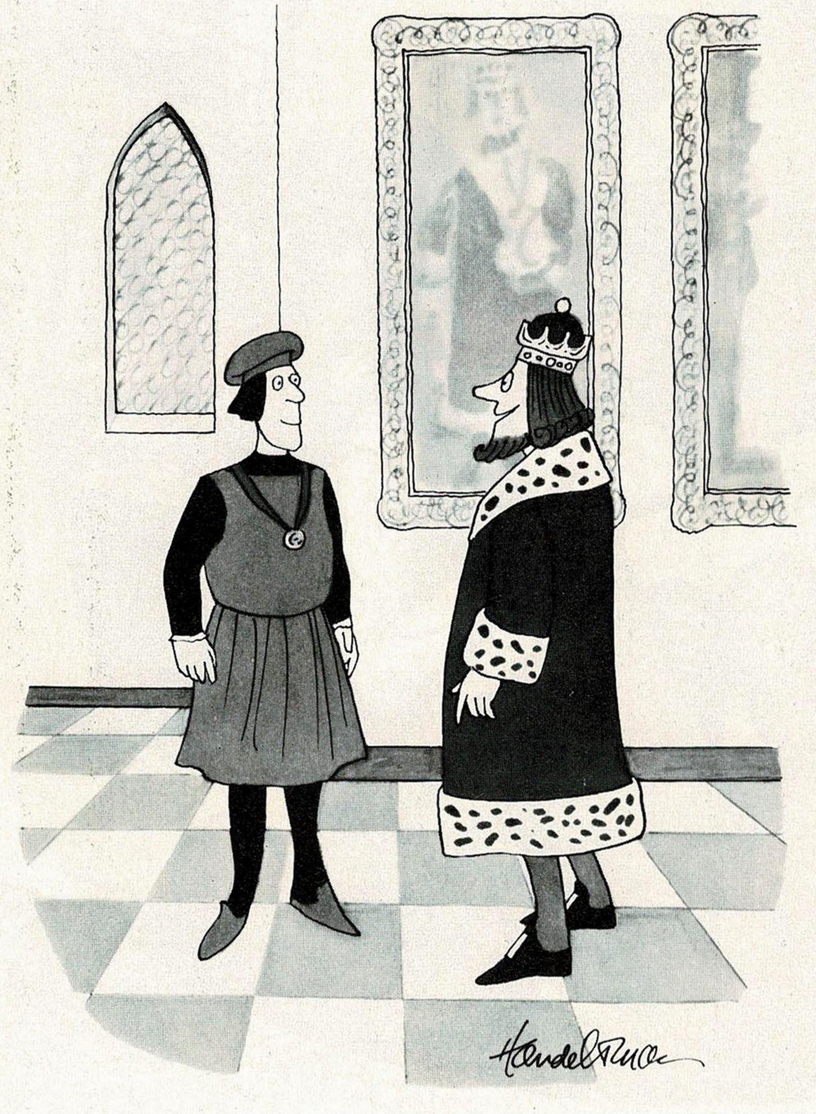
But, if you're already in, if you've given it your best shot and your boss yawns whenever you talk to him, it's time to shop around. If you're any good at all, rival companies will know about you. You may have to move for less money or into an inferior position but if it's a good company, the short-term sacrifice will be worth the long-term gain. When fishing for a new job try to find the right boss, a bloke with real dynamism who takes obvious pleasure in spotting talent and is prepared to give it a go.

Whatever you do, don't whinge while your'e shopping around for a new job. If your boss is a real dickhead, chances are it's not exactly a secret in the industry and you will only have succeeded in acquiring a reputation for complaining.

When you do jump, don't hesitate. Your former company may make promises that never materialised when you were dutifully slogging your guts out on their behalf.

So what? Ignore them. If they *do* win you back, they're only buying you temporarily. They will get rid of you or shuffle you aside when it suits them. Meanwhile, your opportunity to move has gone too, perhaps forever.

Make no mistake about it — it's tough getting to the top. But to paraphrase that old manipulator and over-achiever, Winston Churchill, "The alternatives are so much worse."



"I feel lousy about murdering the rightful heir to the throne. But I'm going to make up for it by being a darned good king."

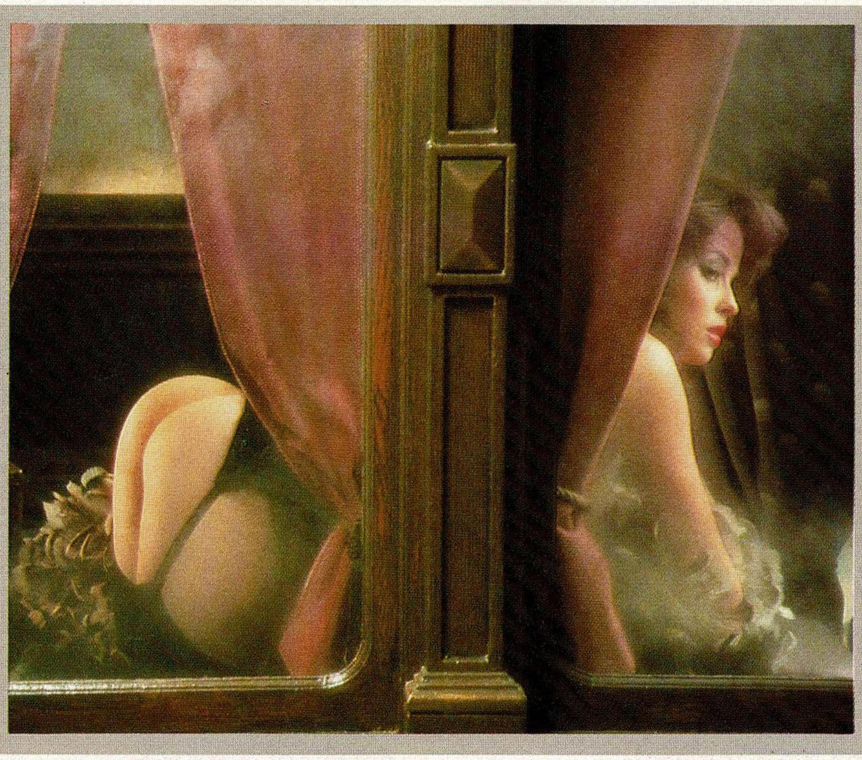
Beautiful Barbara Edwards's rolling stock is on track for stardom

U.S. PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

You know the scene well. The train waits at the station shrouded in boiling clouds of steam. A beautiful and mysterious woman kisses a man in a trench coat, then turns and walks toward her compartment, high heels clicking against the wet platform. One soulful parting glance as she boards, then she is gone. The train, the woman, the fantasy.

When the mystery woman boarded the train it was clear she was no ordinary tourist. She spoke to no one but disappeared with a knowing smile into her private compartment. Once inside she did not emerge for the rest of the journey.

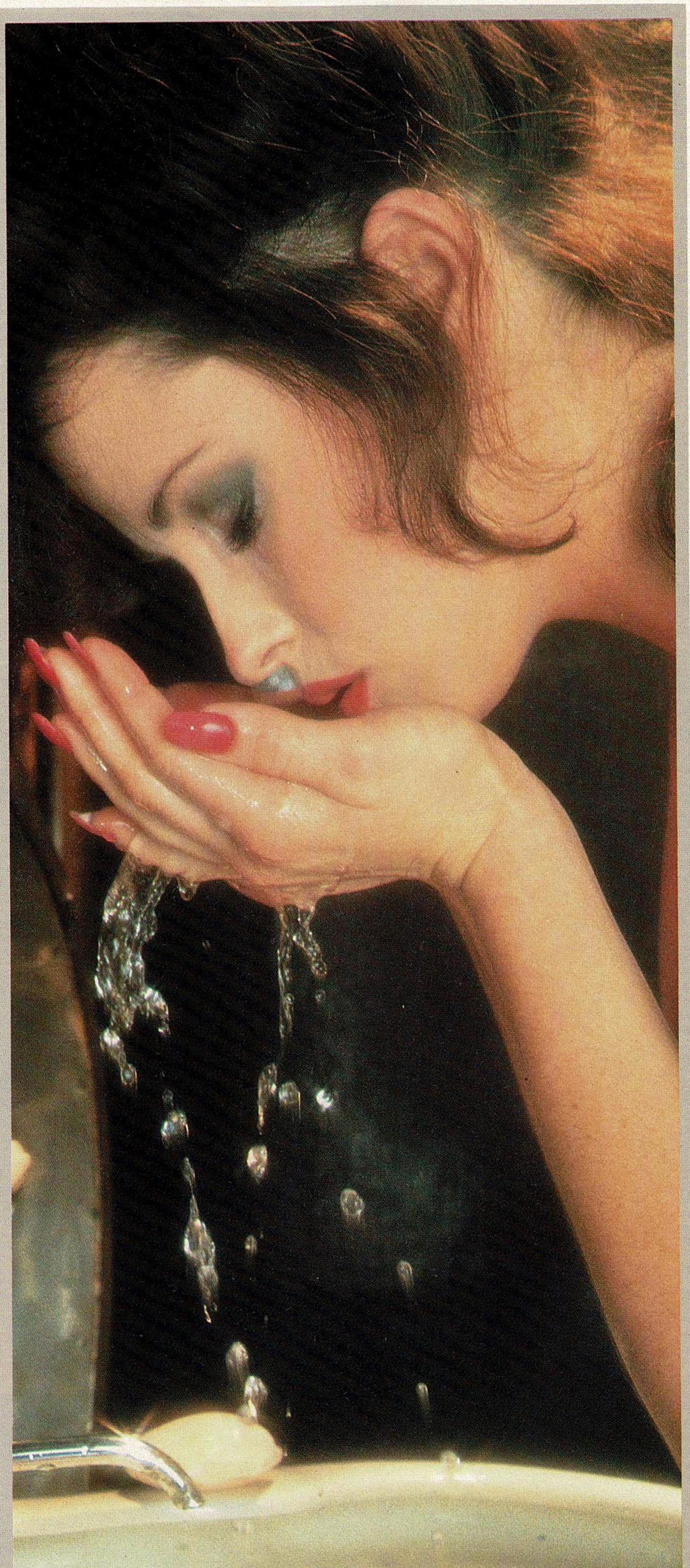


But this is one fantasy that lives on for spectacularly beautiful Barbara Edwards. Barbara is US PLAYBOY's Playmate Of The Year. Our US cousins laid on a private vintage rail car for this pictorial tribute to Barbara, perhaps to celebrate that her career is indeed on the right track.

But believe it or not, Barbara took some convincing that she had actually won the 1983 Playmate Of The Year crown. "You're kidding!" she told PLAYBOY on the phone. "You're kidding! I can't believe it! I'm going to call you back. Are you telling me the truth?" Then she hung up the phone and burst into tears.

By the time the date for the special shoot had come around, Barbara finally had grown used to the idea. . . but still managed to get herself into a flap. The morning of the shoot she accidentally bit her bottom lip while having breakfast. She was convinced it was a monstrous disfigurement bound to result in her losing the title. Sucking on a cube of ice did the trick. Just take a long, careful look at that perfect mouth and see if you can find anything wrong.

Sometime later, one of the passengers passed by her compartment on the pretext of looking for the conductor. He lingered at the door for some time. He swore he could hear the sound of soft laughter, the unmistakable laugh of a woman enjoying sensual delight. There was only one thing that could make a woman laugh like that, wasn't there?



Pioneer
Seltzer

Barbara was US PLAYBOY's September 1983 centrefold and no doubt she will win many new fans through her appearance in Australian PLAYBOY. Despite the money, gifts and recognition that come with the title, Barbara remains refreshingly naive and unaffected about celebrity.

On a recent visit to a network TV station she blundered into singing star Lionel Richie's dressing room by mistake. . . and decided to stay. "I don't know what came over me," she says. "I'm just starstruck. I decided to wait for him."

Meanwhile her entourage were desperately scouring the depths of the studio to get their own elusive star ready for her TV appearance.

Slowly, she's getting used to the idea that she's a star in her own right. It took her a while to realise people wanted her autograph but she's learning to settle into the star role. "I like doing promotions," she says. "I like to get out there and meet people, I like promoting PLAYBOY, I think it's one of the most exciting companies to work for. I have a lot of fun. You know, I feel like I've won the award for Miss Universe, I mean, this is the biggest! Someone told me I'm one of the luckiest girls in the world and you know, I am."

The mystery deepened as midnight passed. The sound of two sleeping berths opening was distinctly heard in the next compartment. Yet the lights were still on. One thing was certain — no one was sleeping. When a steward called to offer a discreet nightcap, our lady opened the door the merest fraction to refuse politely. He quickly noted the wild, tousled hair, the devilish gleam in her eye. There was a suitcase on the top berth, exotic lingerie strewn around the compartment, the signs of a very private party. Still, he had to admit there was no sign of a man. And then he asked himself, had the mystery lady really put that heavy suitcase on the top berth all by herself?

THERAPY

(continued from page 57)

Premature ejaculation is the most common of all male difficulties and also the easiest to cure.

three years before we split up we didn't have sex at all. I never talked to her about that either, because I was afraid she'd say that it was on account of my penis," explains Douglas.

It was a new relationship that finally motivated Douglas to try and overcome his life-long neurosis and seek professional help.

"I met a wonderfully understanding, caring woman with whom I could talk openly for the first time in my life. I realised, though, that unless I came to grips with my obsession, I'd ruin our relationship," he says.

At his girlfriend's instigation, he went to talk to her doctor.

"It was the most agonising experience of my life, laying bare my soul like that," smiles Douglas. "But he was so understanding, sensitive and down-to-earth that he gave me courage. He said the first thing to do was for him to have a look and see if I was right about my penis. I argued and refused. The thought of being looked at was too excruciating but he persisted, gently and patiently, and I could see he desperately wanted to help me. Finally I agreed. It was torture. He looked at me, said he was sorry to disappoint me, but I was quite normal in size. He talked to me for more than an hour and he succeeded in convincing me he wasn't conning me. For the first time in 28 years, I started thinking that maybe I wasn't abnormal after all."

It was difficult for Douglas to discuss his problem with me, but he decided to do so in case his experience could help other men in a similar situation.

"Once I felt so depressed and hopeless, now I feel 21 again, ready to tackle anything. For the first time in years, I'm looking forward to the rest of my life!" he concludes.

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LOW
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1006
1008
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1012
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HIGH
DEVIANTS WEATHER REPORT
AND FINALLY, LATE EVENING GOLDEN SHOWERS SHOULD PROVIDE WELCOME RELIEF FOR WIDE SPREAD SECTIONS OF THE COMMUNITY...
greenfield

Sex therapists sometimes teach patients social skills in order to improve their sexual functioning. It's not unusual for a good-looking young guy to lack success with women simply because he doesn't know how to approach them. Brett, 24, is suntanned, athletic and very attractive to women but he's painfully shy and literally becomes tongue-tied when he's in their company.

Dr Fred Orr, a clinical psychologist who believes that most sexual problems stem from poor communication, is teaching Brett to deal with women.

"He has to learn not just how to talk to them and what to talk about, but also to interpret body language of which he's quite oblivious. I tell him to watch couples together and observe what they say, how they look at each other, how they move," explains Orr.

In some men, the prospect of a sexual relationship is so terrifying it produces a severe anxiety state that needs treating. Steve, 27, is an intelligent, articulate and attractive man who becomes a nervous wreck when his relationship with women becomes sexual.

"From the outside, I look normal but inside I'm falling apart. My throat dries up, I can't put words together, I tremble and sweat," he says.

In the past seven years, Steve's anxiety state has prevented him from having sexual relationships and ruined the few he's had.

"Every night, I used to rush home from work before any women stopped me to talk. Whenever I met a girl I'd wonder if she'd make demands on me, and often I refused invitations to avoid these situations, but what I really want is to have a normal relationship like everyone else," Steve admits.

After a particularly severe anxiety attack Steve decided to get help. "I didn't even know what was the matter with me," he relates. "It's such a relief to be able to put a name to the problem, and know that it can be treated."

In his first two sessions with the psychologist, Steve started learning to relax his whole body and already he feels much calmer.

"I never realised how tense I was. I'm confident now that I'm going to get over this and lead a normal life," he says.

When Steve has learnt to relax, the psychologist will help him overcome his anxiety by a method called systematic desensitisation. This technique teaches people to cope with their fears by exposing them, step by step, to the situations they dread. First, they structure a series of situations, graded from the least to the most feared, and then they ask the patients to imagine themselves in one situation at a time. For Steve, the first step might be to imagine himself meeting a woman he knows, in a familiar setting, then a woman he hasn't met before and so on, culminating in a sexual encounter. Patients only progress to the next situation when they feel completely comfortable with the preceding one. In between sessions, they practise at home with tapes specially made for them by the therapist. In Steve's case, guilt caused by an extremely repressive upbringing was responsible for his anxiety state but whatever the cause, most phobias and anxiety states can be overcome with systematic desensitisation.

Therapists say that sexual problems are not separate entities but symptoms of other problems and that by the time they've boosted patients' egos, increased their assertiveness, taught them to relax, to communicate more effectively and overcome their anxieties, their sexual problems are usually resolved. But some sexual difficulties do require specifically sexual therapies. One of these is premature ejaculation which is the most common of all male difficulties and also the easiest to cure.

Our society conditions men to ejaculate quickly. "Young men learn 'hurry-up ejaculation'," explains Greta Goldberg. "They masturbate furtively before mum gets home, and then they fumble around nervously in the car before someone comes past."

The guy who comes as soon as he enters still has his orgasm but doesn't satisfy his partner and in an effort to delay ejaculation, men sometimes try to distract themselves by counting backwards from one hundred, observing cobwebs on the ceiling, or concentrating on work problems. Such strategies distance them from their partners and rob their lovemaking of spontaneity.

Sex therapy uses two effective methods to teach ejaculation control. "Sex behavior is learnt and can be unlearnt," says the gynaecologist. "Every man can learn to delay ejaculation until he wants to."

These steps are the Squeeze and the Stop/Start techniques. Practising alone or with a partner, a man stimulates himself (or she stimulates him) until he feels he's about to come, when stimulation stops. At first, the urge to ejaculate begins a few seconds after stimulation but gradually it takes longer and longer and with the lengthening intervals comes increased confidence in the ability to delay ejaculation. After repeating this several times daily over a period of time, a man learns ejaculation control. The Squeeze technique works on a similar principle but instead of letting go and waiting for orgasm sensations to die down before continuing, the woman exerts considerable pressure on the penis when her partner is on the point of ejaculating. In a short time, the man learns to tolerate intense stimulation without feeling the need to ejaculate.

Behavior-conditioning gives men a sense of control over their bodies and builds up confidence, but men who ejaculate prematurely also need to discover sensual enjoyment.

"I was always in such a hurry, and so uptight, that I never discovered what felt good. I was afraid to let myself go. What's more, I didn't feel comfortable about my sexuality, either," says Rob.

For him, the first stage of learning to control ejaculation was learning to masturbate without feeling guilty.

"The psychologist told me to stimulate myself at home, taking my time to become aware of different sensations but first she had to convince me that it was okay to do that, because I felt guilty. I suppose that's why I started rushing everything," he explains.

Next, the therapist had to explain the mechanism of sexual arousal, to alter Rob's behavior pattern that was causing difficulties.

"I used to try and maintain my erection during foreplay because I was afraid I'd lose it, but then I learned that it wasn't necessary to maintain the same level of arousal all the time," he comments.

During the next stage of therapy, when Rob and his wife were supposed to practise touching and massaging each other in order to discover sensations they enjoyed, Rob's wife left him and the therapist suggested he should work with a sex surrogate to complete therapy.

"I was very excited at the prospect," he recalls. "It meant I could continue treatment with someone who'd want to help me. My wife didn't."

For the next few months, Rob spent two hours each week with the surrogate. "She was a fantastic woman: warm, nice-looking. I felt very comfortable with her and she treated our sessions like a proper relationship, not just a cold clinical situation."

Because Rob was very performance-oriented and unaware of sensual pleasures beyond orgasm, their first sessions were devoted to helping him discover different pleasurable sensations.

"She treated me like a king. I'd lie back while she caressed my face or my arms, and I had to tell her how it felt, what I liked. Then we changed places. Every session was devoted to a different part of the body and it was a revelation to me to find that having my arm or leg stroked in a certain way could be erotic. We didn't start touching the genital areas for five weeks or so, first brushing them gently in passing, and later concentrating on them. The idea was for me to feel aroused while I was completely relaxed, and to learn to flow with my sensual feelings.

"The first time I had an erection without feeling the need to ejaculate straight away, I felt really proud of myself! But I still couldn't let go, because of my old hang-ups about masturbating. One day, she grabbed a vibrator and said: 'I'll show you what I mean about letting go!' And right there, while I watched, she gave herself a mind-shattering orgasm. Wow! I'd never seen anyone let go like that and it really helped me."

Not long after that, Rob started seeing a woman he found very understanding.

Sex therapy cost Rob $1200, but he reckons it's the best value. . . "After feeling a failure for years, I have a fantastic sex life."

"When I told her about my problem, she said it didn't matter," he recounts. "One night we started making love and we went for hours before I ejaculated. She told me I was a bullshit artist! I couldn't believe it myself. Next day I phoned the surrogate to tell her the good news and she was thrilled for me. I went to see her just once more, to say goodbye."

Sex therapy cost Rob about $1200 but he reckons it's the best value for money he's ever had.

Impotence is the sexual problem men worry about the most. Sometimes they worry unnecessarily. What they regard as impotence may just be a normal, one-off response to a particular situation. A man can lose his erection when he's tired, tense or feeling guilty or simply because he doesn't receive sufficient stimulation during foreplay. If you have no problem while masturbating, and function okay with some partners, but lose your erection occasionally, you should accept that as normal. After all, you don't always expect to play a great game of tennis, either. But if it keeps recurring, you may need help to assess your lifestyle or relationships. Perhaps you're working too hard, drinking too much or playing around too often.

Sometimes impotence is caused by organic factors. Some ailments predispose men to impotence, as do some medications. The psychiatrist who specialises in male sexual problems has found that impaired penile blood flow occasionally contributes to impotence and that this condition is aggravated by smoking.

"I've seen a significant improvement in erectile functioning in men who've quit smoking," he advises.

It's not uncommon for a man to be impotent with one woman but not another. Some men have no problem with their wives with whom they feel secure, but can't get an erection with the young girls they pick up in wine bars. Sometimes it's the other way round. But whatever the cause, as soon as you start worrying about having or maintaining erections, the problem gets worse.

It's a self-fulfilling prophecy that the man who goes to bed worrying whether he'll be able to get an erection, probably won't. So he worries even more, and what probably started as a single response to a certain situation soon becomes a recurrent problem which is difficult to overcome without expert help.

Often, impotence is the result of various factors, all of which may need treating. At 40, Alan's erectile difficulties had been getting worse for several years. The therapist found that he didn't have a very close relationship with his wife because he didn't express his feelings, drank and smoked considerably and felt tense and anxious about his performance. After he learned to relax, communicate more openly and cut down his smoking and drinking, Alan's erectile capacity returned almost to normal.

Where erectile problems persist, therapists can teach couples to increase their sexual enjoyment with new techniques. The woman can learn to insert the penis herself, to hold it in place by using vaginal muscles, and to stimulate the penis manually during intercourse.

Says the psychiatrist: "The key to success in this treatment is a supportive and caring partner. With such a relationship, a man has every chance of overcoming even severe erectile problems."

Whatever the sexual problem, therapists stress that it's important to seek expert help as soon as possible. The guys who've sought their help agree.

Says Rob: "After feeling a sexual failure for 17 years, I now have a fantastic sex life. But sex therapy has done far more for me than that: it's changed the way I feel. I'm now more confident, more outgoing and more open and I relate better to people, not just to women. There must be thousands of guys out there who still feel like I once did: inferior, unique and beyond help. I wish they knew how easy it is to find a therapist who can help them enjoy life again!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CHAMPION

Explosive extras turn Mercedes sedans and coupes into the world's most desired tourers

BLACK-TIE BENZ

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

IN 1974, the Arabs did for the world what Henry Ford did for it in 1908. They transformed the social, business and economic life of the major Western countries. Both did it for profit, both displayed extraordinary enterprise and both set the world's automotive tongues awagging. And there the similarity ends. Henry Ford and his Model T Ford put the world on wheels. The Arabs nearly put it back on the sidewalk. When the Arabs turned off the oil taps, the automobile went into a fearful skid. Motor moguls at the controls steered manfully into the slide, over-slewed the other way and caught the thing on the brink of disaster. When they finally got it all straightened up and looked in the mirror, they noticed some casualties.

A couple of "passengers" had fallen out the door, ungainly pedestrian participants had been bowled right over and one or two juggernauts were parked forlornly at the kerb.

Overall, the automobile hadn't fared too badly. Apart from a punctured ego it worked pretty much as before.

Trimmed down in line with the "new-think" of the superfit '80s, it was quieter and drank less. It was faster on its feet and could duck and weave too. It was more in tune with its environment and no longer on a collision course with the economy.

The Arabs deserve the credit for all and none of this. All of it because they jacked up the sticker price on the oil drums, and none of it because they contributed no useful engineering or design input.

But by far the most bizarre spin-off from the Oil Crisis was something called the Petrodollar Exotic. The PDE was the West's automotive revenge on the Arabs. Gigantic, cumbersome, ostentatious and overblown with goodies, it was designed to siphon some of the Middle East money westward. And to do that, it had to cater to Arab tastes.

Hence nouveau-riche auto deco that caused Rolls-Royces to grow purple velour trim and gold-plated wheels. An entire industry grew up in America and Europe to supply uniquely kitsch cars that the Arabs demanded to signal their status. And status was what the Arabs wanted. They weren't interested in specials and they couldn't drive Lamborghinis out to the well-head, so the bottom line was the world's established exotics. But for the Arabs they weren't exotic enough in standard nick — they just looked like everyone else's. So they got them individualised.

Among the many specialist conversion centres that grew up in this industry was Chris Hahn's Styling Garage in Hamburg. Styling Garage Specials (SGS) are achieved by taking the Can-o-mat to the Mercedes 500SEC Coupe. The resulting mutants include a convertible, a targa and a gull-wing-door coupe, mimicking the 300SL Gullwing Sports of the early '50s. All this, and more. . . how about a Mercedes pick-up, just right for humping trail bikes? It is rumored a Mercedes designer saw it and tried to throw himself under the wheels.

SGS Mercedes include such wonderful optional equipment as velour-everything interiors (and that means *everything*), hawk-shaped 24-carat gold gearshift lever with precious stones set in the eye sockets, gold-plated exterior chrome parts, even china lacquer, metal-flake and rainbow-styling paint finishes. Who could want for more?

Fortunately, some of the modifiers took the Mercedes marque seriously. They included firms like AMG, Lorinser and BBS. The AMG equipment, for example, is a methodically engineered kit of body, suspension, engine and interior components designed to improve certain specific aspects of the appearance, performance and comfort of Mercedes models. It is designed to fit all models in the Mercedes range (including the new 190 series, not yet released in Australia). And it is unlikely to be radical enough to turn on the hooded gents from the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

BBS makes wheels. The finest range of roadwheels imaginable for Mercedes, including centrelock (single-nut) alloys, every model crafted from racing experience that includes victories in European events from Le Mans to the Touring Car Championships.

In Germany, the firm of AMG actually nails complete cars together and delivers them directly to the customer, or to Mercedes dealers. In Australia, where there is no modification factory, the system operates somewhat differently, but with a similar stamp of official approval. Bob Jane Corporation, known nationally for its tyre outlets (T-Marts), Kleber agency, and racing circuits (it owns Calder and Adelaide International Raceway), imports kits and glues them on to cars by order. This may come directly from the customer (usually aftermarket) or through the dealers, who are now approved by Mercedes-Benz (Australia) to fit the majority of the options to its vehicles.

It will blow the doors off a 6.9 litre Mercedes, long recognised as the fastest accelerating sedan in the world.

As well, any current or potential Mercedes owner can have a complete system of wind tunnel-designed aerodynamic body devices color-coded and affixed to his vehicle. The customer can also specify a complete sport suspension package, a variety of optional wheels and tyres, and a sports steering wheel.

Additional parts yet to be covered under the official MBA agreement include an engine modification program for the 500 SEC (Coupe) and Recaro seats. The seats are no problem — they can be supplied through the Australian Recaro distributor, Roman Automotive in Crows Nest, Sydney, through Bob Jane Corporation or through enterprising dealers. Bob Roman is in a position to offer Department of Transport approval for the fitting of his seats, including the magnificent all-electric "C" seat with functions controlling everything from seat heating and adjustment to lumbar support (via a series of inflatable cushions) and stereophonic head restraints.

The engine modification program which boosts the 5-litre V8 engine by 55.5bhp to 286 (DIN) bhp (210kW) is a little trickier. For a start, MBA has yet to import the 5-litre Coupe, and local approval of engine modifications would have to be carefully sought. If you can find a 500SEC it will cost you at least $120,000, plus the AMG conversion.

There is an alternative, and it does apply to the engines that Mercedes already specifies in its local cars. It's a turbocharger conversion marketed in Australia by IHI Turbochargers (Australia), although not MBA approved.

But it *is* bloody amazing. The mainline conversion is for the small 380 engine and consists of a single, wastegated IHI turbo astride hand-built manifolding on a standard compression ratio for a 60-80 percent horsepower gain to 320-380bhp. It will blow the doors off a 6.9 litre unchoked (non-emission) Mercedes, long-recognised as the fastest accelerating sedan in the world. It will spin the wheels in the shift to top gear! That installation bites a $6500 chunk out of the wallet, a significantly insignificant amount to cause a rush of orders from the Arab Quarter, Hong Kong and other export markets.

Further up the market is a twin-turbo kit for the 500 V8, worth $8500 and also mainly exported. It can be stepped up with a special fuel injection kit, intercoolers and other trickery to produce around 600bhp, enough to warrant a complete driveline change to keep the components from blowing to shrapnel.

Sydney enthusiasts Peter Daisley (roofing contractor) and George Palby (real estate developer) were first off the mark with turbo installations on their 380-equipped sedan and coupe. Ever since the installation, they've been first off the mark everywhere else too.

The AMG equipment doesn't come particularly cheap, but in percentage terms of the total vehicle price it's not excessive either. The complete body aerodynamic package asks around $5500 paint-coded to the car and installed. On the 380SEC Coupe, which generally hits the local tarmac for about $94,000 all up, that represents less than six percent. If you include suspension and the most expensive wheel/tyre pack, the total add-on is around $10,000, obviously a little over 10 percent.

With the turbocharger conversion, total add-on cost is about $17,000, installed. So why bother?

I found out why when I recently road-tested Mercedes-Benz's new flagship sedan, the 380SE. Over almost 2000km of quick outback touring, it proved to be one of the most superbly comfortable tourers you could imagine, especially with four passengers wallowing in its spacious interior, frequently sleeping despite double-ton figures on the speedo.

But — and this is a sizeable "but" on a car that graces showrooms at around $70,000 — I ticked off a handful of demerits on my log-sheet: 1. Lacks raw guts. 2. Some high-speed "float" in fast or rough corners. 3. Seats too slippery. 4. Steering wheel too bulky. 5. Cornering edge could be lifted/roadfeel made more positive. 6. Styling is unhappy — looks like a "burns victim" around the eyes.

The AMG equipment shuts down all those "buts". The engine conversion (55bhp) injects good squirt (more of the turbo in a moment); the body add-ons manage the airflow to keep the car stuck down; wheels, tyres and suspension pack edge the cornering limits up and, aided by the small, manageable AMG tiller, make the steering pin-sharp; the torso doesn't skid round the cockpit on either the velour trim or the Recaro seat installation; and the "scar-tissue" look around the hooded eyes is replaced with a blended and co-ordinated nose styling that fits the rest of the up-to-the-minute body styling.

Nutshelled, the AMG equipment imbues the big Mercedes sedans and coupes with a final detail touch that justifies calling them the world's most desirable high-performance all-rounders.

I am not alone. A recent survey of the 28 top '83 Formula One race drivers showed that at least 20 used the big Mercedes as their number one touring car. Of these, almost all of them had installed almost all of the AMG-type equipment on a predominance of 500 Coupe SEC models. Twelve of the top 13 drivers had Merc 500s — mostly SEC Coupes.

A couple of weeks spent with a range of Jane-modified Mercs proved pretty convincing. The appearance of the cars has the most extraordinary effect on people. I first noticed it when I drew into The Regent of Sydney Hotel in the all-red 380SEC Coupe of Bob Jane's Sydney manager, Brian Connell.

"Give me one good reason," said the commissionaire, "why I should let you park here."

"Because it will improve the look of your hotel."

"You're absolutely right. Park it just there." We went in for a drink, and when we came out, the man in the tails was polishing off finger marks with his gloves.

In the days that followed, I drove this and other cars in and out of the most outrageous situations imaginable. Accompanied by sundry fun-loving hell-raisers, we employed the AMG Mercs to gain access to art galleries, discos, shows, racecourses and private parties and functions, few of which we had actually been invited to. It was the gold pass of automobiles, opening doors to the great and the glamorous. In such a car you get asked "What is it?" or "How much?" before you get asked for your ticket. Frequently the gateman then forgets why he is there or simply waves the car expansively through. It's black-tie motoring.

In Melbourne, aboard Bob Jane's personal silver 500SEC Coupe, we utilised the forecourt of the Regency Hotel as a private parking lot while owner Irvin Rockman's staff personally supervised its security and played blue heelers with the passing traffic cops. In Benalla, up the Hume Highway, a patrolman benignly suggested the glittering silver SEL Sedan, Janey's "second car", might outrun his personal mount.

Back in Melbourne, a well-stacked young thing took a detour from the pedestrian crossing where the stunning black 500SEC paused to permit her passage, to sidle up to the window and murmur, "Hi sweetie, wanna get married?"

But this beauty is more than skin deep.

Rock-steady stability, and trainline handling imparted by AMG coachwork and Yokohama A008 road rubber.

The grumbling engine on the big black coupe sounds angry after the 55hp injection, even at idle. The 500 has a little gate off to the side of low on the automatic gear selector and it's marked with a B. It's a sort of multi-cultural index — bomber in American, banzai in Japanese, barnstormer in English and, perhaps, (auto) bahnsturmer in German.

Regardless, selecting B brings out the bear in this evil-looking machine and it fairly explodes off the line. It's still accelerating hard enough to push you back in the seat when the needle hits 200km/h. It will go on to 240km/h at least.

If you encounter corners on the way, the car can be turned in precisely on the small, thick-rim AMG steerer. Aim it at a corner with millimetre accuracy and expect it to carve through. It feels firm on the shortened and Bilstein-impregnated suspension, but it is not harsh.

At any speed it is rock steady. And quiet. The aerodynamic body kit minimises turbulence and chases the airstream around the car rather than under it (avoiding lift which lightens the body and causes steering vagueness, high speed wander and contributes to pitch and yaw in corners). The thundering canyon-wall of a semi-trailer tailstream produces nothing more than a mild buffeting. It never shifts off line. Yokohama A008 asymmetric tyres fitted to all Jane's cars help.

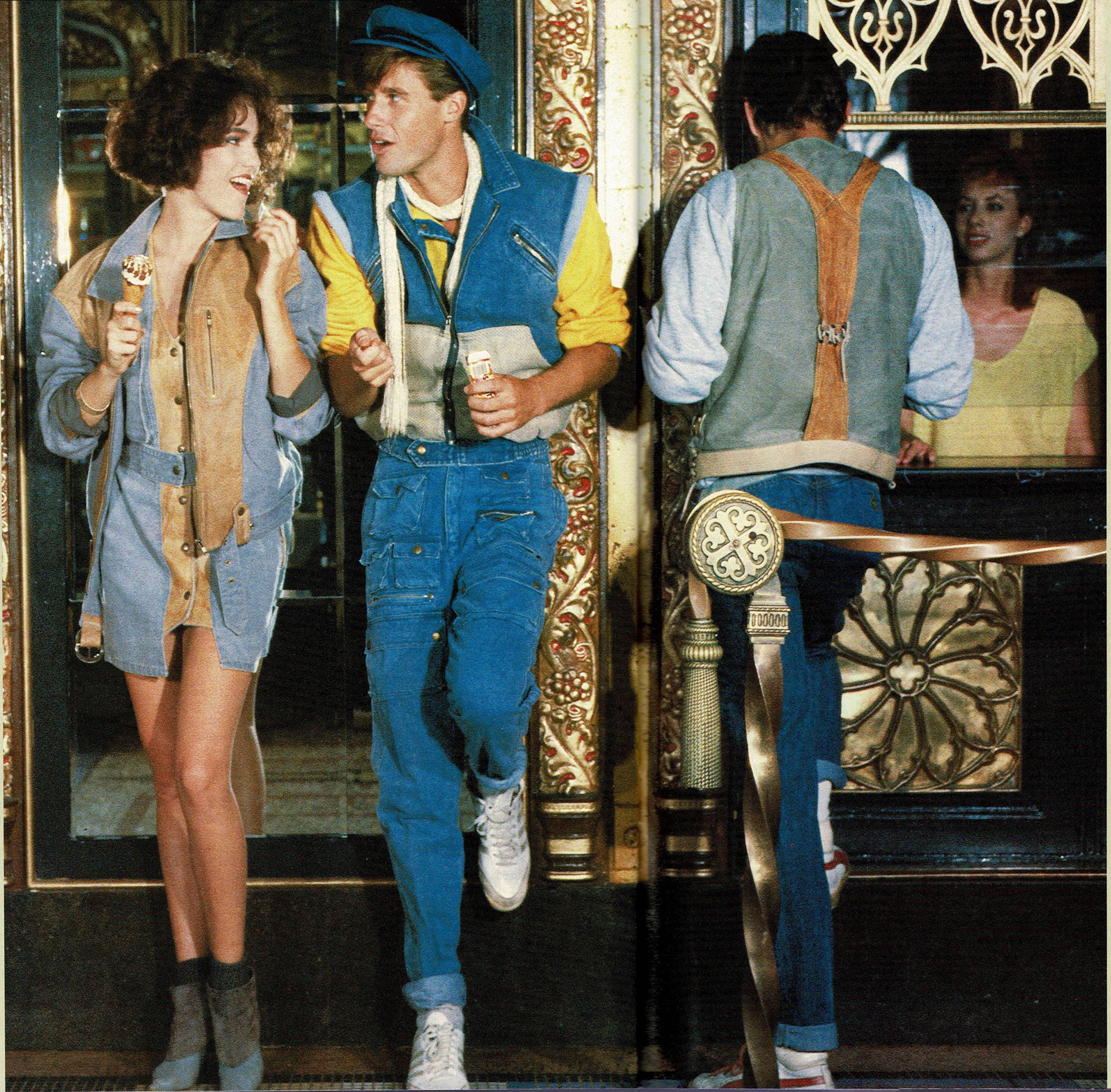
The turbocharged cars are animals. Moved off with generous revs on board, they will scar tarmac with 200-metre black lines and leave enough smoke haze to screen out an armada of highway patrol cars. They will out-accelerate a Lambo Countach, a Porsche Turbo and an Aston Vantage. They can pull the old "ton" in the length of a long city block, and probably shut down some superbikes. They can run to 300km/h.

Yet they are innocent-looking, and completely docile to drive in the city and suburban maze. They totally complement the body, interior and suspension equipment provided by AMG.

Some people, locked into conventional Mercedes engineering, find some aspects of the AMG styling a little too outrageous. It's evidence of the cornering "ground effects" styling which will characterise most future car design, so conservative observers will simply have to adjust.

Convincing? Mercedes-Benz (Germany) agrees enough to produce a sport version of its magnificent compact 190E series sedan with just such a body envelope. The 2.3litre competitor for the BMW 3-body has a Cosworth-built 16-valve head under the hood, and AMG-style front air dam, side and rear skirts and rear deck spoiler on the stubby, purposeful body. It was good enough to get a Motorsport-prepared car around the Nardo (Italy) test track over 50,000km in eight and a half days for three outright world records and 12 international class records.

It's the way of the future.



Left: Eye-catching combination of pocket riddled jeans ($80) and perforated leather, denim and fleece jacket ($230). **Right:** Leather-trimmed vest ($150), crew-neck fleecy sweatshirt ($38) and leather pocket insert jeans ($52). Gear from Jackson Jeans Winter 1984 collection.

It's casual, comfortable and very classy

WINTER WRAP-UP

Fashion by **VITEK**

OKAY, GATHER UP all those tight, faded jeans, Western shirts, baggy-kneed cords and boring old sweatshirts and relegate them to the local tip. The look this winter is big, baggy, strong and sexy. It's time to get your wardrobe into shape if you have any notions of being a smash hit with the opposite sex. And don't overlook the importance of accessories in the overall fashion scheme: bow-ties, belts, even braces, can pep up an outfit and change the emphasis from casual to city slick.

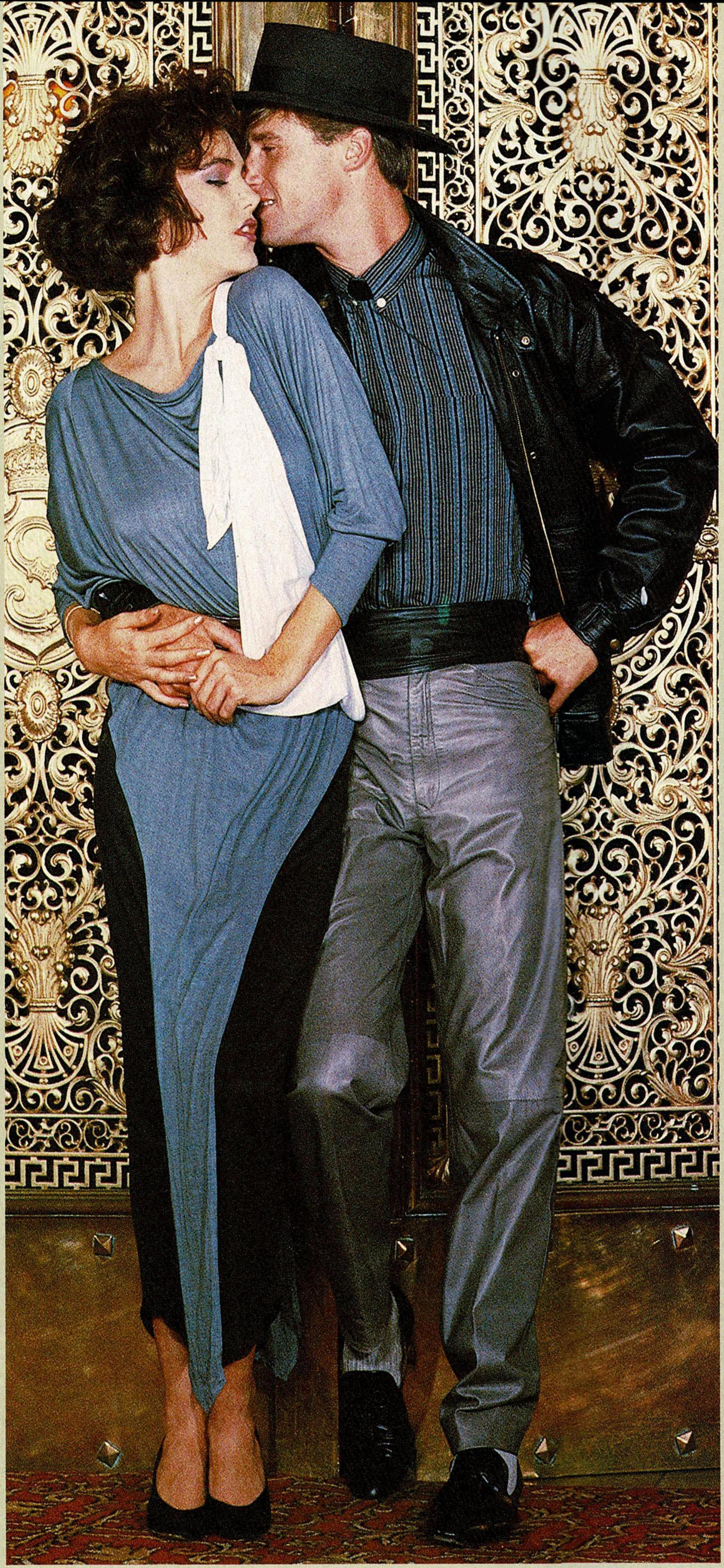
This winter's fashion theme is unstructured: oversized blouson jackets teamed with equally loose-fitting trousers and all tied together with a whole range of wild and woolly accoutrements. It's rugged and unrehearsed but above all it's totally wearable fashion that's designed to enhance your masculine image and to take you through a complete range of social occasions.

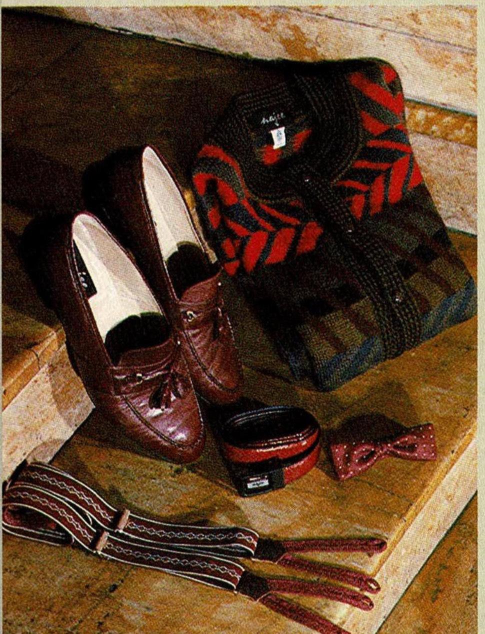
Two designer labels that are totally in tune with this latest fashion forecast are Najee and Jackson Jeans. Earlier this year, Najee won the national menswear award and, by designing jackets, shirts, trousers and knitwear in shades of the same basic color, this manufacturer has made it very easy for you to put together a totally co-ordinated outfit. Jackson Jeans won the same award for the denim category and the gear on that label features a heavy-duty yet distinctive blend of denim, canvas, leather and rope for a street-wise look.

So let's get serious about smartening up your wardrobe. Consider our attention-getting combinations for a winter on the wild side.

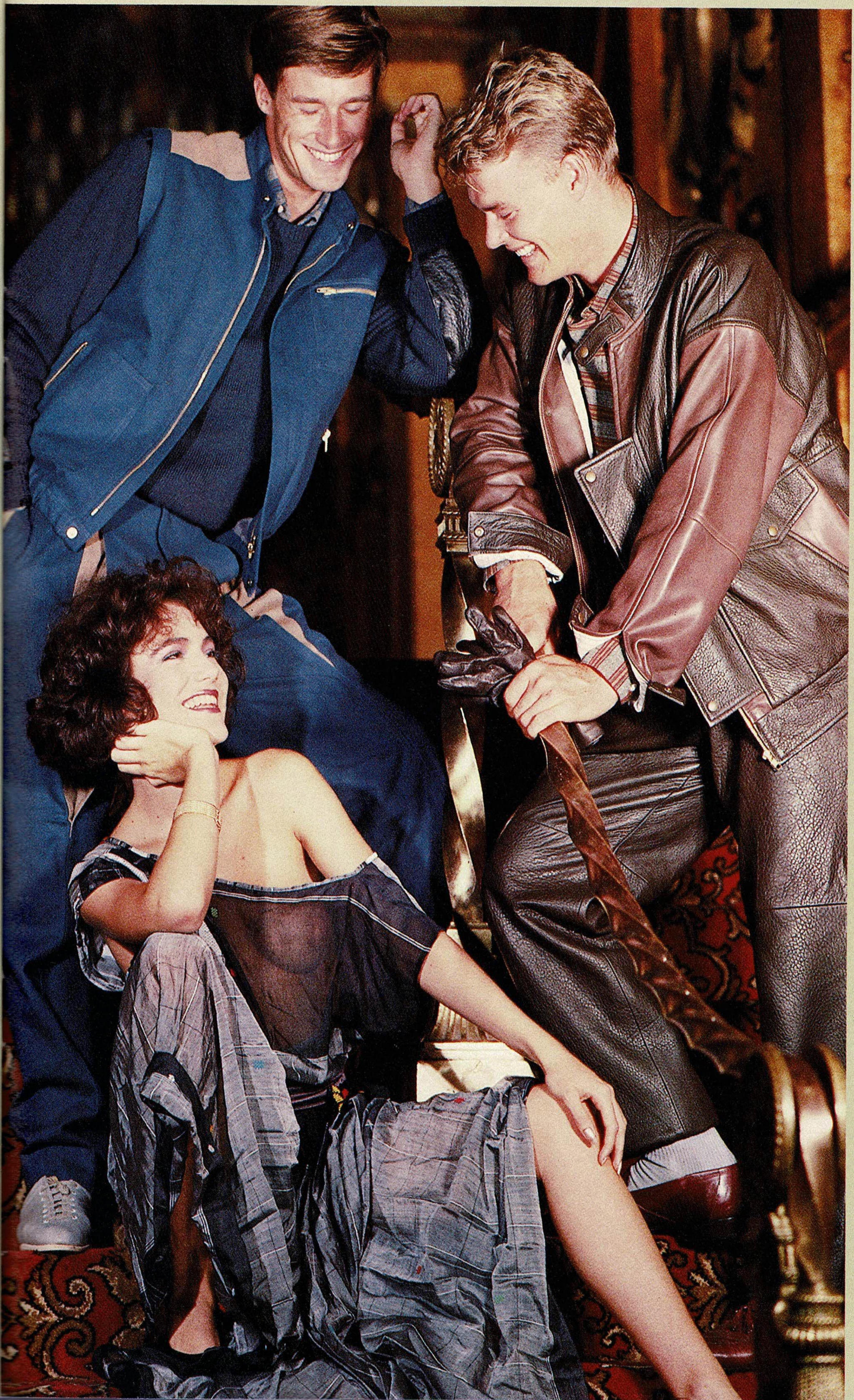
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD BAILEY

Black leather jacket ($560), grey leather trousers ($480) and blue and burgundy striped cotton shirt ($60) all topped with a black felt hat for a touch of drama. Body gear from Najee and head gear from The Strand Hatter.

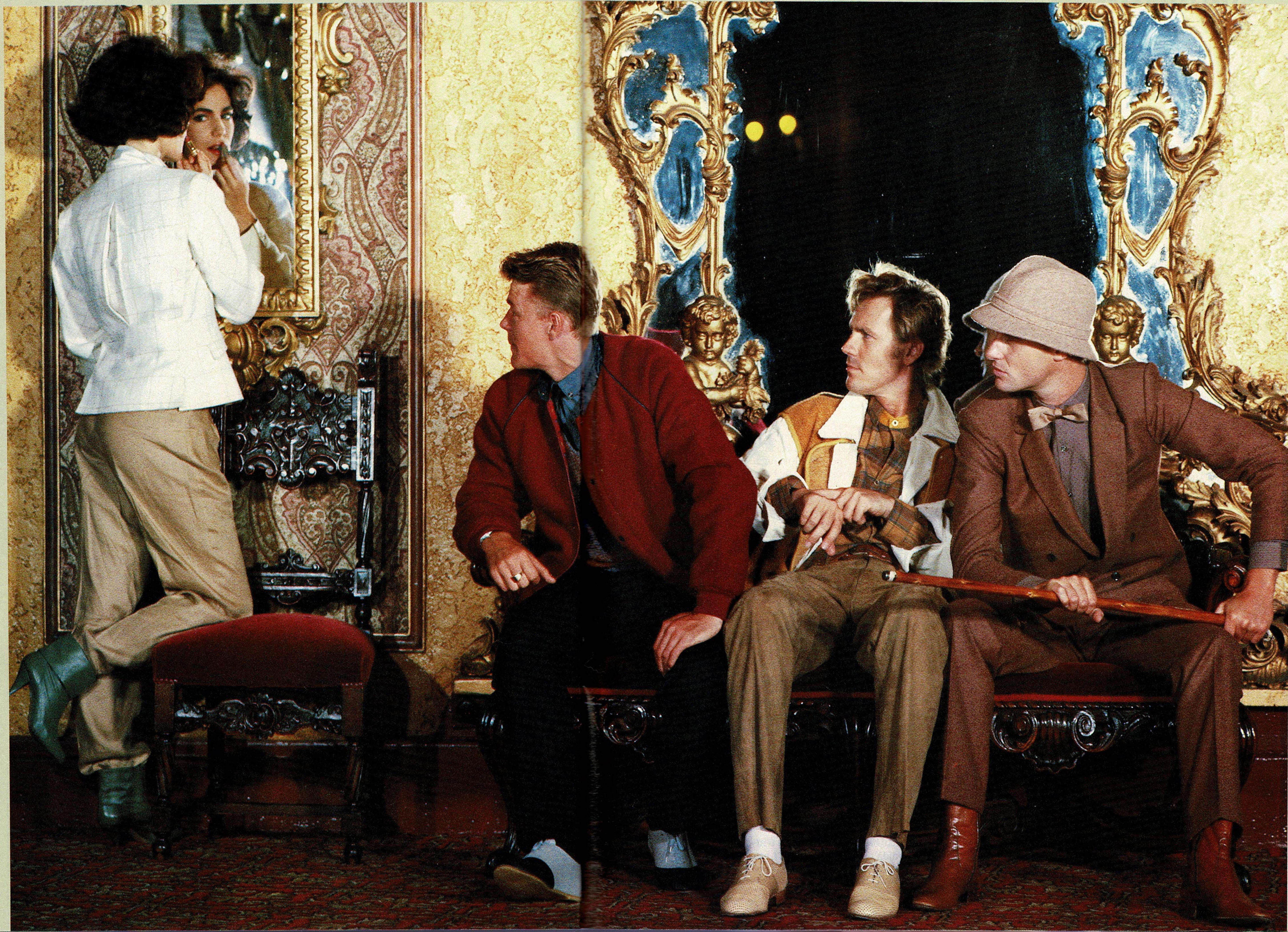




The right accessories can positively punctuate your look of success. Cardigan sweater ($90); spotted bow-tie ($15); striped burgundy braces ($15); burgundy leather belt ($15) and burgundy leather moccasins ($130). All available on the Najee fashion label.



Left: Cotton blouson jacket ($160) worn over a blue wool sweater ($80) and teamed with cotton trousers featuring pleated panels ($85). Right: Leather jacket ($700) worn with matching, high-waisted leather trousers ($500) and teamed with a striped grey and burgundy cotton shirt ($65). All from Najee's Winter 1984 collection.



Left: Distinctive burgundy blouson jacket ($159) over a blue cotton shirt ($49) matched with leather-trimmed black moleskin trousers ($79). **Centre:** Fleecy-lined corduroy jacket with clip-on inner vest ($158) over brushed cotton shirt ($48) and pigskin suede trousers ($240). **Right:** Combine a suit ($260), mauve cotton shirt ($49) and bow-tie ($15) and top it all with a felt hat ($40) and a smooth city-slicker becomes a sophisticated country gent. Bow-tie from Najee; hat from The Strand Hatter; suit, jacket, trousers and shirts from Charbonnier.

Clothes and accessories stocked by: **NAJEE,** NSW: Shop 557, Capitol Arcade, Hilton Hotel, 255 Pitt Street, Sydney; Shop 3, 19 Cross Street, Double Bay. QLD: Exclusive to Myer: 94 Queen Street, Brisbane; 318 Moggil Road, Indooroopilly; Pacific Fair Store, Broadbeach. VIC: Myer, 119 Swanston Street, Melbourne; Bourke Street Store, Melbourne; 90 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne; 357 Chapel Street, South Yarra; 122 Jam Factory, South Yarra; 688 Bourke Road, Camberwell; 471 Sydney Road, Coburg; 57 Puckle Street, Moonee Ponds. **CHARBONNIER,** Sportsboy, Chapel Street, Melbourne; Jason's, Royal Arcade, Sydney; Andrews Gentlemen's Outfitters, Brisbane Arcade, Brisbane; Belmondo's, Gawler Place, Adelaide; Forrest Boutique, Forrest Place, Perth, and most leading menswear stores. **JACKSON JEANS,** NSW: Jackson Jeans Corp, 446 Oxford Street, Paddington; Peter Valle, Blacktown and Fairfield. QLD: Revolver, 194 Albert Street, Brisbane. WA: Rodeo Drive, 84 Rokeby Road, Perth. VIC: Ryko, 399 Chapel Street, South Yarra. SA: Peter Shearer, 101 Rundle Mall, Adelaide. **THE STRAND HATTER,** Strand Arcade, Pitt Street, Sydney.

SINCLAIR *(continued from page 42)*

Oh, I think some of the mud people have thrown at me over the years undoubtedly has stuck. . .

PLAYBOY: Now's your chance.

SINCLAIR: I suspect they see me as being a little remote on occasions simply because of my job. I guess I would like them to see me with a little more understanding than perhaps the image that is being portrayed because of some of the controversies in which I am involved.

PLAYBOY: To what are you referring?

SINCLAIR: Oh, I think some of the mud people have thrown at me over the years undoubtedly has stuck, and I think there is an apprehension in the minds of some that some of the allegations might be true.

PLAYBOY: People who knew you in the old days say you were very upset when your first wife died.

SINCLAIR: We were very close. We grew up together, we went to university together and started off the farm together. It was a very important part of my life. When you look back as far as 1967 it's a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

SINCLAIR: I would have been 38. It was just at the time Harold Holt disappeared; in fact it was the day of Holt's funeral. I was at that the very moment she died.

PLAYBOY: She died of cancer?

SINCLAIR: Yes.

PLAYBOY: It had a very profound effect upon you?

SINCLAIR: That's true.

PLAYBOY: Did it turn you into what is sometimes called a "desperate"?

SINCLAIR: I wouldn't say that. Sure I'll go right down to the nth degree. I have no fear; I am not in any way apprehensive about people or situations. But I don't see myself as a "desperate" at all. I play the game, I play it hard, but I'm quite happy to walk away and have a beer with the same fellows five minutes later, and I do. I have friends in the Labor Party and I don't bear animosity.

PLAYBOY: Some observers say you went off the rails and you haven't got back on.

SINCLAIR: I certainly lost some of my pride and motivation for a period; it's something that you lose. It didn't just happen at the moment of Margaret's death; it was for a period of about two years before. It's a damn sight harder on the person who is suffering than it is on those who live with it. But it certainly has a bearing on you when suddenly those goals which you have seen clear and defined are completely shattered. When she was first told about it she was told that at the most she would have a fortnight to live. Thanks to deep ray therapy she had two years. That's one of the reasons I feel so strongly about uranium and nuclear medicine.

PLAYBOY: You started drinking heavily and became a womaniser?

SINCLAIR: I wouldn't say I ever drank heavily. Sure I drink. I think it's tiredness rather than drink that is my trouble, but sure I've been out with a few women in my time.

PLAYBOY: You still are a womaniser?

SINCLAIR: I wouldn't think so. I like the company of men and women. Not in the sexual fashion. . . [*laughing*].

PLAYBOY: We're glad we've got that clear.

SINCLAIR: I just thought you might like to know. I mean, there are other faults I have; that's not one of them. I thoroughly enjoy the company of women. I enjoy them as dinner companions, work companions, play companions. I certainly can no longer spend as much of my time going around doing the things I'd like to do. You know, as a politician, I don't know how people think I get the time to do the things they suggest I do.

PLAYBOY: What happened to your long-standing relationship with the Sydney lady Glen Marie North?

SINCLAIR: Oh, I think that's water under the bridge.

PLAYBOY: Is that ended?

SINCLAIR: Yes, that's ended.

PLAYBOY: Is she overseas at the moment?

SINCLAIR: No, I think she's in Australia. She was in this week's *Bulletin*.

PLAYBOY: It's public knowledge that there was a long-standing relationship.

SINCLAIR: I knew her for a long time. I met her shortly after Margaret died.

PLAYBOY: Why has that come to an end?

SINCLAIR: Oh, that's personal.

PLAYBOY: Have you taken up with anyone else?

SINCLAIR: Yes, I have. With my wife.

PLAYBOY: Are you on good terms with her?

SINCLAIR: Oh, you know, you find it very hard to be together as an ordinary family would and I think that is one of the hard things about being a politician. Politicians' wives have a hell of a life.

PLAYBOY: Do you project this macho image deliberately?

SINCLAIR: I don't think so. I'm very laid-back half the time.

PLAYBOY: But you fly planes, go under the sea in submarines, have photographs taken wearing glamorous helmets. . .

SINCLAIR: But I do many things; I am very catholic in my tastes. I am interested in all things.

PLAYBOY: Do you still fly?

SINCLAIR: No, I don't now, though I had a licence for many years. I let it go only because of the extraordinary thunderstorm activity in New England, and because I always used to be so tired, I didn't want to kill myself. If I lived in a part of Australia where I could fly I would. The thunderstorms in New England have to be seen to be believed. I decided that flying light aircraft in that sort of weather was not going to enhance my longevity.

PLAYBOY: What cars have you got at the moment?

SINCLAIR: Well, I'm not a Malcolm Fraser of this world! I've got fairly mundane cars. In my family I've got an old Merc, and it *is* an old Merc, a Corolla, a Passat, a Land-Rover, a Toyota truck, a few tractors, a caterpillar dozer, a few things like that.

PLAYBOY: Do you like fast driving, that sort of thing?

SINCLAIR: I think I've been accused of driving a little too fast on occasions. It's a bit of impatience too. I can't stand hanging around. My staff have heart attacks when I head for the airport to catch the plane; inevitably we get into a car and speed to our destination. I really find I waste so much time travelling.

PLAYBOY: You like good food?

SINCLAIR: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Wine?

SINCLAIR: Yes.

PLAYBOY: The company of women, life in the fast lane?

SINCLAIR: I don't see that as life in the fast lane. I see that as life!

PLAYBOY: Do you think you are a playboy?

SINCLAIR: No, I work fairly hard.

PLAYBOY: Do you read Australian PLAYBOY?

SINCLAIR: As this is a PLAYBOY interview, I'd better say I have read PLAYBOY, but I haven't read it recently!

PLAYBOY: Interested in sex?

SINCLAIR: I suppose no man who is a man isn't occasionally interested in sex. What did Charles de Gaulle say? Vive la difference!

PLAYBOY: We talked about the fact that you do enjoy the cut and thrust of politics. Hasn't it started to get you down?

SINCLAIR: It's just life. I look on politics as an extension of life, only in a more formal atmosphere. I love it.

PLAYBOY: What did you mean when you said you did not have any fear?

SINCLAIR: Well, I am not an individual who worries. I've no worries about going into parliament and saying whatever I need to say. I just look on people as people: I think they are equal to me and I am equal to them.

PLAYBOY: You're not afraid that something will blow up and destroy you or your political career?

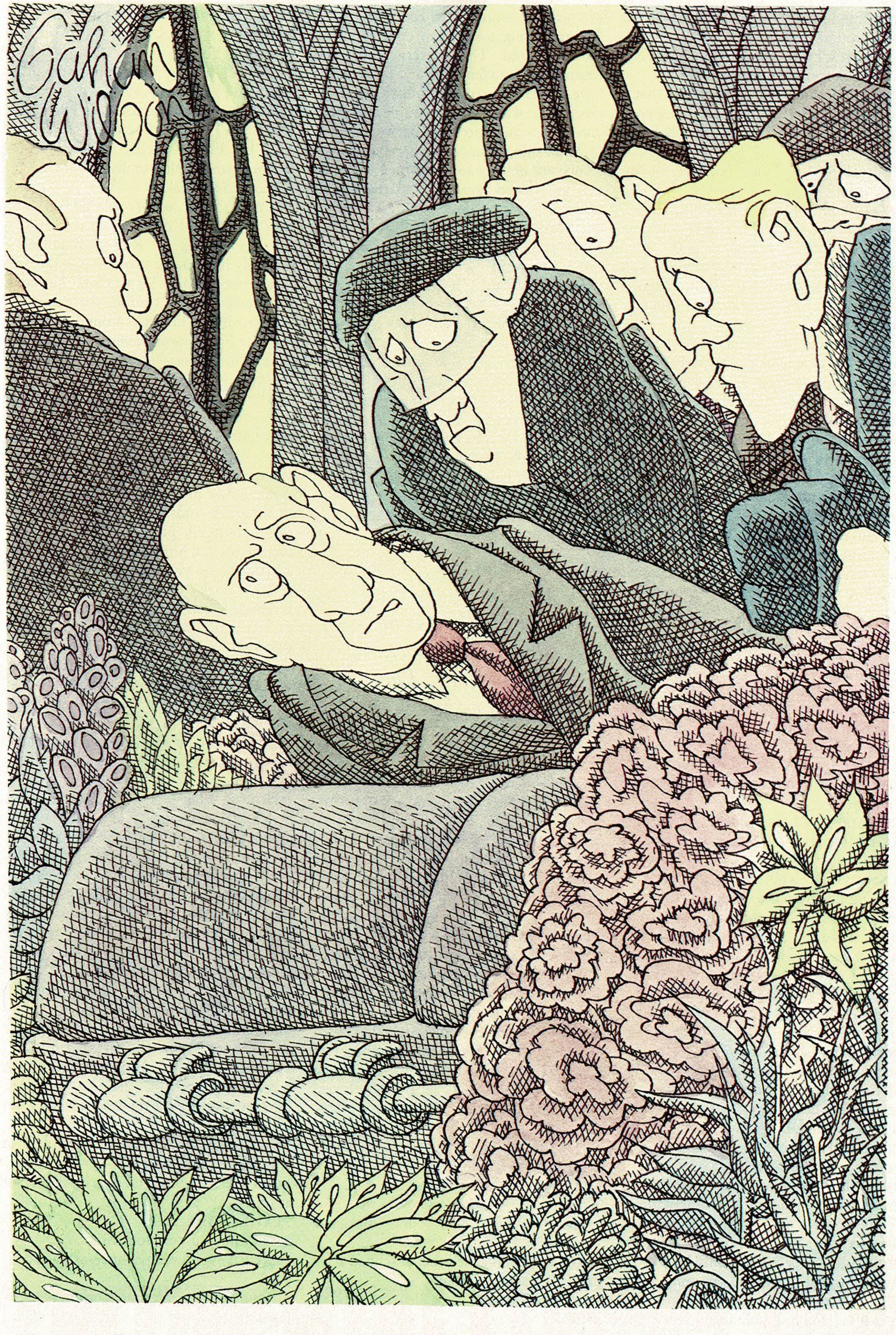
SINCLAIR: I'm a fatalist in that way: if those things happen, they happen.

PLAYBOY: On looking through your file it seems that your name has been linked to more scandals than any other politician in Australian history.

SINCLAIR: No, far from it. I think Old Nifty has had more than his fair share of allegations.

PLAYBOY: But you have been involved in a lot, haven't you?

SINCLAIR: I don't know that you would call



"I think it's his beeper."

them scandals. I've been involved in the world around me.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you have been involved in so much controversy?

SINCLAIR: I think that, for reasons that I find a little flattering, my political opponents are apprehensive of my political acumen.

PLAYBOY: So it's just political malice behind those things?

SINCLAIR: Most of them are highly political. Had I not been in politics, none of them would have been canvassed.

PLAYBOY: But there are a lot of politicians around, and they don't have the background of involvement in this sort of controversy that you have.

SINCLAIR: None of them have been a minister for as long as I have, perhaps with the exception of Joh Bjelke-Petersen. I don't think there is anyone else in politics that has been involved in the front line as a minister or in the opposition as a senior representative as long as I've been. I've always been a doer.

PLAYBOY: You're a political operator?

SINCLAIR: Yes.

PLAYBOY: A skilful one?

SINCLAIR: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that sometimes leads you into a situation where you've got yourself into trouble?

SINCLAIR: Certainly. I am also a delegator. I believe quite strongly in putting my faith in people and giving them responsibility and once you do that, if that person gets into trouble, you are responsible. It's very hard to keep a complete track of where those things go; for example, the Asia Dairy Industries business.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret any of those scandals?

SINCLAIR: Yes, I am saddened by them. I am particularly saddened by the one involving my father.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been involved in anything underhand or dishonest?

SINCLAIR: Never. I can say that quite openly. It's a hell of a lot easier approaching those things if you know you are totally innocent and none of the things you have done have been done knowingly. In terms of my father's episode, which was the saddest thing in my life, it was really under my instructions that my accountants and my solicitors did the first reporting of it when we first found out about it. I was not wanting to hide it. It was I who said we will have to do something about it.

PLAYBOY: Have you been innocent of every scandal you have been involved in?

SINCLAIR: Well, I mean in those things, yes. I suppose in the day-to-day activities of life one is never entirely blameless.

PLAYBOY: You've had to lie sometimes?

SINCLAIR: I suspect that's only been in relationships that I've had in a personal sense. I don't lie knowingly.

PLAYBOY: Don't all politicians lie?

SINCLAIR: I suppose we tend to exaggerate. Sometimes we find it hard to carry out promises. It is one of the concerns I have. We are trying to develop policies at the moment, and I am very concerned regarding the defence policy, for which I have a particular responsibility, that I lay down goals which are achievable and that I don't create an impression that we are going to do all things tomorrow, have an Israeli-competent defence force, for that would be very foolish and I am concerned that I don't mislead people.

PLAYBOY: But you have lied?

SINCLAIR: I think most people lie sometimes, but normally it is in what I call the white lie category. That doesn't excuse it. . .

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between a white and a black lie?

SINCLAIR: Yes, I must admit that at times, one wonders. Those who suffer from it never accept that it should be and I think it's better to be honest. I try to be honest.

PLAYBOY: Any close personal friends?

SINCLAIR: Oh, hundreds.

PLAYBOY: Hundreds?

SINCLAIR: I mean, I do have many, many, close personal friends.

I think most people lie sometimes, but normally it is in what I call the white lie category. That doesn't excuse it. . .

PLAYBOY: You haven't got a really close mate?

SINCLAIR: Yes, I have, dozens of them. I have many friends who are very close indeed, in all walks of life and in both sexes. I suppose my wife would be my closest friend.

PLAYBOY: Are you a loner?

SINCLAIR: I don't see myself as a loner. I think I work well in harness.

PLAYBOY: You have sometimes been described as a flash guy.

SINCLAIR: I don't see myself as that.

PLAYBOY: It was one of the reasons put up to explain why Doug Anthony was chosen instead of you to take over from McEwen; some of the party thought you were a bit too city flash.

SINCLAIR: I don't think that "flash" description suits me.

PLAYBOY: Expensive tastes?

SINCLAIR: Yes, I like to live life well.

PLAYBOY: Why is your nickname "Sinkers"?

SINCLAIR: I was called that at school. It's a derivative of my surname.

PLAYBOY: Do you get called many other names?

SINCLAIR: I've been called many things by many people, not always complimentary!

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as very competitive?

SINCLAIR: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in ideas?

SINCLAIR: Yes.

PLAYBOY: But you're not an intellectual?

SINCLAIR: I wouldn't classify myself as such, but I enjoy intellectual discussion, I am interested in philosophy and poetry and I read a great deal.

PLAYBOY: What sort of books do you read?

SINCLAIR: Well I've just finished *The Other 100 Years War* by Russell Braddon. I normally have one or two novels in the bag; I have one of Mary Stewart's in the bag at the moment and I read all the magazines and brochures that are around. I always read the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, *The Economist*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *The Bulletin*.

PLAYBOY: What are your other interests and hobbies?

SINCLAIR: I enjoy my farm and I play the piano occasionally. I certainly enjoy the practice of being involved with livestock, looking after my cattle and horses.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like Malcolm Fraser.

SINCLAIR: Well, perhaps Malcolm Fraser sounds like Ian Sinclair, you never can tell!

PLAYBOY: Are you very close to Fraser?

SINCLAIR: Oh, Fraser and I had very similar interests in a lot of things.

PLAYBOY: Do you see much of him now?

SINCLAIR: No, I haven't seen that much of him. I see him occasionally. I think that just as Hawke is growing apart from his party, it's very hard as Prime Minister to retain the same associations.

PLAYBOY: Is that a mistake Fraser made?

SINCLAIR: I'm sure it's a mistake Hawke is making now.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Fraser's breaking down on election night?

SINCLAIR: I think that is understandable. Malcolm is a very human man whose sensitivities are far greater than people imagine. I think the difficulty he had was getting his human kindness through.

PLAYBOY: Do you have the same trouble?

SINCLAIR: I suspect so, I don't think I communicate terribly well all the time.

PLAYBOY: Have you got human kindness there struggling to get through?

SINCLAIR: [*Laughing*] I try and let it surface as often as I can.

PLAYBOY: Are you a softie underneath that ruthless exterior?

SINCLAIR: Oh yes, I think so. I think I am really soft.

PLAYBOY: Are you tolerant of people who are weaker than yourself?

SINCLAIR: I suppose I do get a bit intolerant at times.

PLAYBOY: Arrogant?

SINCLAIR: I suspect sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Well, what's the *best* thing about you?

SINCLAIR: I'm just an ordinary guy [*laughs*].

Time flies when you're grounded with Fritzi

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERBERT HESSELMANN

CONTINENTAL CONNECTION

According to those persuasive airline ads, Frankfurt in West Germany is the crossroads of Europe. Sensation-seeking Aussie men heading to Europe to rage throughout the northern summer could do a lot worse than use Frankfurt as a springboard to the Continent. You see, the biggest air crossroads in Europe isn't just an ideal place to catch new transport connections. It's an ideal place to connect with the fair sex. Frankfurt is one of the biggest dormitory towns for air hostesses in the world. Thousands of hosties from all the major international airlines have to socialise somewhere when they're not flying, so a bloke could do himself proud launching his holiday through the pubs, hotels and restaurants of Frankfurt. Who knows. . . you might even meet Fritzi. Fritzi Fliegen is based in Frankfurt and she's a girl who likes to make the most of her time on the ground.

Working at 30,000 feet gives me a buzz," says Fritzi, "but the most beautiful moment is when I tell my passengers to fasten their seat belts because we're about to land. When I put my feet down after 10 or 12 hours, that's when I really come alive, whether in my hotel room or my Frankfurt apartment." Naturally the first thing Fritzi likes to do when she's alone is strip off and have a long, luxurious soak. Well, it refreshes a girl for whatever lies ahead, you know. "I strip off my uniform, unwind, have a shower or a long bath. I like to retreat into my own world for a while to adjust my thoughts, decide what I want to do next. Barbados one week, Australia the next, it's obvious I lead a free lifestyle, an irresponsible one to some people. That's why my ground time is so special, it gives me time to do the things I like, to get my act together. After looking out for my passengers I like to treat myself to the things I enjoy most."

OCKER

(continued from page 59)

The (ocker) stereotype is alive and well, waving the Aussie flag in one hand and a cold one in the other

persona in that part of the world in the form of Paul Hogan.

Of course, the fascination with all things Australian has been apparent in the United States for a couple of years now, the so-called "flavor of the week" syndrome, but the Tourist Commission's campaign to put Hoges into Californian living-rooms during evening prime time has made Hoges specifically, and the figure of the laconic Aussie generally, a cult item.

The Hogan commercial, made by pace-setters in ocker advertising, the Mojo advertising agency in Sydney, is brilliant in concept and delivery. In swimming trunks or casual sports clothes, a relaxed Hoges wanders from beach to barbie to opera house, explaining to his American audience that we're a pretty casual bunch of bastards who won't rip you off, hassle you or kill you with kindness. The Hogan delivery is much the same as it was for the Winfield commercials, except that perhaps his ocker terminology is slowed down so the viewers don't miss a syllable. G'day, barbie, mate, tucker: he lets the words sink in as though their very use was an advertisement for the country. And it probably is.

The day after the Australian Tourist Commission's general manager, John Rowe, announced that the commercials had resulted in an immediate 80 percent increase in applications for tourist visas, I sat in the boardroom of Rowe's Melbourne office and watched them on a video recorder. A few months earlier I'd seen his Foster's commercials on British television, which had resulted in huge sales increases. Flogging a product he was even more proud of than beer, Hoges had outdone himself.

I said to Rowe: "Great! I like the way he soft-sells the ocker image."

The affable, fast-talking Mr Rowe almost choked on his cuppa. The Australian Tourist Commission was not, he said, selling any kind of "ocker" image of Australia. Hogan simply represented the average Australian — tanned, healthy, relaxed, intelligent and full of fun. There was nothing even remotely "ocker" about it.

I accepted all of this and explained that I'd probably chosen a bad word, but Rowe's rebuttal of the ocker charge surprised me because I thought ockers were okay these days, even in boardrooms. Perhaps, while I'd been having a tinnie or something, we'd slipped into the post-ocker advertising age, into a time when it was fine to use the vernacular but with a bit of refinement as well.

As much as I admire Mr Rowe and Mr Hogan's advertising campaign, I don't believe the ocker is sick, let alone dead. The stereotype is alive and well and omnipresent, waving the Aussie flag in one hand and a cold one in the other. He may be changing, becoming more sophisticated, more worldly, but he is still the symbol of an Australia we like to remember.

As Craig McGregor points out in a chapter of his book *The Australian People* (Hodder and Stoughton) devoted to the phenomenon, "The ocker is always somebody else." He argues that the popularity of the ocker figure does not represent an upsurge of philistinism in Australian manners and culture. Rather, its popularity is "a sure sign that the real, undiluted ocker is fading fast from Australian society. We can only laugh indulgently at cultural stereotypes when they are safely in the past."

McGregor goes on to deplore the kind of class distinction in our society which, he says, enables advertising agencies like Mojo, comedians like Barry Humphries and intellectual larrikins like Max Harris to exploit and manipulate the stereotype. But I think Craig misses the point; we haven't left the ocker behind, we've simply modified him. He's out of thongs and into sneakers; he's put down his shovel and gone to the office.

To understand where the ocker is going it is necessary to understand where he has been. According to the *Australian Pocket Oxford Dictionary*, which introduced the word in the middle '70s, an ocker was originally a nickname for someone called O'Connor or O'Connell, but the editor of the dictionary admitted in a 1976 interview that he had received information suggesting at least six different etymologies, one of them going back to the Middle Ages.

Bill Hornadge, in his 1980 book *The Australian Slanguage* (Cassell), claims the word has been around for generations as a nickname for Oscar, and McGregor claims in *The Australian People* to have been familiar with it since childhood as a synonym for mate. It is interesting to note, however, that in his earlier sociological study, *Profile Of Australia* (Penguin), first published in 1966, McGregor made no mention of the word, although he described the type in passage after passage about the manners and morals of Australian men.

The person responsible for putting a name to the stereotype was that great comic actor, the late Ron Frazer, who in the late 1960s introduced a blue-singleted oaf called Ocker to the satirical television series, *The Mavis Bramston Show.* Like Paul Hogan a few years later, and like Tim and Debbie 15 years later, the popularity of Ocker resulted in a new phraseology in which vast sections of Australian society spoke in a parody of themselves without even being aware of it.

Frazer's Ocker was not only very funny, he was an important comic figure because he was the last of his kind. As Craig McGregor has suggested, he was part of a dying breed of working class Australian, crass, insular and ignorant. A new nationalism was beginning to merge and in it there was no place for blokes like Ocker. Already the urbane Gough Whitlam had replaced the crumpled, bigoted Arthur Calwell at the helm of the Labor Party and Prime Minister Gorton was an unabashed but sophisticated nationalist, in contrast to the Americaphile (Holt) and Anglophile (Menzies) who had preceded him.

But if Ron Frazer had given him a name, Barry Humphries had already given him an international reputation through the comic strip, *Adventures Of Barry McKenzie.* By the time Bruce Beresford brought the chundering, naive and sexually inadequate Bazza to the silver screen in 1972, his euphemisms and rhyming slang had become part of the language, and through his constant consumption of Foster's, he had also become the first ocker salesman. In 1972, Foreign Affairs spokesman Dick Woolcott had to report that, "The image of Australians in the minds of many Englishmen may well be more influenced by him (Barry McKenzie) than by the activities of Australia House."

Next major figure in the ascent of the ocker was Paul Hogan, who went from a rigger's job on the Sydney Harbor Bridge to the first fair dinkum ocker commercial, via Mike Willesee's *A Current Affair.* Hogan's wonderful "working bloke" philosophising on those early Willesee shows rightly earned him stardom, but it was also interesting to note the knowing smirk with which Willesee introduced and farewelled him. He might just as well have held up a placard which said SATIRE, so determined was he to distance the Hogan spot from the real events of the day. Hogan's appeal, however, lay in his absolute believability. It was unthinkable that he could be anything but the genuine article.

So, naturally, he was snapped up to lend credibility to advertising. When Hoges walked down the steps in a dinner suit with the orchestra playing and casually pulled out a Winfield, he was not only flogging a brand of gasper, he was portraying the ocker dream — he was boring it up the toffs. He was making a statement about the changing class structure of Australia, no matter how subliminal it may have seemed at the time. And, at that time, with Whitlam just in power and the promise of a land of equal opportunity, it was a very important and powerful statement indeed. As Max Harris later commented (perhaps with distaste): "The resurgence of an aggressive Australian ockerdom coincided with the first election of the Whitlam government and the discovery of a 'new nationalism'."

There are some conservative owners who reckon that dressing up Mercedes with fruit like this is for the birds...

This vehicle was a normal production Mercedes and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

...they're not wrong!

Over the years, a lot of great things have been said about Mercedes . . . except "horny". That's changed since Bob Jane became the distributor for world famous AMG modifications and wheels and the BBS and Centra range of wheels from West Germany.

Benz owners in Australia can now get all the good gear:

BOB JANE
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SPECIALISTS IN TYRES

Superb front and rear spoilers, aerodynamic skirts and sills, suspension kits, magnificent alloy wheels and exactly the right tyres to go with them. They transform a Mercedes-Benz into something quite extraordinary . . . better handling and better riding. Vastly improved aerodynamics also mean they go faster and use less fuel. And they really do look horny!

Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (ACT) and Ian Diffen T-Marts (W.A.)

BJ 206

Harris in fact, was so appalled by this development that he wrote a book about it, which in turn Craig McGregor saw as "a morbid fascination with the subject and a covert attraction beneath the apparent detestation — a common enough psychological phenomenon." But while our literary lions tore each other apart about ockers in the public prints, in the middle '70s the fast buck boys moved in to capitalise on the stereotype.

John Singleton, then a force in Sydney advertising, created a huge awareness of certain retail stores by having semi-literate ockers (sort of Neanderthal Ockers) present mumbled commercials on television. The characters usually had some kind of speech defect which made them even more readily identifiable.

Then came the crazy, colorful car dealers who would go to any lengths to win your business. The eccentric car salesman was actually a Californian invention (Cal Worthington would stand on his head to do a better deal for you) but it was easily ockerised, the fundamental elements being a loud, raucous voice and the enthusiasm of a boozed-up footie fan.

The growing number of Australian films being produced each year added further fuel to the ocker fire, with new stars like Bryan Brown embodying almost all the characteristics of the ocker. Earlier film stars such as Jack Thompson were more in the bushman mould of another era. While the Thompson "good bloke" image could be almost corny in its sentimental evocation of the digger spirit, from Bryan Brown you got the impression that behind the Marlboro cool he was tough and dangerous. Lawson's *Bastard From The Bush* came to mind, but the Brown image was very much contemporary Australia.

At the other end of the scale, in the Alvin Purple pictures, Graeme Blundell portrayed the classic ocker pants man, whose puny frame concealed an incredible sex drive. When, in 1974, Max Harris named names in his one-man ocker purge (no folks, there wasn't a royal commission), Alvin Purple was high on the list.

But it was puzzling, this list of so-called ockers. Of course Paul Hogan and Barry McKenzie were there, but so were Joh Bjelke-Petersen and Bob Hawke. The Dutch Reform lay preacher-cum-peanut farmer and the Oxford drinking champion turned womanising, boozing politician? Unlikely bedfellows indeed.

It all came down to what you perceived an ocker to be. In 1974 Max Harris felt Bob Hawke was an ocker. A decade later Hawke had changed. In an Australian guidebook, I wrote of Hawke: "A man at ease in any company, brash, forceful, given to flights of weirdness, totally compassionate when it is least expected, he is the bridge between ockerdom and the reality of Australian man." Elsewhere in that same piece I argued that life had imitated art: "The cult of ockerdom has permeated most aspects of Australian urban life. . . we Australians and our advertising agencies cling to the idea of the Australian who is obsessed with sport and winning at it, with beer and with his mates."

As ockerdom became reality, an ocker power base developed in Australia, featuring such people as Hogan, his manager John "Strop" Cornell, the cartoonist Larry Pickering, John Singleton and Allan Morris and Allan Johnstone, the two ockers behind the Mojo advertising agency which set the standards for ocker advertising in the late 1970s.

By happy coincidence, the rise of Mojo and Hogan and Cornell's JP Productions occurred just as Kerry Packer threw his might into World Series Cricket. The scene was set for a media assault destined to perpetuate the ocker reality. (It had long since ceased to be a myth.) As beer, cricket and football were both business and pleasure to these new moguls, they worked ceaselessly and inventively to project the stereotype into Australian living-rooms with a mixture of pride and aggression.

The brash *modus operandi* of the ocker moguls soon became legend. One story had it that two ocker admen (un-named) were flown to America to bid for the advertising business of a very large soft drink company. They were shown state-of-the-art video presentations, they were lectured on corporate philosophy, and finally they were quizzed as to what they perceived the Australian market for the soft drink to be composed of. "Any cunt with a mouth, mate," came the reply.

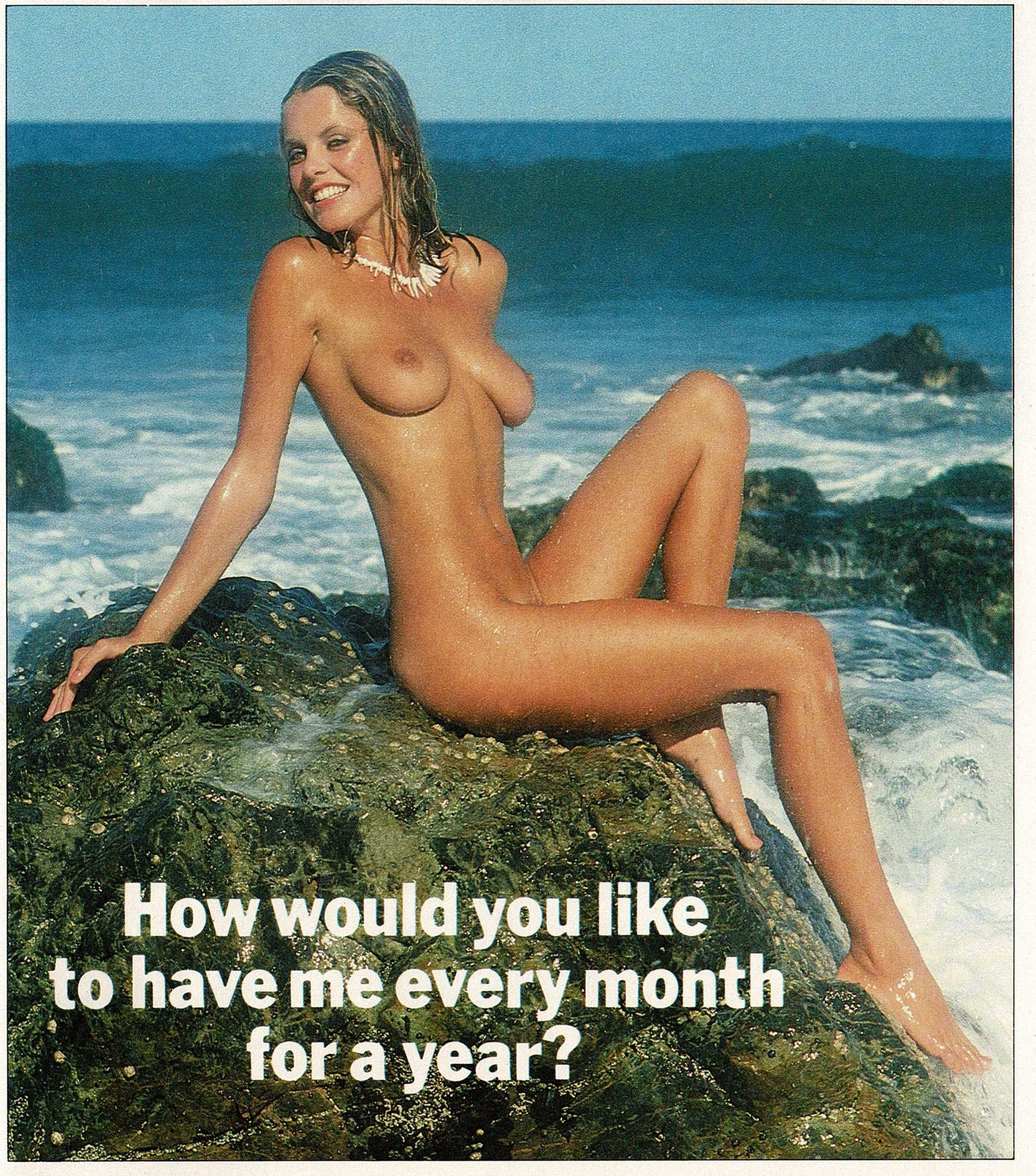
In the 1980s ockerdom has become accepted, if not respected, in some quarters. Sandra Jobson, in her book *Blokes* (Pan), claims that "Ockers stress the loud-mouthed, ugly side of the Australian male character, whereas the bloke possesses a gentleness and innate decency which is definitely not ocker." But I tend to think that Ms Jobson has been London-based too long. Few people these days would make the distinction. Ockers, blokes, mates: we're talking about the Australian male stereotype.

Familiarity and fine tuning have smoothed out the rough edges of the ocker image and made him an acceptable figure in this computer world. What has again placed him under scrutiny is this flavor-of-the-week phenomenon which has gone quite crazy in the northern hemisphere. Normally-sane people are becoming rampant Ozophiles, living on diets of Mel Gibson movies, Men At Work albums and Colleen McCullough novels. We have been the subject of cover stories in most of the major magazines of the world, and suddenly there is a remote possibility that a new tourism boom will actually fill most of the 20 or so giant hotels going up across the country.

In response to this tremendous interest in things Australian, people with things Australian to sell, including the Federal Government, are having to present themselves in new market-places. Which is where we came in, with Hoges all bronzed and relaxed, inviting our American friends over to share the barbie.

The essence of his message is, of course, ocker. But it is '80s style ocker; almost sophisticated, like. And it works like buggery.

"He's well behaved when he isn't horny."



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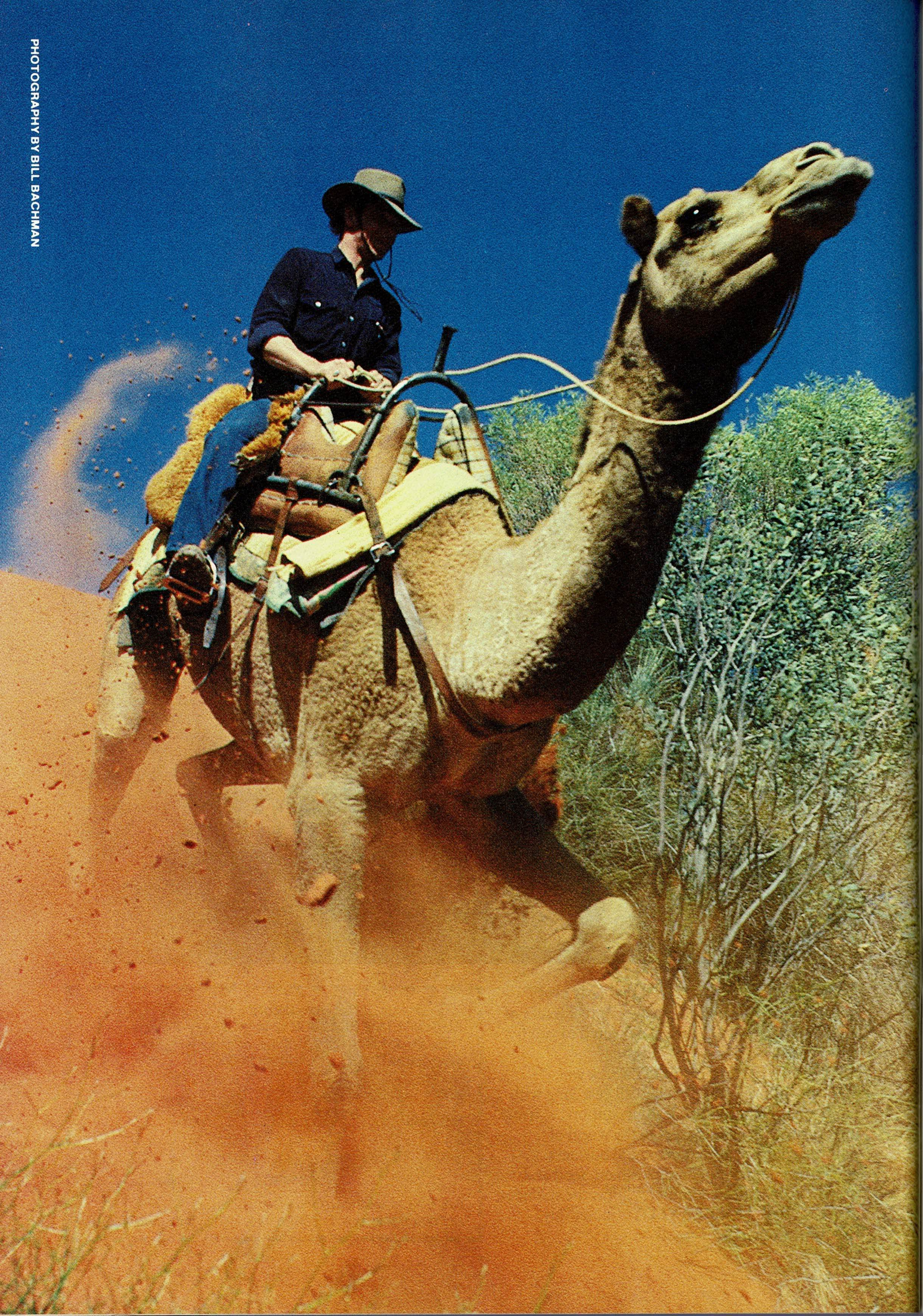
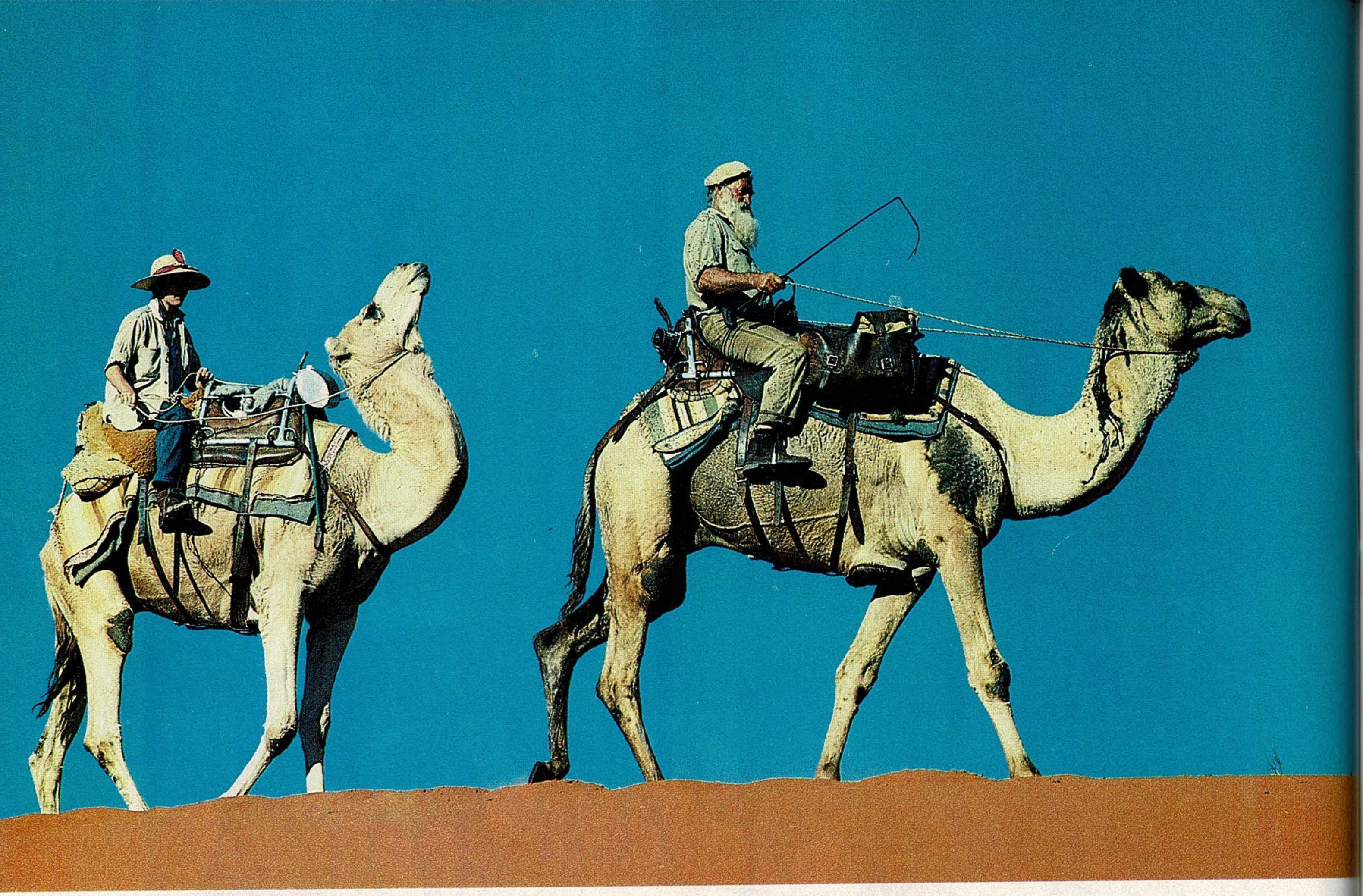


HUMPING THE OUTBACK

Camel trekking is for bums who can take it

THE CAMEL has been much maligned in joke, song, and serious historical record, but it's time to get one thing straight — most derogatory remarks about camels just aren't true. On the whole, they are intelligent, friendly and reasonably polite. Easy to get along with? Yes. Controllable? Sure. Dangerous, mean and totally unpleasant? Not at all. I may not be an expert on the subject, but quite recently I had enough experience with the misshapen beasts to be able to make such claims with reasonable confidence. In the vibrant landscape of Central Australia, I spent a week in the company of camels ranging from handsome to haughty to highly-strung; not once was I bitten, spat on, trampled, kicked or sexually molested. If you don't want to take my word for all this, just give Noel Fullerton a call. Some 20 times a year, from a small camel farm on the road to Ayers Rock, he leads expeditions into the surrounding bush, taking six to 10 people at a time. Through spinifex and sand he travels, sometimes stopping at a different campsite every night, other times returning to a base camp after each day's ride. He offers three distinctly different safaris, all depending on the time of year. One can choose from a

Adventure by **BILL BACHMAN**



Feminist baiter Noel Fullerton at the head of his camel train

week tracing the wanderings of the 1872 explorer, Ernest Giles, along the Finke River Valley; a strenuous fortnight humping it through the primeval peaks and defiles of the Krischauf and James Ranges; or, as we did, seven serene days in the backblocks of Orange Creek Station, in sight of the multi-colored sandstone ramparts of the Rainbow Valley.

These are not run-of-the-mill animal adventures, and Day One can be intimidating to both the uninitiated and those with years of horseback experience. Our group was typically ignorant of what lay in store, and the atmosphere in the mini-bus that took us from Alice Springs to the camel farm 100km distant was fraught with good-humored misgivings. Conversation ranged from, "Have you ever ridden a camel before?" to "Do you get saddlesore easily?" and "Do they bite?" Some just sat in silence, exhibiting a sang-froid that fooled no one.

Upon arrival, we were greeted by an underweight Santa Claus who introduced himself as Noel Fullerton. In the yards adjoining the homestead were several dozen camels of varying sizes, all lurking along the fence-line and gazing at us with what we immediately interpreted as genuine malevolence. Inwardly distrusting Noel's cheerful claim that we'd be happily riding them within half an hour, it was with some relief that we repaired inside for morning tea and a nervous smoke.

All too soon we found ourselves in the mounting yards, confronting our only visible means of transport for the coming week. While working up enough bravado to climb aboard Apex, my assigned mount, all I could think of were the weird monstrosities that Luke Skywalker galloped around the polar wastelands in *The Empire Strikes Back,* which I'd seen the night before at the Alice Springs drive-in.

At close quarters, the initial impression that one needed a stepladder, seatbelt and training wheels to ride such an ungainly assemblage of neck, knees and elbows was very strong indeed but our camels had been through it all before and proved to be surprisingly easy to mount and to sit astride. Within minutes we were tracing slow circles in the dirt outside the yards, wandering into the hay barn and making the first of endless unscheduled stops to tear at weeds and tree branches. Yahooing around a space no bigger than a netball court, we were already loving it.

Out on the trail, the pace was agreeably slow, and the foam pads and extra sheepskins that some had brought turned out to be unnecessary, thanks to large and comfortable saddles. Apex developed some lameness in the left foreleg and never really got past the stumbling stage, but by the end of the long ride into camp, many of the other riders were urging their steeds to feats of speed and turning skill that only hours before had seemed totally impossible. Though a trifle bum-sore and happy to be back on terra firma upon reaching camp, we discovered sunburn to be the worst of our injuries. The camel, in fact, is the perfect off-road touring vehicle, a triumph of genetic happenstance. They've got everything from four-leg drive to a fuel-efficient, air-cooled, three-speed, single-overhead-hump engine. What's more, the standard features are truly impressive: elevated driver's seat, independent padded suspension, long-range tanks, pivot steering, manual or automatic pilot and an articulated hoist system that pre-dates automobiles by many centuries.

They can be ridden conventionally, sidesaddle, backwards or standing up. They respond to one-word commands. They seldom break down, and rarely complain. And they come in a variety of colors from blonde to dark grey.

Smooth-handling biomechanical marvels they may be, but the average camel's manners often leave much to be desired. For instance, their breath is foul and they have a disturbing habit of flapping their lips from side to side, spraying anyone nearby with gobs of green slime. And that's not to mention their frequent roaring, gargling, groaning and backfiring. But for the most part it's harmless bluster, and did set admirable standards for a week of liberated belching and farting by the human contingent.

Camels are big animals, and in the saddle riders are three or four metres off the ground. Described by Noel as "unguided missiles" on their own, in human hands

SAVE THE PLANTS THAT SAVE US.

Plants have fed the world and cured its ills since time began.

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In Australia many of our unique plant species are in danger of extinction. Settlement, agriculture, bushfire and logging have seriously depleted many natural habitats, and with them the birds, animals and insects living there.

The World Wildlife Fund Australia was formed in 1978 to fund conservation projects for our endangered native flora and fauna. This year, World Wildlife Fund Australia is launching the International Plants Campaign, to raise funds for the conservation of Australian endangered plants, and increase community awareness of the need for conservation of our plant resources.

All over Australia there are urgent WWF Australia projects waiting your support. You can contribute in a number of ways; by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

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To: World Wildlife Fund Australia
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SYDNEY, NSW 2000
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NSW 2001
Telephone: (02) 29 7572

plants campaign

Yes! I want to help WWF Australia to save our endangered wildlife. I would like to become a supporter for:

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A bush sunset can make a man and his camel look downright romantic.

they are easily controlled with a noseline (reins attached to a wooden peg inserted in one nostril), and generally go wherever directed with little persuasion. For the most part, they are less wilful than horses.

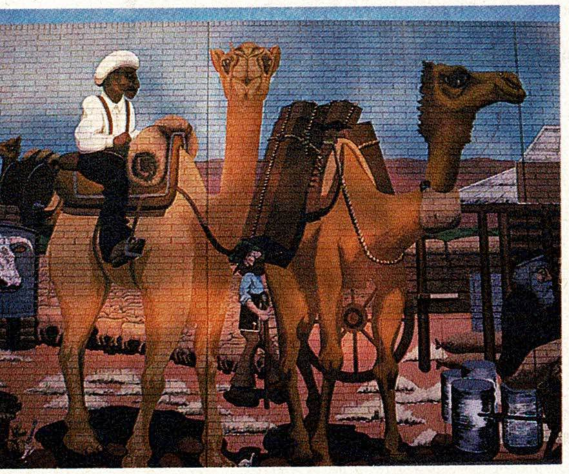
To get down, they perform a painstaking series of leg articulations, in the manner of a concertina hoist, at the command of "Hoosh, hoosh." To mount, one simply climbs into the saddle while the camel is seated, says "Stand!", and they do, sometimes with surprising speed. Most of us found this out at one time or another, some via a parabolic flight path over the hump. The remaining commands consist of "Walk!", "Trot-Trot-Trot!" and "Whoa!" The camels seemed to find it all quite easy.

Our safari, based at a permanent camp near Rainbow Valley, contained few of the hazards and many of the rewards usually associated with outback pioneering. We were a mixed bag including several junior executives, a social worker, an oil rig mechanic, an eccentric Alice Springs photographer, and a freelance caterer. We all anticipated hardship and high adventure in far greater measure than we actually experienced. The camels themselves provided most of the novelty and excitement during the opening stages. On the morning of the second day we found ourselves filing through stone archways, and galloping down steep, scrub-strewn sandhills at a truly ridiculous pace — a feat eagerly repeated every time a decent-sized dune hove into view.

But the safari was about far more than riding. First, there was the scenic splendor of the lush winter landscape, seasonally green between stretches of baked brown tedium. There were frequent stops to inspect fragments of the region's human and geologic past, and there were the pleasures of good company, the endless open sky, and late-night rorts around the campfire.

Though many wayside incidents stood out, by the end of the week they had merged into a seamless blend of fresh air, casual discovery and sensory indulgence. More than anything, the trip was a slightly romanticised, totally refreshing break from everyday reality, amid bush of the type most Australians rarely see.

Camel art — a rural mural.



Bland and monotonous as a broad landscape, the country proved infinitely interesting on closer inspection from camel-back. Heading for a different point of the compass every day, we cut a picturesque swathe through the spinifex; Noel usually in the lead, jabbering away about this or that feature of the passing countryside, or sitting backwards in the saddle bellowing bush ballads.

Throughout our trip, Noel continually uncovered meaningful detail amid what seemed, to us, barren scrub — here an Aboriginal weapon-making site, there a grinding stone and yonder a faintly visible totemic engraving or rock painting. From the saddle he highlighted an array of passing wonders, and frequently brought us all to a halt to fossick through a fossil trove, wander up a creek-bed to an ancient Aboriginal fortress or crawl into a sandstone grotto etched with stone carvings and ochre paintings.

Well-informed and strong-minded, he provoked much memorable debate. But so disarming was his humor and relentless his energy that even the ardent feminists in our midst — whom he took great delight in baiting with such inflammatory statements as "The highest honor a woman can attain in the Northern Territory is to be made an honorary man" — found it impossible to dislike him.

Walking with a gently rolling gait — "ship of the desert" quickly justified itself as a metaphor — and stopping frequently to feed on the vilest looking plants, our camels gave us ample opportunity to savor the environment, enjoy each other's company and contemplate the ten million or so bushflies that followed us in clouds. ("Lots of rain lately, so they're thicker than normal at this time o' year. Just ignore 'em," said Noel.)

Riding to and from destinations as weird and wonderful as ceremonial caves and secret waterhole oases, on some days we passed beneath the deeply-contoured outcrops and ridges of Rainbow Valley itself, and on others followed the wide sandy beds of the Hugh River and its tributaries, lined with tangled ghost gums and towering river reds, flood debris trapped in forks six metres over our heads. Travelling up to 20 kilometres a day under mild, cloudless skies, we always found something new to see.

Once covered by inland sea, the low-lying areas and creekbeds yielded many fossil remains. Kangaroos were plentiful on the rocky hillsides, and pinwheeling flocks of budgerigars escorted us through vast green meadows. Frequently we crossed the tracks of wild camels and brumbies. This, we agreed one day on the way back to camp, with a nod to the copywriters of colorful outback travel brochures, was the "Real Australia".

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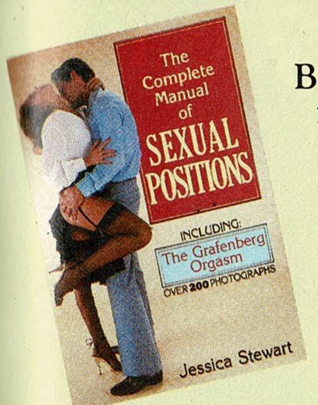
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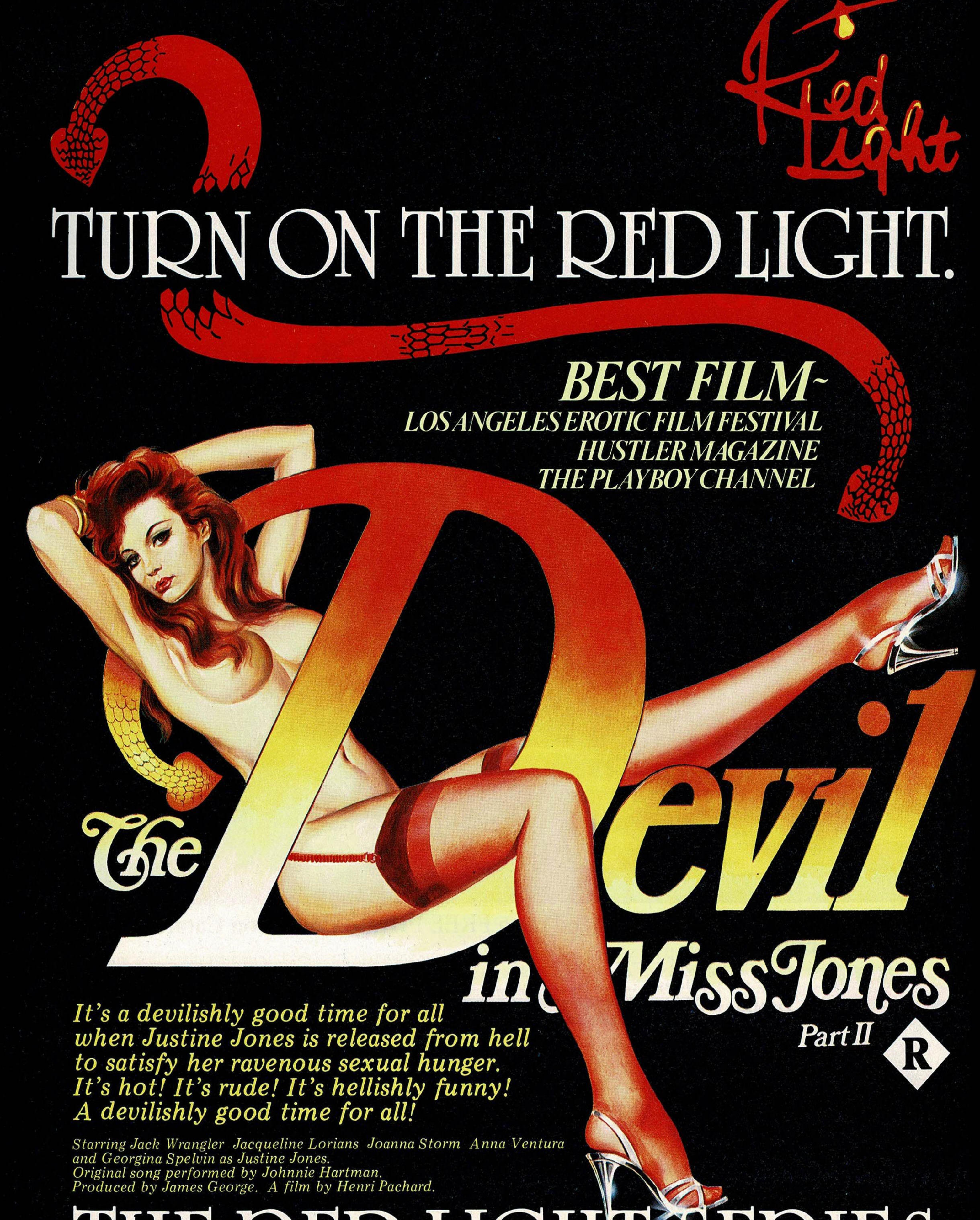

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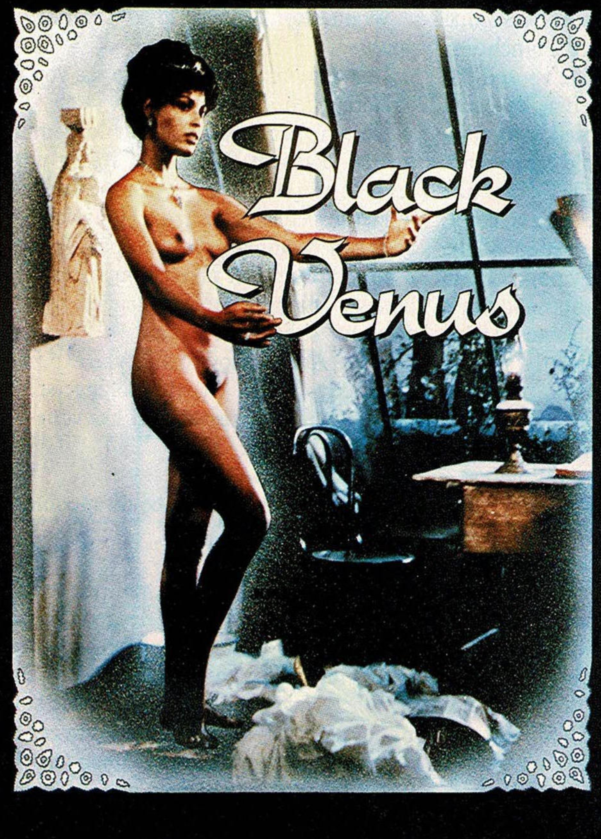

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AFFAIR

(continued from page 80)

Snake. Ocean. They were practised lovers now, a year of constant mental communion behind them.

land, seeking her, finding, gliding up across her thighs, her belly. Too obvious? Too coarsely phallic? He wavered for a moment, but only a moment, for he heard her moan and whimper, and she reached with her mind for the serpent as it seemed he was withdrawing it; he drove back his qualms and gave her all the energy at his command, seizing the initiative as he sensed her complete surrender. Her signal shivered and lost focus. Her breathing grew ragged and hoarse, and then into his mind came a quick surprising sound, a strange low growling, that terminated in a swift sharp gasp.

Oh. Oh. Oh. Thank you.

It wasn't scary?

Scare me like that as often as you want, Chris.

He smiled across the darkness of the miles. All was well. A fair exchange: symbol for symbol, metaphor for metaphor, delight for delight.

Sleep well, Laurel.

You too, love. Mmm.

●

This time Jan knew that something had happened while he was away. He saw it on her face, which meant that she saw it on his; but she voiced no suspicions, and when they made love the first night of his return it was as good as ever. Was it possible, he wondered, to be bigamous, to take part with Laurel in a literally superhuman oneness while remaining Jan's devoted husband and companion? He would, at any rate, try. Laurel had shared his soul as no one ever had and Jan never could, but yet she was a phantom, faceless, remote, scarcely real; and Jan, cut off from him as most humans are from all others, nevertheless was his wife, his partner, his bedmate, the mother of his children. He would try.

So he brought the office gossip home to her as always and went out with her twice a week to the restaurants they loved and sat beside her at night watching cassettes of operas and movies and Shakespeare, and on weekends they did their weekend things, boating on the bay and tennis and picnics in the park and dinner with their friends, and everything was fine. Everything was very fine. And yet he managed to do the other thing, too, as often as he could. Just as he had successfully hidden from Jan the enigmatic secret mechanism within his mind that he did not dare reveal to anyone not of his sort, so too now did he hide the second marriage, rich and strange, that that mechanism had brought him.

His lovemaking with Laurel had to be furtive, of course, a thing of stolen moments. She could hardly draw him into that warm voluptuous ocean while he lay beside Jan. But there were the business trips — he was careful not to increase their frequency, which would have been suspicious, but she came to him every night while he was away — and there was the occasional Saturday afternoon when he lay drowsing in the sun of the garden and found that whispering transparent surf beckoning to him, and once she enlivened a lunchtime for him on a working day. He roused the snake within his soul as often as he dared and nearly always she accepted it, though there were times when she told him no, not now, the moment was wrong. They had elaborate signals to indicate a clear coast. And for the ordinary conversation of the day there were no limits; they popped into each other's consciousness a thousand times a day, quick flickering interchanges, a joke, a bit of news, a job triumphantly accomplished, an image of beauty too potent to withhold.

Crossing the bridge, entering his office, reaching for the telephone, unfolding a napkin — suddenly, there she was, often for the briefest flare of contact, a tag-touch and gone. He loved that. He loved her. It was a marriage.

He found her telephone number, which he hardly needed, and her address, which at least confirmed that she really did exist in tangible, actual Phoenix. He invented a trip and slipped off to Santa Fe to visit the gallery that showed her pottery: eight or 10 superb pieces, sleek, wondrously skilled. He bought one of the smaller ones. "You don't have any information about the artist, do you?" he asked the proprietor, trying to be casual, heart pounding, hoping to be shown a photograph. The proprietor thought there might be a press release in the files, and rummaged for it.

"She lives down Phoenix way," she said. "Comes up here once or twice a year with her new work. I think it's museum quality, don't you?" But she could not find the press release.

When Laurel flashed into his mind that night, he did not tell her he owned one of her vases or that he had been researching her. But he wondered desperately what she looked like.

He played with the idea of visiting Phoenix and somehow getting to meet her without telling her who he was. So long as he kept his mind sheathed she would never know, he thought. But it seemed sneaky and treacherous; and it might be dangerous, too. She had told him often enough not to come to her city.

In the fourth month of their relationship he could no longer control his curiosity. She sent him a view of her studio, amazingly neat, the clay, the wheels, the kiln, the little bowls of pigment and glaze all fastidiously in their proper places.

You left one thing out, Laurel.

What's that?

The potter herself. You didn't show me her.

Oh, Chris.

What's the matter? Aren't you ever curious about what I look like? We've been all over each other's minds and bodies for months and I still don't have any idea what you look like. That's absurd.

It's so much more abstract and pure this way.

Wonderful. Abstract love! I want to see you.

I have to confess. I want to see you too.

Here, then. Now.

He sent her, before she could demur, a mental snapshot of his face, trying not to retouch and enhance it. The nose a trifle too long, the cleft chin absurdly Hollywood, the dark hair thinning a bit at the part-line. Not a perfect face, but good enough, pleasant, honest, nothing to apologise for, he thought. It brought silence.

Well? Am I remotely what you expected?

Exactly, Chris. Steady-looking, strong, decent — no surprise at all. I like your face. I'm very pleased.

Your turn.

You'll promise not to be disappointed?

Stop being silly.

All right.

She flared in his mind, not just her face but all of her, long-legged, broad-shouldered, a woman of physical presence and strength, with straightforward open features, wide-set brown eyes, a good smile, blunt nose, conspicuous cheekbones. She was not far from the woman he had imagined and one aspect, the dark thick straight hair falling past her shoulders, was amazingly as he had thought.

You're beautiful.

No, not really. But I'm okay.

Are you an Indian?

I must have sent you a good picture, then. I'm half Indian.

I'm glad we did this, Laurel.

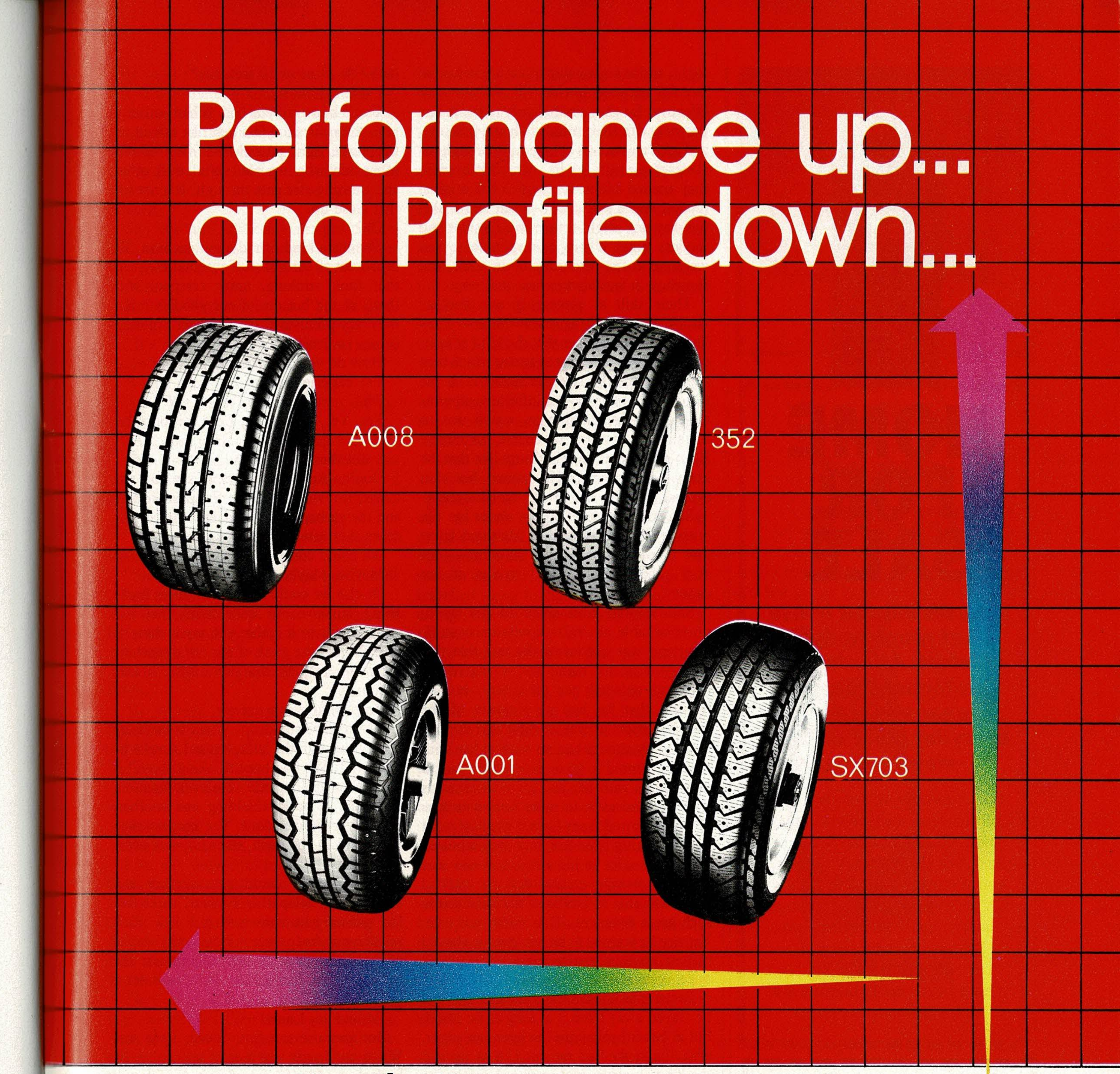
So am I.

But seeing her in the eye of his mind, while gratifying one curiosity, had only intensified another. He wanted to meet her. He wanted to touch her. He wanted to hold her.

●

Snake. Ocean. They were practised lovers now, a year of constant mental communion behind them.

She came to him as a starfish, thousands of tiny suction-cup feet and a startling devouring mouth, and at another time as a moist voluptuous mass of warm, smooth white clay, and as a whirlpool, and as a great, coy, lighthearted amoeba; and he manifested himself to her as a flash flood roaring down a red-rock canyon, and as a glistening vine coiling through a tropic



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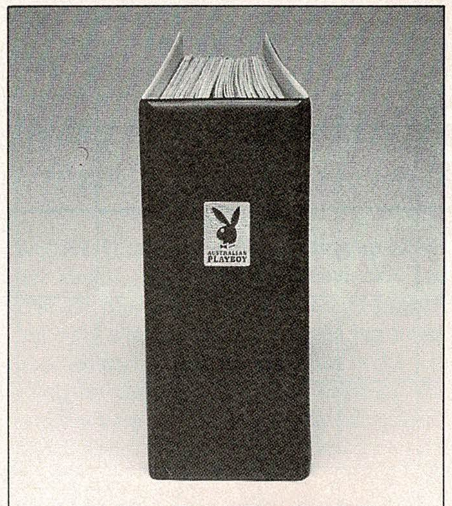

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night, and as a spaceship plunging in eternal free fall between worlds. All of these were effective, for they needed only to touch one another with their minds to bring pleasure; and each new access of ingenuity brought an abstract pleasure of its own. But even so they tended often to revert to the original modes, snake and ocean, ocean and snake, the way one might return to a familiar and modest hotel where one spent a joyous weekend at the beginning of an affair, and somehow it was always best that way.

Their skill at pleasuring one another struck them both as extraordinary. They liked to tell each other that the kind of lovemaking they had invented and of which they were perhaps the sole practitioners in the history of humanity was infinitely superior to the old-fashioned type, which was so blatant, so obvious, so coarse, so messy. Even so, even as he said things like that, he knew he was lying. He wanted her skin against his skin, her breath on his breath.

She was no longer so coy about her life outside their relationship. Maitland knew now that her husband was an artist — not very successful, a little envious of her career.

She showed him some of his work, unremarkable abstract-expressionist stuff. Maitland was jealous of the fact that this man — Tim, his name was — shared her bed and enjoyed her proximity, but he realised that he had no jealousy of the marriage itself. It was all right that she was married. Maitland had no wish to live with her. He wanted to go on living with Jan, to play tennis with her and go to restaurants with her and even to make love with her; what he wanted from Laurel was just what he was getting from her, that cool, amused, intelligent voice in his mind, and now and then the strange ecstasy that her playful spirit was able to kindle in his loins across such great distances. That much was true. Yet also he wanted to be her lover in the old blatant, obvious, coarse, messy way, at least once, once at least.

Because he knew it was a perilous subject, he stayed away from it as long as he could, but at last it broke into the open one night, after the snake had returned to its jar and the lapping waves had retreated and he lay sweaty and alone in his hotel-room bed.

When are we finally going to meet?

Please, Chris.

I think it's time to discuss it. You told me a couple of times, early on, that I must never come to Phoenix. Okay. But couldn't we get together somewhere else?

It isn't the place that matters.

What is it, then?

Being close. Being too close.

I don't understand. We're so close already!

I mean physically close. Not emotionally, not even sexually. I just mean that if we came within close range of each other we'd do bad things to each other.

That's crazy, Laurel.

Have you ever been close to another telepath? As close as 10 feet, say?

I don't think so.

You'd know it if you had. When you and I talk, long distance, it's just like talking on the phone, right, plus pictures? We tell each other only what we want to tell each other, and nothing else gets through. It's not like that close up.

Oh?

There's a kind of radiation, an aura. We broadcast all sorts of stuff automatically. All that foul, stinking, nasty cesspool stuff that's at the bottom of everybody's mind, the crazy prehistoric garbage that's in us. It comes swarming out like a shriek.

How do you know that?

I've experienced it.

Oh?

Yes. Yes. I told you, I did this once before.

I still want to see you.

Don't you think I want to see you too, Chris? But we can't risk it. Suppose we met, and the garbage got out, and we hated each other ever afterward?

We could control it.

Maybe. Maybe not.

Or else we could make allowances for it. Bring ourselves to understand that this stuff, whatever it is that you say is there, is normal, just the gunk of the mind, nothing personal, nothing that we ought to take seriously.

I'm scared. Let's not try.

He let the issue drop. When it came up again, four months later, it was Laurel who revived it. She had been thinking about his idea of controlling the sinister emanation, throttling it back, shielding one another. Possibly it could be done. The temptation to meet him in the flesh, she said, was overwhelming.

Perhaps they could get together and suppress all telepathic contact, meet just like ordinary humans having a little illicit rendezvous, keep their minds rigidly walled off, and that way at last consummate the intimacy that had joined their souls for a year and a half.

I'd love to, Laurel.

But promise me this. Swear it to me. When we do get together, if we can't hold back the bad stuff, if we feel it coming out, that we go away from each other instantly. That we don't negotiate, we don't try to work it out, we don't look for angles — we just split, fast, if either of us says we have to. Swear?

●

He flew to Denver and spent a fidgety hour and a half having cocktails in the lounge at the Brown Palace. Her flight from Phoenix was supposed to have landed only half an hour after his, and he wondered if she had backed out at the last minute. He got up to call the airport when he saw her come in, unmistakably her, taller than he expected, a big handsome woman in black jeans and a sheepskin wrap. There were flecks of melting snow in her hair.

He sensed an aura.

It wasn't loathsome, it wasn't hideous, but it was there, a kind of dull, whining, grinding thing as of improperly oiled machinery in use three blocks away. Even as he detected it, he felt it diminish until it was barely perceptible. He struggled to rein in whatever output he might be giving off himself.

She saw him and came straight toward him, smiling nervously, cheeks rigid, eyes worried.

"Chris."

He took her hand in his. "You're cold, Laurel."

"It's snowing. That's why I'm late. I haven't seen snow in years."

"Can I get you a drink?"

"No. Yes. Yes, please. Scotch on the rocks."

"Are you picking up anything bad?"

"No," she said. "Not really. There was just a little twinge, when I walked in — a kind of squeak in my mind."

"I felt it too. But then it faded."

"I'm fighting to keep it damped down. I want this to work."

"So do I. We mustn't use the power at all today."

"We don't need to. The old snake can have the day off. Are you scared?"

"A little."

"Me too." She gulped her drink. "Oh, Chris."

"Is it hard work, keeping the power damped down?"

"Yes. It really is."

"For me too. But we have to."

"Yes," she said. "Do you have a room yet?"

He nodded.

"Let's go upstairs, then."

Like any unfaithful husband having his first rendezvous with a new lover he walked stiffly and sombrely through the lobby, convinced that everyone was staring at them. That was ridiculous, he knew. They were more truly married, in their way, than anybody else. But yet. . .

They were silent in the lift. As they approached their floor the aura of her burst forth again, briefly, a fast sour vibration in his bones, and then it was gone altogether, shut off as though by a switch. He worked at holding his down too. She smiled at him. He winked. "To the left," he said. They went into the room. Heavy snowflakes splashed against the window; the wide bed was turned down. She was trembling. "Come on," he said. "I love you. You know that. Everything's all right."

They kissed and undressed. Her body was lean, athletic, with small high breasts, a flat belly, a dark appendectomy scar. He drew her toward the bed. It seemed strange, almost perverse, to be doing things in this antiquated fleshly way, no snake, no ocean, no meeting of minds. He was afraid for a moment that in the excitement of their coupling they would lose control of their mental barriers and let their inner selves come flooding out, fierce, intense, a contact too powerful to handle at such short range. But there was no loss of control. He kept the power locked behind the walls of his skull; she did the same; there were only the tiniest leakages of current. But there was no excitement, either, in their lovemaking.

He ran his hands over her breasts and trapped her nipples between his fingers, and gently parted her thighs with his knee, and pressed himself against her as though he had not been with a woman in a year, but the excitement seemed to be all in his head, not in his nerve-endings.

Even when she ran her lips down his chest and belly and teased him for a moment and then took him fiercely and suddenly into her mouth, it was the *idea* that they were finally doing this, rather than what they were actually doing, that resonated within him.

They sighed a little and moaned a little and finally he slipped into her, admiring the tightness of her and the rhythms of her hips and all that, but nevertheless it was as though this had happened between them a thousand times before: he moved, she moved, they did all the standard things and travelled along to the standard result. Not enough was real between them, that was the trouble.

He knew her better than he had ever known anyone, and yet in some ways he knew her not at all, and that was what had spoiled things. That, and holding so much in check. He wished he could look into her mind now. But that was forbidden, and probably unwise too; he guessed that she was annoyed with him for having insisted on this foolish and foredoomed meeting, that she held him responsible for having spoiled things betwen them, and he did not want to see those thoughts in her mind.

When it was over they whispered to each other and stroked each other and gave each other little nibbling kisses, and he pretended it had been marvellous, but his real impulse was to pull away and light a cigarette and stare out the window at the snow, and he wasn't even a smoker. It was simply the way he felt.

It had been only a mechanical thing, only a hotel-room screw, not remotely anything like snake and ocean: a joining of flesh of the sort that a pair of rabbits might have accomplished, or a pair of apes, without content, without fire, without joy. He and she knew an ever so much better way of doing it.

He took care to hide his disappointment.

"I'm so glad I came here, Chris," she said, smiling, kissing him, taking care to hide her disappointment too, he guessed. He knew that if he entered her mind he would find it bleak and ashen. But of course he could not do that.

"I wish I could stay the night," she said. "My plane's at nine. We could have dinner downstairs, though."

"Is it a terrible strain, keeping the power back?"

(continued on page 136)

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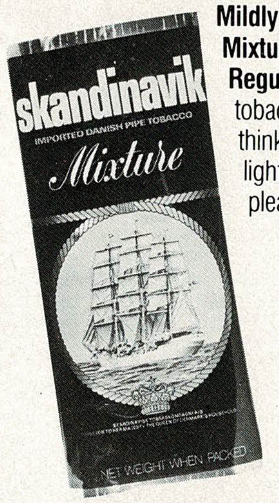

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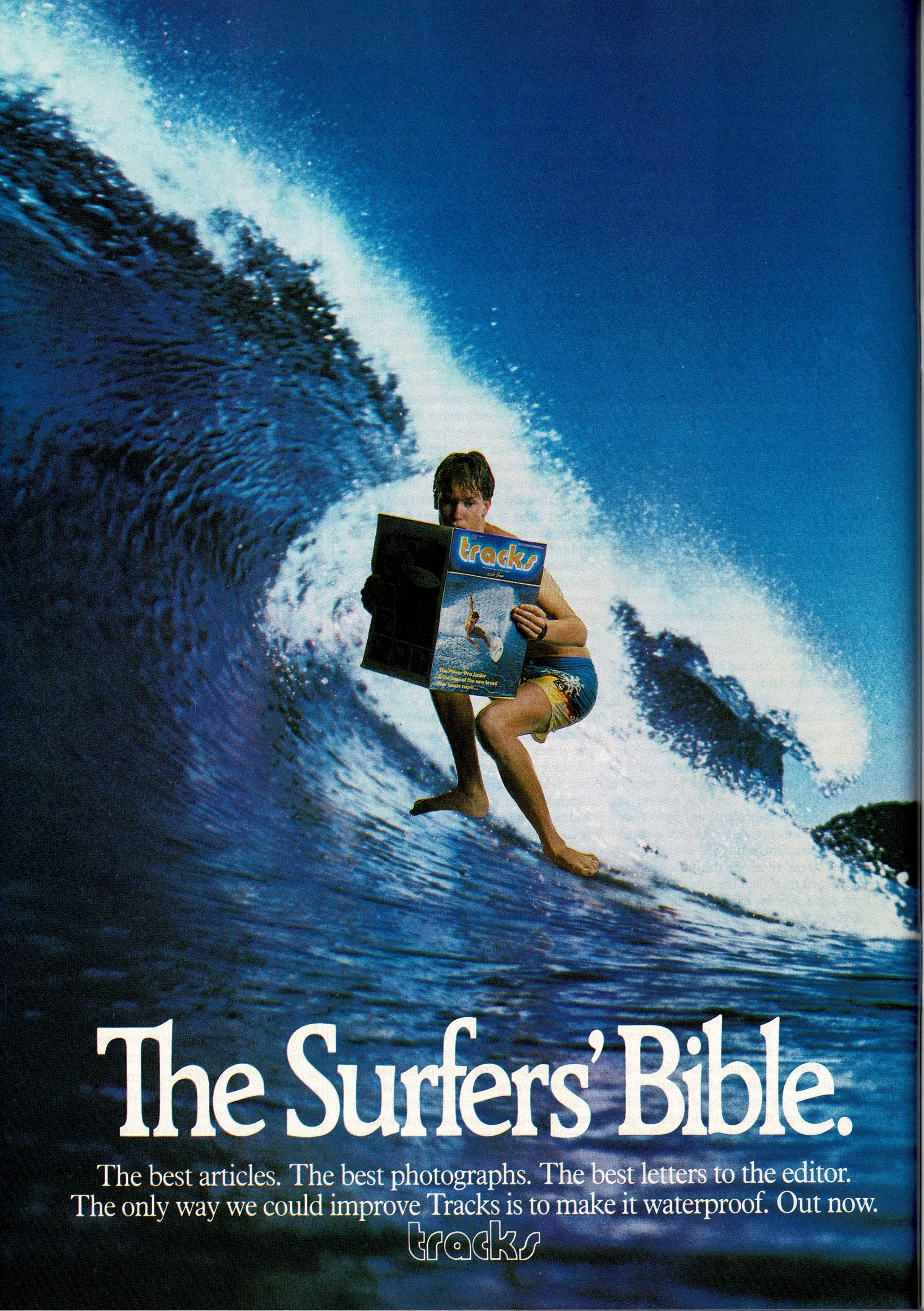
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LOOKING GOOD

Tune in to your body: take your own pulse

Listen to your body. It will tell you everything you'll need to know about being healthy and fit.

Fitness is specific to the individual, so while there are certainly many basic principles of both health and fitness, each individual must plan his own program according to his own particular needs and capacity. Fitness has little real value except when it relates to an individual lifestyle and goals. It's a bit like wealth, which also has no real value if accumulated for its own sake and not used for specific purposes.

Begin with your main "engine", the heart-lung system. Energy comes from the burning-up of natural body sugars in the presence of oxygen. The "fuel" is therefore that essential combination of body sugars and oxygen. The body makes its own sugars from the foods you eat, while oxygen comes from the air you breathe. If you eat a proper wholesome diet, then the more oxygen you are able to take in and use the more energetic you are likely to become.

Fitness training should increase the ability of the heart and the lungs to take in more oxygen and to transport it to the muscles, where energy is created by the burning-up of those natural body sugars.

A fit heart is able to deliver more blood, and thus oxygen and sugars, with greater ease and efficiency than a less fit (one might even say normal) heart. The first part of your body which you must learn to listen to and understand therefore is your heart.

In an earlier article I suggested that you should have a medical checkup before embarking on a personal fitness training program. It was also suggested that you learn to read your pulse rate and understand its significance.

The pulse can be compared to the tachometer of your body's engine. By learning to read it and understanding its significance, you can monitor your body and its performance. Regular aerobic training will ensure the greatest energy output with the least effort from the heart and lungs while also developing the potential to work extra hard and long if and whenever necessary. To train properly also requires knowing how to monitor pulse rates, exercising at about 65 percent to 85 percent of your maximum capacity to avoid overstraining and the risk of injury.

Learn to take your own pulse and to do so regularly. The beating of your heart can be felt at the wrist near the base of the thumb in line with the index finger. Use the index and middle fingers of one hand to press against the bony area of the other wrist; relax, and feel the throbbing of your pulse as your heart beats. Count the pulse for 10 seconds, multiply by six, and you have your pulse rate per minute.

Once you've learnt to feel your pulse, try to establish your own average heart rate. Do this by taking the pulse at various times during each day for one week, each time recording the rate per minute. Take your pusle first thing in the morning before rising from bed. Take it again during the busy morning, at lunchtime, perhaps also in the evening before dinner, and again before going to bed. You'll discover that the rate varies at different times, possibly being slowest in the morning and fastest when you're busiest or most under pressure.

The fitter you get, the slower your pulse rate will also become, whatever you're doing. Once you've established your various pulse rate averages, you can monitor your body. If you are overtired and overstressed, your morning pulse is likely to be several beats, 10 percent or more, faster than the normal average you've established.

If you've just begun a training program for fitness, your pulse rate is likely to rise slightly for the first few days — even the first few weeks if you're really unfit — before settling down again to a slower and more steady level. But if you're already quite fit and your morning resting pulse is 10 percent or more higher than normal, listen to your body and rest from training for a day or two.

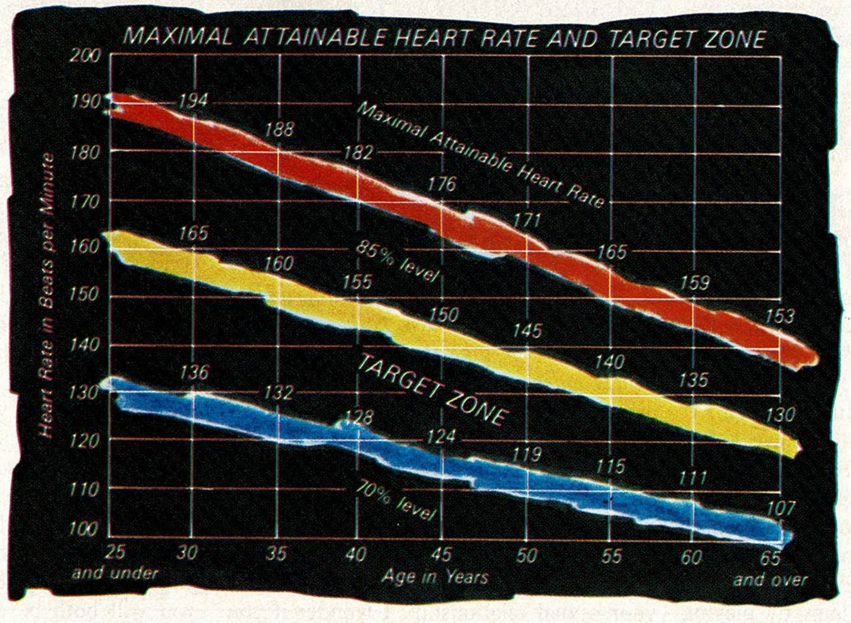
The pulse rate, particularly that early-morning one, is one of your best guides to how you're coping with your daily activities and challenges. By monitoring it regularly you'll be able to avoid the risks of overstress which, if ignored for long enough, can be dangerous; even fatal.

During the course of each day, as you go about your normal activities, stop occasionally and read your pulse to see how your body is handling each situation. You don't have to become a hypochondriac about this. Merely do it for purposes of observation and possible improvement of performance at everything. If you've established averages for various periods of each day, you can make comparisons and tell whether you're pushing too hard or expending too much heart-lung effort. You can slow your heart rate, relieve unnecessary tension, and obtain more control over your body simply by knowing that your heart rate is too high, and then slowing it down. Do this firstly by consciously relaxing, and also by deeper breathing. When your heart rate is higher than normal, try taking a deep breath or two, exhaling slowly and fully each time. You'll discover that your body relaxes while at the same time your engine slows down.

In some situations it could make the difference between success and failure. In any situation of tension or excitement your pulse rate rises, breathing rate increases and muscles grow tense. This is necessary, but it must be controlled if possible. Control can only come if you know how to monitor your bodily responses to situations of pressure, stress, tension or anxiety, in business or even at play.

For now, simply begin to monitor your "engine" by taking, averaging and then controlling your heart rates as indicated by your pulse beat. You'll be astonished at how much so simple a habit can assist you.

— MIKE AGOSTINI



Use this chart to ascertain the pulse rates you should aim for during exercise. Aim to lift the pulse to between 70 percent and 85 percent of the maximum attainable for your age group, and to hold it at that level for 15 minutes to half an hour or more. Doing so regularly will eventually lower your resting pulse rate.

SEX

australia's leading sexologist answers your questions

My experience since I was 18 is that many of the women I have known well seem interested only in using men. My ex-wife was warm and tender until we got married, then she turned completely cold. We only made love twice on our honeymoon. She told me that she had faked orgasm before marriage and refused to consider joint counselling after marriage because this involved a component of masturbation and she considered this too filthy (her words, not mine). She left me after three years of marriage, found someone with better financial prospects and remarried on our wedding anniversary.

Some (not all, I admit) of my girlfriends since then have been similar. One girl visits me once a week purely for sex and to try to talk me into marriage. When I'm in bed with her I am too busy concentrating on giving her pleasure to enjoy myself at all. I want to say "no", but I have difficulty controlling my sex drive. She gives little actual warmth in return.

— G.S., Vic.

Sure there *are* women who enjoy manipulating men just as there are males who delight in using women to boost their egos and indulge in power plays. There are some pretty nasty types around and you suffered the unfortunate experience of being married to one of them. You were lucky to escape after a relatively brief time, but it sounds as if in the process you picked up some habits which still affect your relationships, such as letting yourself be used. Why on earth are you continuing to allow your girlfriend to visit you for sex when you obviously aren't enjoying it?

Your sex drive can't be blamed for your lack of assertion. I'm sure you would feel better after an enjoyable session of masturbation than you do after going to bed with her. That's the way to satisfy your sexual drive until you find a partner with whom you can share not only enjoyable sex, but also the warmth and emotional support you obviously crave.

I feel you need help in learning to assert your own needs in relationships. Perhaps you could start by reading one of the good books on gaining more control over your life. I recommend *Don't Say Yes When You Want To Say No* by Herbert Fensterhein and Jean Baer (Dell, 1975), but there are similar books which are just as useful. It may also be a good idea to have a few sessions with a behavior therapist who could help you deal with specific situations you find hard to handle. For instance, there is a therapy technique called behavioral rehearsal where the therapist helps you to act out relationship problems by playing the role of the girl and teaching you to behave in a more assertive manner. You can practise saying "no" and coping with various reactions the therapist acts out so when the time comes to do it in real life, it will be easier for you. Learning to be more assertive will help you gain confidence and increase your feelings of self-worth.

Once you are sure you really have something to offer in a relationship, it will be easier for you to opt out of relationships with destructive, manipulative women and find warm, confident, caring women who really appreciate you. The Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists (ASSERT) at 21 Carr Street, Coogee (02-665 6660) will be able to recommend behavior therapists who specialise in this type of work.

Every woman likes a man with a slow hand

I have been going out with my girlfriend for five months now, everything is fine and we love each other very much. Is there anything one can buy or take that will make a girl climax quicker or make a guy not come as quickly as I seem to do all the time? I find this a problem as I always ejaculate very quickly, and before she can begin to climax my erection disappears.

— M.A., SA.

You have not given me very much information about what is actually happening in your sexual relationship. I wonder if you may be making some false assumptions about sex which are creating problems for you.

For a start, you seem to be assuming your girlfriend should be able to climax during intercourse, and if you were able to last longer she would reach orgasm. Well, most women have difficulty climaxing during intercourse no matter how long the man lasts. Many men assume that if they keep pounding away, something eventually will happen. If your girlfriend happens to be the sort of woman who needs direct clitoral stimulation to climax, prolonged intercourse may do nothing for her. Often, the longer it lasts, the more boring or even painful it can be. Research shows that a third or perhaps over half the women in our society need direct clitoral touching by hand to reach orgasm. The indirect stimulation of the clitoris they receive during intercourse is not sufficient to arouse them to orgasm.

It's often hard for men to understand this since intercourse is so well designed to provide the male with maximum pleasure. It's difficult to imagine a more perfect playground for an eager penis than the warm, soft, enveloping vagina. For women whose sexual response is centred around the clitoris, intercourse is rather a different prospect. To help men understand what the indirect clitoral stimulation provided by intercourse feels likes to a woman an American therapist once compared it to stroking the testicles. "This indirect stimulation of women could be compared to the stimulation which could be produced in a man by the rubbing of the scrotal skin (balls), perhaps pulling it back and forth and so causing the skin on the upper tip of the penis to move, or quiver, and in this way achieving 'stimulation'. Would it work? Admittedly this form of stimulation would probably require a good deal more foreplay for the man to have an orgasm. You would have to be patient and understand if it did not lead to orgasm 'every time'."

Instead of assuming intercourse is the ideal form of stimulation for your partner, you should talk to her about what she enjoys most, learn to bring her to orgasm using your hand or mouth and if she turns out to need direct touching, you could also explore adding clitoral stimulation during intercourse.

I also wonder if you're aiming for simultaneous orgasm in your desire to speed her up and slow yourself down. Simultaneous orgasms are wonderful when they happen, but they probably don't occur all that often. There's a danger that if you put too much emphasis on keeping up with each other, you will both be distracted into losing a great deal of enjoyment.

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AFFAIR

(continued from page 131)

He felt timid about any sort of communication with her now. It had all been a terrible mistake, he knew.

"It isn't easy."

"No. It isn't."

"I'm so glad we did this, Chris."

"Are you?"

"Yes. Yes. Of course."

They had an early dinner. The snow had stopped by the time he saw her to her cab. So: you fly up to Denver for a couple of hours of lust and steak, you fly back home, and that's that. He had a brandy in the lounge and went to his room. For a long while he lay staring at the ceiling, sure that she would come to him with the ocean, and make amends for the unsatisfactory thing they had done that afternoon. She did not. He wondered if he ought to send her the snake as she dozed on her plane, and did not want to.

He felt timid about any sort of contact with her now. It had all been a terrible mistake, he knew. Not because of that emanation from the dirty depths of the psyche that she had so feared, but only because it had been so anti-climactic, so meaningless. He waited for a sending from her, some bright little flash. She must surely be home now. Nothing came. He went on waiting, not daring to reach toward her, and finally he fell asleep.

●

Jan said nothing to him about the trip. He was moody and strange, but she let him be. When the silence out of Phoenix continued into the next day and the next, he grew even more grim, and skulked about wrapped in black isolation. Gradually it occurred to him that he was not going to hear from Laurel again, that they had broken something in that hotel room in Denver and that it was irreparable and, oddly, the knowledge of that gave him some ease: if he did not expect to hear from her, he did not have to lament her silence.

A week, two, three, and nothing. So it was over. That hollow little grunting hour had ruined it.

Two months later, in Chicago, where he had been sent to do a survey of natural-gas companies, he began talking to a youngish woman at the Art Institute, and by easy stages some chatter about Monet and Sisley turned into a dinner invitation and a night in his hotel room. That was all right. Certainly it was simpler and easier and less depressing than Denver. But it was a bore, it was empty and foolish, and he regretted it deeply by breakfast time, even while he was taking down her number and promising to call the next time he was in town.

Maitland saw the post-Laurel pattern of his life closing about him now: the Christmas bonus, the trip to Hawaii with Jan, braces for the kids, the new house five years from now, the occasional quickie romance in far-off hotel rooms. That was all right. That was the original bargain he had made, long ago, entering adult life: not much ecstasy, not much grief.

On the long flight home that day he thought without rancor or distress about his year and a half with Laurel, and told himself that the important thing was not that it had ended but that it had happened at all. He felt peaceful and accepting, and was almost tempted to reach out toward Laurel and thank her for her love, and wish her well. But he was afraid — afraid that if he touched her mind in any way she would pull away, timid, fearful of contact. She was close by now, he knew, for the captain had just told them that they were passing over the Grand Canyon. Maitland did not lean to the window, as everyone else was doing, to look down. He sat back, eyes closed, tired, calm.

And felt warmth, heard the lapping of surf, saw in the centre of his mind the vast ocean in which Laurel had so many times engulfed him. Really? Was it happening? He let himself slide into it. A little flustered, he hid himself behind a facade of newspapers. His face grew flushed. His breathing became rougher. Ah. Ah. It was happening, yes, she had reached to him, she had made the gesture at last. Tears of gratitude and relief came to him, and he let her sweep him off to a sharp and pounding fulfilment five miles above Arizona.

Hello, Chris.

Laurel.

Did you mind? I felt you near me, and I couldn't hold back any more. I know you don't want to hear from me, but. . .

What gave you that idea?

I thought. . . it seemed to me. . .

No. I thought you were the one who wanted to break it up.

I? I missed you so much, Chris. But I was sure you'd pull away.

So was I, about you.

Silly.

Laurel. Laurel. I'm so glad you took the chance, then.

So am I.

Let me have the snake, Chris.

Yes. Yes.

He stepped out into the tawny sun-baked hills with the heavy porcelain jar and tipped it, and let the snake glide toward her. It was all right after all. They had made mistakes, but they were the mistakes of too much love, and they had survived them. It was going to be all right: snake and ocean, ocean and snake, now and always.

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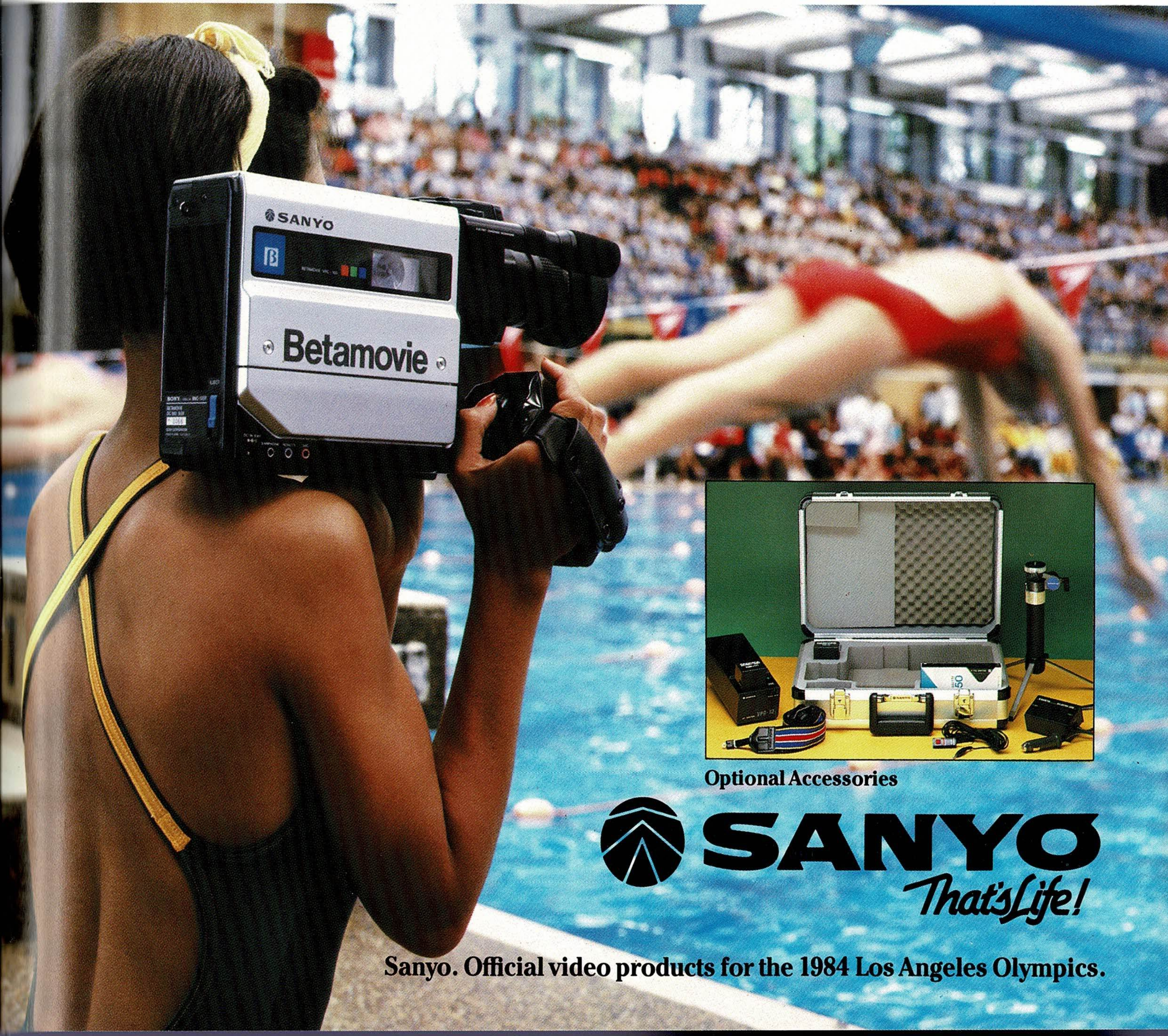

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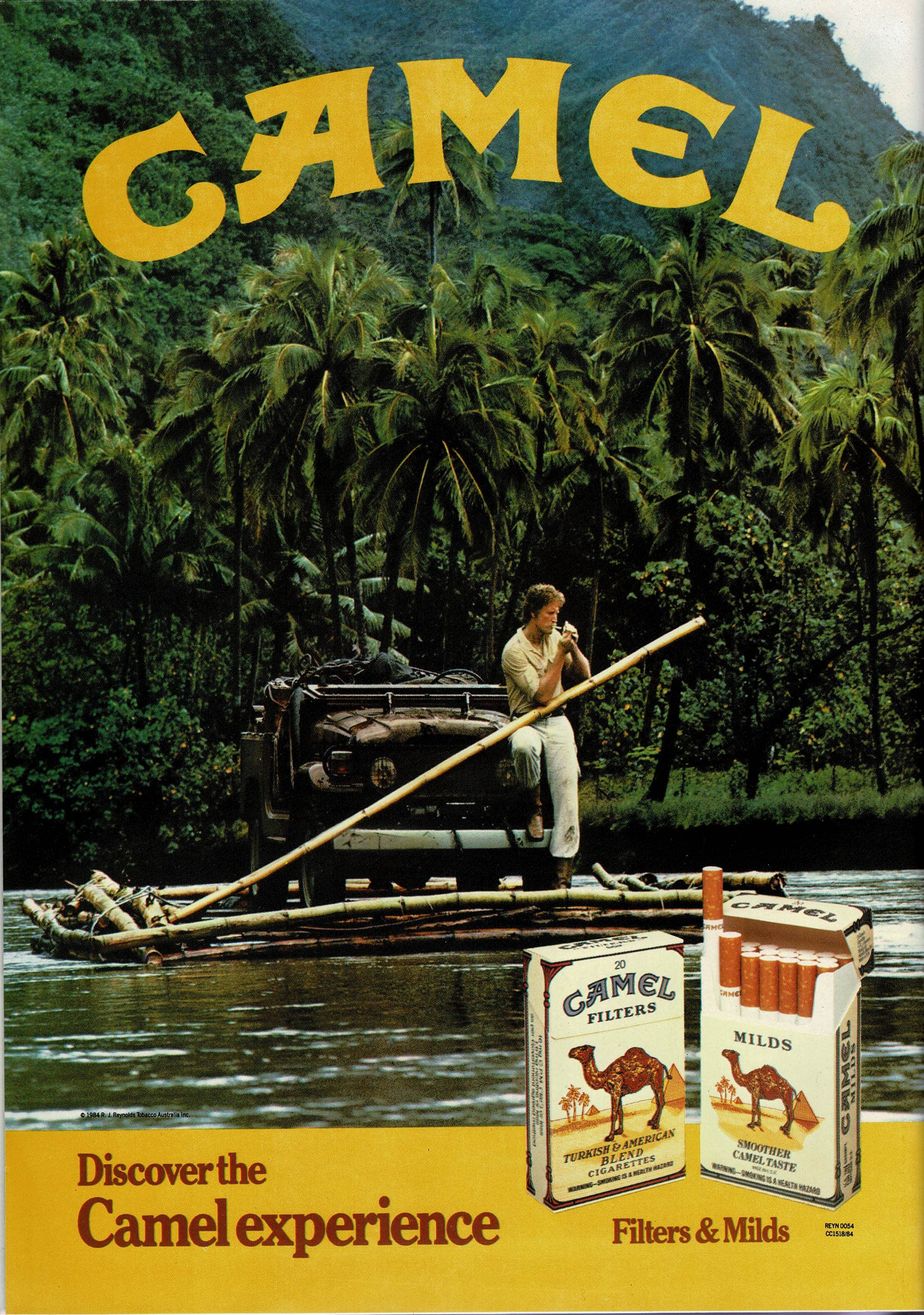
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